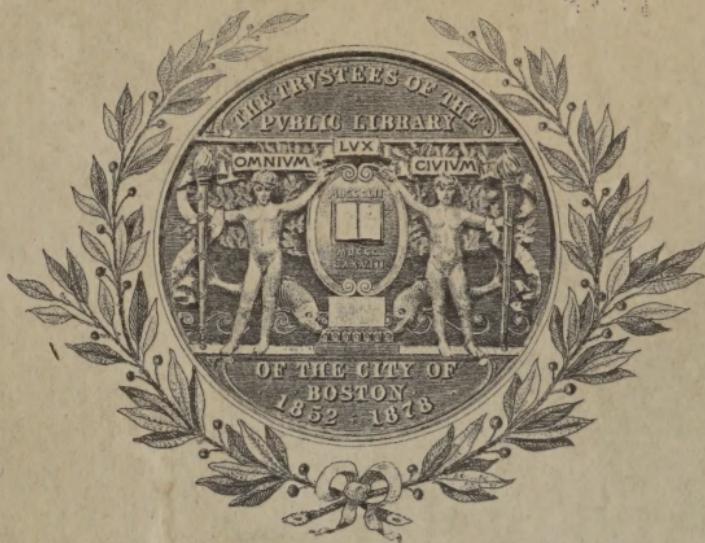


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SONGS

OF

THE BRITISH ISLES.

A CHOICE SELECTION FROM THE

Standard Songs

OF

ENGLAND, IRELAND, SCOTLAND, & WALES.

4048.76

EDITED BY T. S. GLEADHILL.

With Appendix of Interesting Notes relative to a number of the Songs.

London:

493

SWAN AND PENTLAND,

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THE BRITISH ISLES

C.

211.389

February 19, 1877

MURRAY AND GIBB, EDINBURGH,
PRINTERS TO HER MAJESTY'S STATIONERY OFFICE.

P R E F A C E.

THE success which has attended *Songs of the British Isles* arranged with Pianoforte Accompaniment, has induced the Publishers to issue the present Work, containing words and melody only, believing that it will meet the wants of that large class who sing our National Songs without instrumental accompaniment.

Although many volumes of Songs of the separate nationalities have recently issued from the press, no work, so far as they are aware, has appeared (of any merit) containing the gems of song of each country. The Publishers therefore believe they have supplied what has been often felt a *desideratum*. The selection comprises Songs of nearly every style,—patriotic, amatory, convivial, pathetic, and humorous,—and will therefore be acceptable to singers of varied tastes. Many excellent and standard Songs, composed by Bishop, Arne, Lee, Dibdin, Shield, Horn, and others—now too little known and rarely sung—have been inserted, in the hope that in these pages they may attain renewed and increased popularity.

An Edition of the Work, with Pianoforte Accompaniment, is published in two handsome volumes, price 12s. 6d. each.



INDEX.

PAGE	PAGE		
Afton Water (<i>Flow gently, sweet Afton</i>)	188	Boys of Kilkenny, The	238
A Highland Lad my Love was born	274	Braw, braw Lads	215
A Life on the Ocean Wave	276	Brisk young Lad, The	308
All things love thee, so do I	197	British Grenadiers, The	145
Anchor's Weighed, The	92	Caller Herrin'	66
And ye shall walk in Silk Attire,	198	Captive Knight, The	128
Annie Laurie	43	Carrier Dove, The	194
Arethusa, The	148	Castles in the Air	18
A Thousand a Year	280	Cherry Ripe	28
Auld Joe Nicholson's Bonnie Nannie	9	Child of Earth	20
Auld Langsyne	115	Come, Lasses and Lads	64
Auld Robin Gray	40	Come o'er the Stream, Charlie	68
Away, away to the Mountain's Brow	278	Come, sit thee doun	84
Bailiff's Daughter of Islington, The	161	Come to the old Oak Tree	328
Banks of Allan Water, The	31	Come under my Plaidie	252
Barbara Allen	162	Comin' thro' the Rye	56
Barney Brallaghan's Courtship	240	Cruiskeen Lawn, The	77
Battle of the Baltic, The	338	Dashing White Sergeant, The	60
Bay of Biscay, The	81	Death of Nelson, The	88
Begone, dull Care	273	Deep, deep Sea, The	262
Believe me, if all those endearing	46	Doun the Burn, Davie	54
Be mine, dear Maid	195	Down among the Dead Men	152
Ben Pattle	178	Drink to me only with thine eyes	160
Better Land, The	199		
Bide ye yet	316		
Bid me discourse	140	Farewell ! but whenever you welcome	190
Black-eyed Susan	156	Farewell, my trim-built Wherry	91
Blithe Christmas now reigns	261	Farewell to Lochaber	41
Blow, blow thou Winter Wind	271	Flowers of the Forest, The	38
Blow high, blow low	104	Flow on, thou shining River	47
Blue Bells of Scotland, The	166	For a' that, and a' that	103
Boatie Rows, The	213	Friar of Orders Grey, The	150
Bonnie Bessie Lee	35	Friend of the Brave	268
Bonnie Brier Bush, The	191		
Bonnie Dundee (<i>To the Lords of</i>)	102	Get up and bar the Door	232
Bonnie House of Airlie, The	196	Gipsy's Warning, The	226
Bonnie Jeanie Gray	285	Gloomy Winter's noo awa'	116
Bonnie Mary Hay	212	God save the Queen	164
Bonnie wee Window, The	246	Gowden Vanitee, Ye	314

	PAGE	PAGE	
Green grow the Rashes	313	Maid of Llangollen, The	24
Groves of Blarney, The	176	March of the Men of Harlech	94
Hame cam' oor Gudeman at e'en	170	Married Man's Lament, The	182
Harp that once through Tara's Halls, The	120	Mary of Argyle	5
Has Sorrow thy young Days shaded	45	May Queen, The	193
Hearts of Oak	80	Meeting of the Waters, The	13
Heather Bell, The	282	Meet me by Moonlight alone	218
Here's to the Maiden of bashful fifteen	157	Meet me in the Willow Glen	222
He's o'er the Hills that I lo'e weel	100	Memories Dear	34
Highland Mary	288	'M-hm'	174
Home, sweet Home	126	Minstrel Boy, The	96
Huntingtower (<i>When ye gang awa, Jamie</i>)	70	Model, The (<i>My Friend is the Man</i>)	298
Hurrah for the Bonnets of Blue	346	Mollie Darling	27
I'd mourn the hopes that leave me	211	Morgan's March	101
I have plucked the fairest Flower	192	Muirland Willie	180
I lo'ed ne'er a Laddie but ane	172	Musical Wife, The	230
I saw from the Beach	48	My ain Fireside	114
I seek her on ev'ry Shore	290	My Annie	203
Isle of Beauty, fare thee well	12	My heart is sair (<i>For the sake o' Somebody</i>)	109
I've been roaming	286	My Love is like a red, red Rose	19
Ivy Green, The	258	My Mother bids me bind my hair	130
I wonder wha'll be my Man	242	My Nannie, O	49
Jenny dang the Weaver	307	My Nannie's awa'	30
Jenny's Bawbee	303	My Native Highland Home	32
Jessie, the Flower o' Dunblane	6	My Tocher's the jewel	318
Jockey to the Fair	58	My Wife's a winsome wee thing	184
Jock o' Hazeldean	44	 Near the Lake (<i>Long time Ago</i>)	11
John Anderson, my jo, John	52	Norah, the Pride of Kildare	25
John Grumlie	244	 Of a' the Airts the Wind can blow	22
John Peel	76	Oft in the stilly Night	16
Jolly Beggar, The	301	Oh, after many roving Years	219
Kate Kearney	300	Oh, firm as Oak	154
Kathleen O'More	275	Oh Nanny, wilt thou gang wi' me	216
Kitty of Coleraine	309	Oh, rest thee, Babe	77
Laird o' Cockpen, The	243	Oh, say not Woman's Heart is bought	123
Land o' the Leal, The	39	Oh, share my Cottage, gentle Maid	95
Lassie, would ye lo'e me	158	Oh, steer my Bark to Erin's Isle,	11
Last May a braw Wooer	312	Oh, twine the Wreath	72
Last Rose of Summer, The	139	Oh, wha's at the window	111
Leaf by leaf the Roses fall	187	Oh, where do Fairies hide their heads	146
Life is a River	206	Oh, whistle an' I'll come to you, my La	311
Llewellyn's Green Vale (<i>Ashgrove</i>)	10	Old English Gentleman, The	
Logie o' Buchan	283	Old King Cole	
Long, Long Ago	295	Old Sexton, The	
Lord Lovel	304	Old Towler	
Loudon's bonnie Woods and Braes	117	On by the spur of Valour goaded	
Love has Eyes	224	Our May had an e'e to a Man	
Love's young Dream	37	Out, John	
Lucy's Flittin'	292	Outlaw, The	
Macgregor's Gathering, The	97	Pilgrim of Love, The	
		Pilot, The	
		Piper o' Dundee, The	
		Pretty Fairy	

	PAGE		PAGE
Queen of my Soul	289	There was a jolly Miller	153
Rest, Warrior, rest	294	Thorn, The	26
Rich and rare were the Gems she wore .	121	Those Evening Bells	33
Rising of the Lark, The (<i>Oh, radiant smiles the Morn</i>)	225	Thou art gane awa' frae me, Mary .	110
Roast Beef of Old England, The	149	Thou bonnie Wood o' Craigielea .	72
Robin Adair	7	Through the Wood	254
Robin Tamson's Smiddy	173	Tight Little Island, The	78
Rock'd in the Cradle of the Deep	86	Toddled her lane (<i>The bonnie wee Bairnie</i>)	163
Roman Girl's Song, The	127	Tom Bowling	87
Rose of Allandale, The	4	'Twas merry in the Hall	319
Rose of Glamorgan, The (<i>Jenny Jones</i>)	108	Under the Greenwood Tree	334
Roslin Castle	214	Vicar of Bray, The	330
Rover's Bride, The	336	Wae's me for Prince Charlie	119
Rowan Tree, The	123	Wandering Willie	272
Rule Britannia	62	Wee, wee German Lairdie, The	317
Safely follow him	340	We're a' John Tamson's Bairns	250
Sailor's Journal, The	118	Whale, The	239
Saint Patrick was a Gentleman	248	When the Kye comes hame	65
Sally in our Alley	53	Where the Bee sucks	144
Savourneen Deelish	8	Why chime the Bells so merrily	260
Scots, wha ha'e wi' Wallace bled	147	Why don't the Men propose	302
Should he upbraid	132	Wi' a Hundred Pipers an' a'	296
Smile again, my bonnie Lassie	265	Willie's gone to Melville Castle	75
Soldier's Tear, The	15	Winter is nigh (<i>Poor Mary Ann</i>)	69
Sprig of Shillelah, The	167	Within a mile o' Edinburgh Town	113
Tam Glen	186	Wolf, The	342
Teach me to forget	227	Woo'd an' married an' a'	310
Tell her I'll love her	266	Woodman, spare that Tree	257
Tell me, Mary, how to woo thee	2	Woodpecker, The	220
Tell me, my Heart	136	Woods of Dunmore, The	208
Thady, the illigant Boy	57	Ye Banks and Braes o' bonnie Doon	112
There is no Home like my own	106	Ye Mariners of England	320



Songs of the British Isles.

Tell me, Mary, how to woo thee.

Moderato.

Music by G. A. HODSON.

<img alt="Musical score for 'Tell me, Mary, how to woo thee.' in G minor, 2/4 time. The score consists of eight staves of music with corresponding lyrics. The first staff starts with a dynamic 'p' (pianissimo). The second staff begins with a dynamic 'f' (fortissimo). The third staff begins with a dynamic 'p' (pianissimo). The fourth staff begins with a dynamic 'f' (fortissimo). The fifth staff begins with a dynamic 'p' (pianissimo). The sixth staff begins with a dynamic 'f' (fortissimo). The seventh staff begins with a dynamic 'p' (pianissimo). The eighth staff begins with a dynamic 'f' (fortissimo). The lyrics are as follows:

Tell me, Ma - ry, how to woo thee; Teach my bo - som

to re - veal All its sor-rows, sweet, un - to thee,

ritard *s*

All the love my heart can feel. Tell me, Ma - ry,

how to woo thee; Teach my bo - som to re - veal

All its sor-rows, sweet, un - to thee, All the love my

heart can feel. No! when joy first bright-en'd o'er us, 'Twas not joy il-

p *espress.*

lumed her ray; And when sor-row lies be-fore us, 'Twill not chase her

smiles a - way, 'Twill not chase her smiles a - way,

lento. *D.C. il segno.* *s* *p* *dolce.*

'Twill not chase her smiles a - way. Like the tree, no

winds can sever From the i - vy round it cast,
p *espress.*

Thus the heart that loved thee ev - er, Loves thee, Ma - ry,
ad lib.

loves thee, Ma-ry, loves thee, Ma - ry, to the last. . . .

p *a tempo.*

Tell me, Ma - ry, how to woo thee; Teach my bo - som
 to re - veal All its sor - rows, sweet, un - to thee,

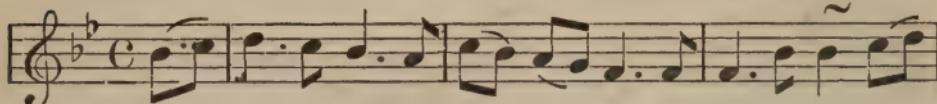
All the love my heart can feel, All its sor-rows,
dolce.

sweet, un - to thee, All its sor-rows, sweet, un - to thee,
con anima. *p* *espress.* *f* *cres.*

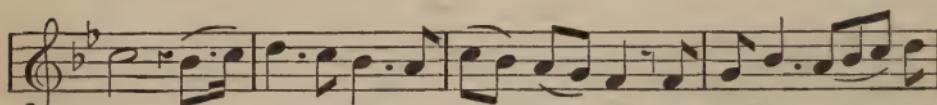
All the love my heart can feel, All the love my
 heart can feel, All the love my heart can feel.

The Rose of Allandale.

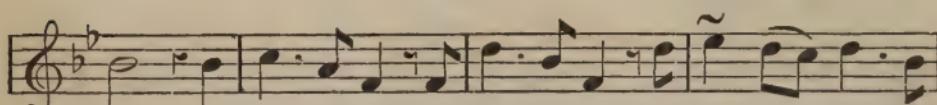
Cheerfully.

Words by CHAS. JEFFERY'S.
Music by S. NELSON.

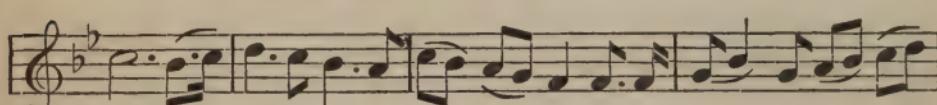
The morn was fair, the skies were clear, Nobreath came o'er the



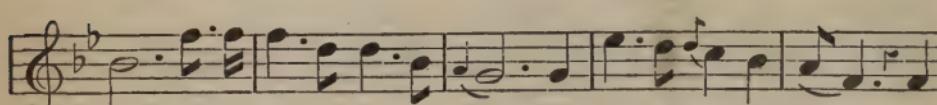
sea, When Ma-ry left her High - land cot, And wan-dered forth with



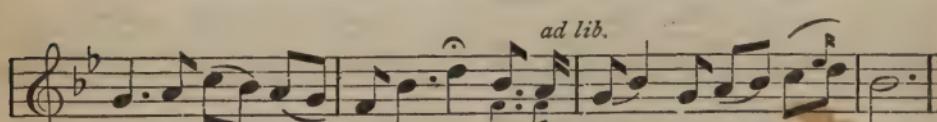
me. Tho' flow-ers decked the moun-tain's side, And fra - grance filled the



vale; By far the sweet-est flow - er there, Was the Rose of Al - lan-



dale, Was the Rose of Al - lan-dale, The Rose of Al - lan - dale, By



far the sweet - est flow-er there, Was the Rose of Al - lan - dale.

2. Where'er I wandered, east or west,

Though fate began to lour,

A solace still was she to me,

In sorrow's lonely hour.

When tempests lashed our gallant bark,

And rent her shivering sail,

One maiden form withstood the storm,

'Twas the Rose of Allandale,

'Twas the Rose, etc.

3. And when my fevered lips were parched

On Afric's burning sand,

She whispered hopes of happiness,

And tales of distant land.

My life had been a wilderness,

Unblest by fortune's gale,

Had fate not linked my lot to hers,—

The Rose of Allandale.

The Rose, etc.

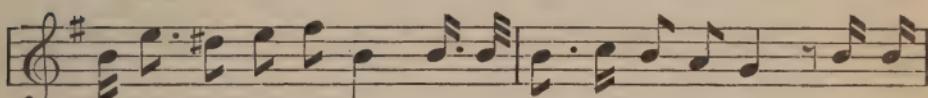
Mary of Argyle.

*Poco Allegretto e delicatezza.*Words by CHAS. JEFFERYS.
Music by S. NELSON.

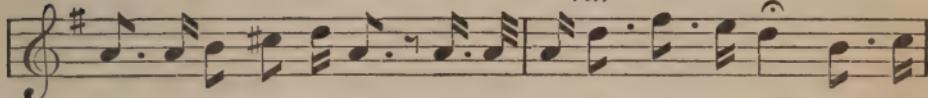
I have heard the ma-vis sing-ing His love-song to the morn; I have



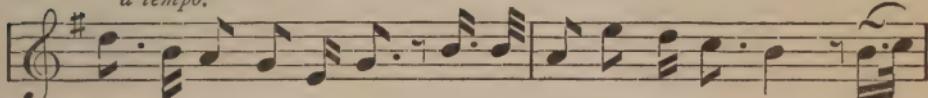
seen the dew-drop cling-ing To the rose just new-ly born. But a



sweet-er song has cheered me, At the eve-ning's gen-tle close; And I've

rit.

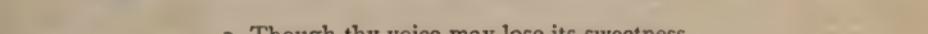
seen an eye still bright-er, Than the dew-drop on the rose: 'Twas thy

a tempo.

voice, my gen-tle Ma-ry, And thine art-less, win-ning smile, That

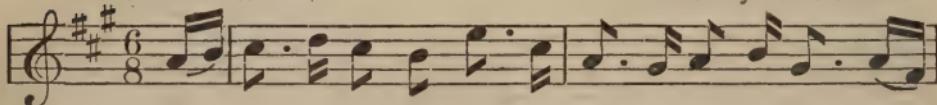


made this world an E-den, Bon-nie Ma-ry of Ar-gyle!

ad lib.

2. Though thy voice may lose its sweetness,
And thine eye its brightness too,—
Though thy step may lack its fleetness,
And thy hair its sunny hue;
Still to me wilt thou be dearer,
Than all the world shall own:
I have loved thee for thy beauty,
But not for that alone;
I have watched thy heart, dear Mary,
And its goodness was the wile
That has made thee mine for ever,
Bonnie Mary of Argyle.

Jessie, the Flower of Dunblane.

*Andantino.*Words by TANNAHILL.
Music by R. A. SMITH.

The sun has gane down o'er the lof - ty Ben - lo-mond, And



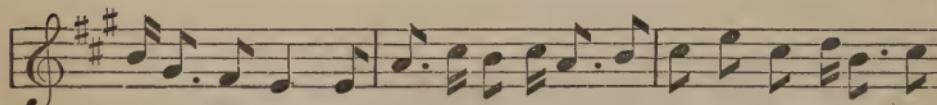
left the red clouds to pre-side o'er the scene ; While lane-ly I stray in the



calm sim-mer gloam-in', To muse on sweet Jes-sie, the flower o' Dun-blane. How



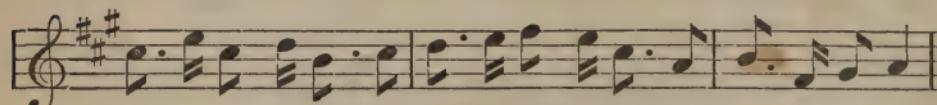
sweet is the brier, wi' its saft fauld-in' blos-som, And sweet is the birk wi' its



man-tle o' green ; Yet sweet-er and fair-er, and dear to this bo-som, Is



love-ly young Jes-sie, the flower o' Dun-blane, Is love-ly young Jes-sie, Is



love-ly young Jes-sie, Is love-ly young Jes-sie, the flower o' Dun-blane.

2. She's modest as onie, and blythe as she's bonnie,

For guileless simplicity marks her its ain ;

And far be the villain divested o' feeling,

Wha'd blight in its bloom the sweet flower o' Dunblane.

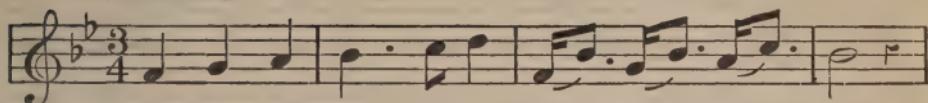
Sing on, thou sweet mavis, thy hymn to the evening,

Thou'rt dear to the echoes of Calderwood glen ;

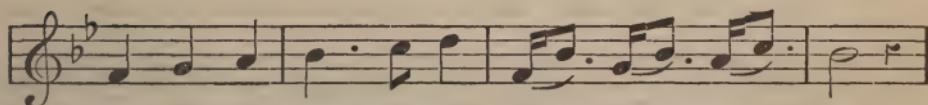
Sae dear to this bosom, sae artless and winning,

Is charming young Jessie, the flower of Dunblane.

Robin Adair.

Air, *Eileen à Roon*.*Andantino.*

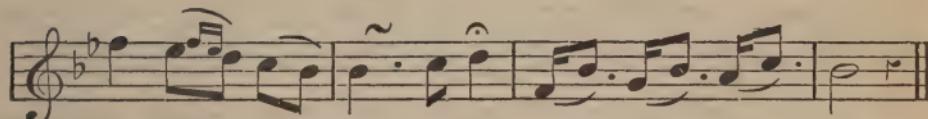
What's this dull town to me? Ro - bin's not near;



What was't I wished to see, What wished to hear?



Where's all the joy and mirth, Made this town a heaven on earth?



Oh! they've all fled with thee, Ro - bin A - dair.

2. What made the ball so fine?

Robin Adair;

What made th' assembly shine?

Robin Adair.

What, when the play was o'er,

What made my heart so sore?

Oh! it was parting with

Robin Adair.

3. But now thou'rt cold to me,

Robin Adair;

But now thou'rt cold to me,

Robin Adair;

Yet he I loved so well,

Still in my heart shall dwell;

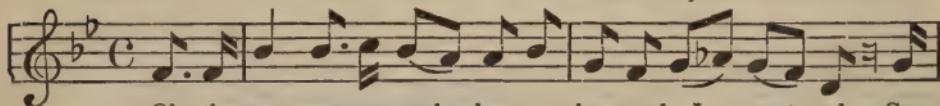
Oh! I can ne'er forget

Robin Adair.

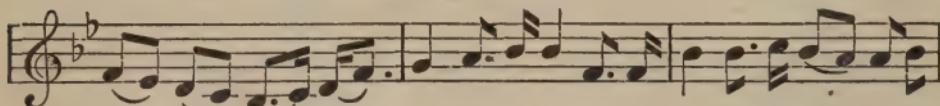
Savourneen Deelish.

Andante.

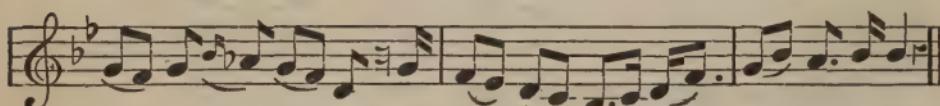
Words by GEORGE COLMAN.



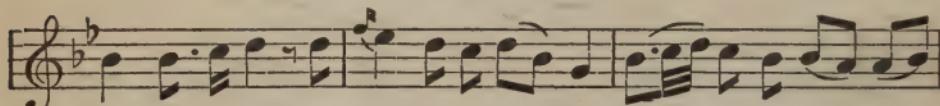
Oh, the mo-ment was sad when my love and I part - ed, Sa-



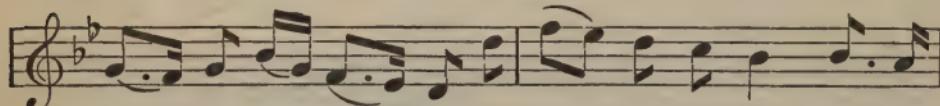
vour - neen Dee - lish, Ei - leen o - ge ! As I kissed off her tears, I was



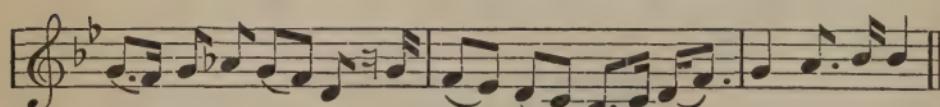
nigh bro - ken - heart-ed, Sa - vour-neen Dee - lish, Ei - leen o - ge !



Wan was her cheek, which hung on my shoul-der, Damp was her hand, no



mar - ble was cold - er; I felt that a - gain I should



nev - er be-hold her, Sa - vour - neen Dee - lish, Ei - leen o - ge !

2. When the word of command put our men into motion,

Savourneen Deelish, Eileen oge !

I buckled on my knapsack to cross the wide ocean,

Savourneen Deelish, Eileen oge !

Brisk were our troops, all roaring like thunder,

Pleased with the voyage, impatient for plunder ;

My bosom with grief was almost torn asunder,

Savourneen Deelish, Eileen oge !

3. Long I fought for my country, far, far from my true love,

Savourneen Deelish, Eileen oge !

All my pay and my booty I hoarded for you, love,

Savourneen Deelish, Eileen oge !

Peace was proclaimed, escaped from the slaughter,

Landed at home, my sweet girl I sought her ;

But sorrow, alas ! to the cold grave had brought her,

Savourneen Deelish, Eileen oge !

Auld Joe Nicholson's Bonnie Nannie.

Allegretto.

Written by JAMES HOGG.

The musical score is in G minor, 6/8 time. The lyrics are integrated with the musical notes, appearing below each staff. The melody is primarily in eighth and sixteenth notes, with some eighth-note chords.

2. Ae day she cam' oot wi' a rosy blush,
To milk her twa kye sae couthy and cannie ;
I cower'd me down at the back o' the bush,
To watch the air o' my bonnie Nannie.—O my Nannie, etc.
3. My heart lay beatin' the flow'ry green
In quakin', quiverin' agitation ;
An' the tears cam' tricklin' down frae my e'en
Wi' perfect love and admiration.—O my Nannie, etc.
4. There's mony a joy in this world below,
An' sweet the hopes that to sing were uncanny ;
But o' a' the pleasures I ever can know,
There's nane like the love o' my bonnie Nannie.—O my Nannie, etc.

Llewellyn's Green Vale.

Larghetto.

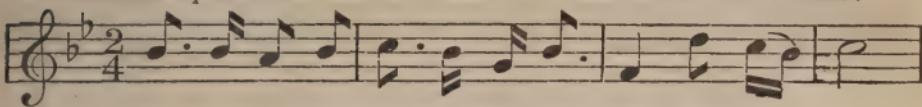
Words by JAMES SMITH.
Welsh Air, *The Ashgrove*.

Oh, fair as the beams of the bright summer morning, Was Mil-dred, the maid-en I ten-der-ly loved; And gay were the scenes of sweet Nature's a- dorn-ing, Where oft with my dar-ling I joy-ful-ly roved.

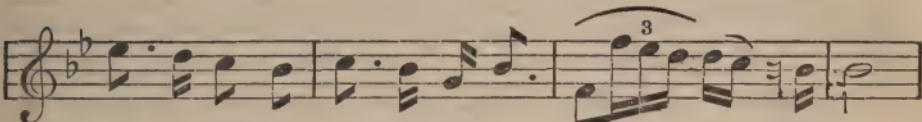
A - far sighed the mur-mur-ing waves of the o-cean, While the birds sweet-ly sang to the soft sum-nier gale; As fond - ly I pledged her my dear - est de- votion, By the lone - ly Ash - grove in Llew - el - lyn's green vale.

2. But hard was the fate that could ruthlessly sever
 The bonds of affection so fondly entwined ;
 For the flower loved so dearly has faded for ever,
 And the joy of contentment no more can I find.
 O'er mountain and moor, when the night's darkly falling,
 And wintry winds drearily mourn through the dale,
 In sadness I rove, the dear maiden recalling,
 By the lonely Ashgrove in Llewellyn's green vale.

Near the Lake.

*Andante espressivo.*Words by G. P. MORRIS, Esq.
CHARLES E. HORN.

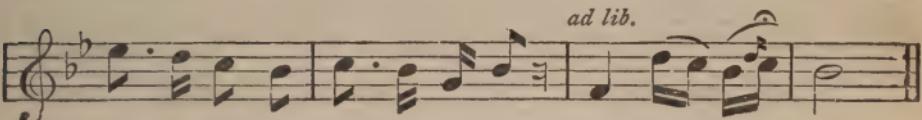
Near the lake where drooped the wil-low, Long time a - go,



Where the rock threw back the bil-low Bright - er than snow,



Dwelt a maid, be-loved and cher-ished, By high and low;



But with au-tumn's leaf she per-ished, Long time a - go.

2. Rock, and tree, and flowing water,

Long time ago,

Bird, and bee, and blossom taught her

Love's spell to know.

While to my fond words she listened,

Murmuring low,

Tenderly her dove eyes glistened,

Long time ago.

3. Mingled were our hearts for ever ;

Long time ago !

Can I now forget her? never !

No, lost one, no !

To her grave these tears are given,

Ever to flow !

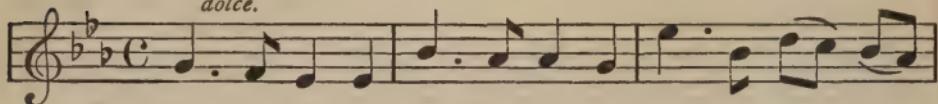
She's the star I missed from heaven,

Long time ago.

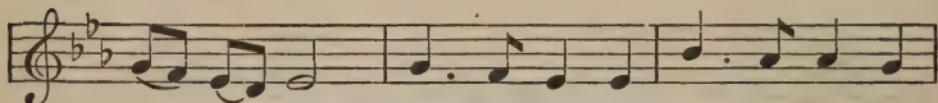
Isle of Beauty.

Larghetto e soave.
dolce.

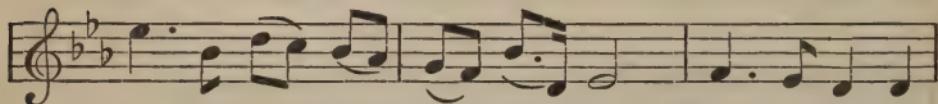
Words by T. H. BAYLY.
Air by C. S. WHITMORE.



Shades of ev'n-ing close not o'er us, Leave our lone - ly



bark a - while! Morn, a - las, will not re - store us



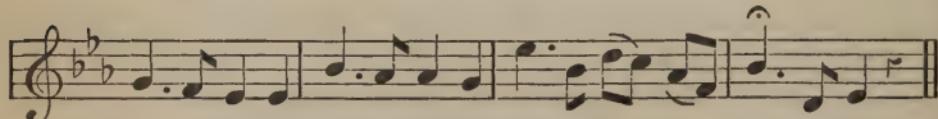
Yon - der dim and dis - tant isle! Still my fan - cy

cres.

ritard. dim.



can dis - co - ver Sun - ny spots where friends may dwell;



Dark-er shad-ows round us hov-er : Isle of beau - ty, Fare thee well !

2. 'Tis the hour when happy faces
Smile around the taper's light ;
Who will fill our vacant places ;
Who will sing our songs to-night ?
Through the mist that floats above us,
Faintly sounds the vesper bell,
Like a voice from those who love us,
Breathing fondly, 'Fare thee well !'

3. When the waves are round me breaking,
As I pace the deck alone,
And my eye in vain is seeking
Some green leaf to rest upon,
What would I not give to wander
Where my old companions dwell ;
Absence makes the heart grow fonder :
Isle of beauty, Fare thee well.

The Meeting of the Waters.

Andantino with expression.

Words by T. MOORE.

There is not in this wide world a val - ley so sweet, As that
 vale in whose bo - som the bright wa - ters meet ; Oh, the
 last rays of feel - ing and life must de - part, Ere the
 bloom of that val - ley shall fade from my heart ! Ere the
 bloom of that val - ley shall fade from my heart !

2. Yet it was not that Nature had shed o'er the scene,

Her purest of crystal and brightest of green ;

'Twas not the soft magic of streamlet or hill ;

Oh, no, it was something more exquisite still !

3. 'Twas that friends the beloved of my bosom were near,

Who made ev'ry dear scene of enchantment more dear,

And who felt that the best charms of nature improve,
 When we see them reflected from looks that we love.

4. Sweet vale of Avoca ! how calm could I rest

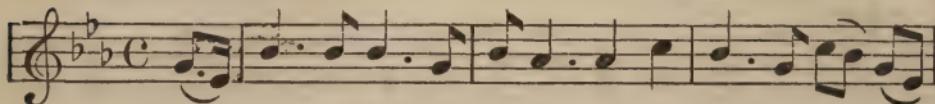
In thy bosom of shade, with the friends I love best ;

Where the storms which we feel in this cold world would cease,
 And our hearts, like thy waters, be mingled in peace.

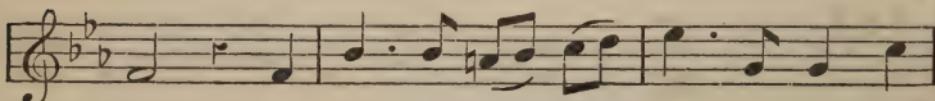
Oh! Steer my Bark to Erin's Isle.

Andante con espressione.

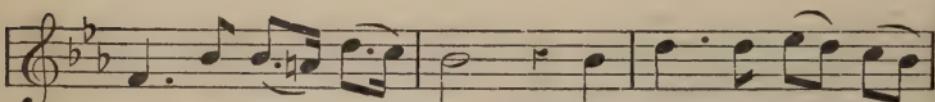
Music by S. NELSON.



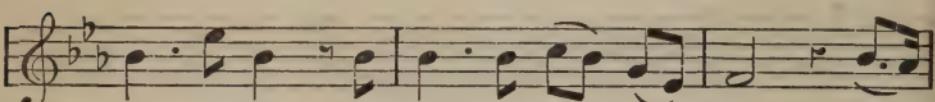
Oh! I have roam'd in ma-ny lands, And ma - ny friends I've



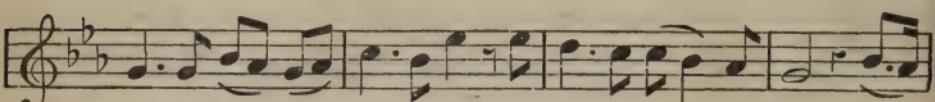
met; Not one fair scene or kind - ly smile, Can



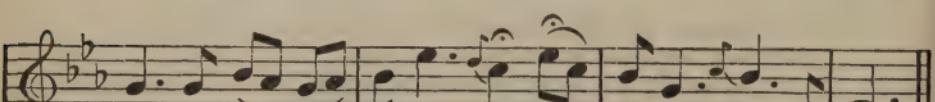
this fond heart for - get. But I'll con - fess that



I'm con-tent, No more I wish to roam; Oh!



steer my bark to E - rin's isle, For E - rin is my home; Oh!



steer my bark to E - rin's isle, For E - rin is my home.

2. If England were my place of birth,
 I'd love her tranquil shore;
 If bonnie Scotland were my home,
 Her mountains I'd adore;
 Though pleasant days in both I pass,
 I dream of days to come;
 Oh! steer my bark, etc.

The Soldier's Tear.

*Larghetto.*Words by T. H. BAYLY.
Music by ALEX. LEE.

Up - on the hill he turn'd, To take a last fond
 look, Of the val - ley, and the vil - lage church, And the
 cot - tage by the brook ; He lis - ten'd to the
 sounds So fa - mil - iar to his ear, And the sol - dier leant up -
 on his sword, And wip'd a - way a tear.

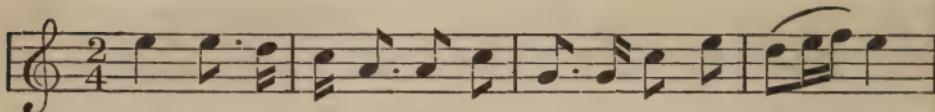
2. Beside that cottage porch
 A girl was on her knees,
 She held aloft a snowy scarf,
 Which fluttered in the breeze,
 She breathed a prayer for him,
 A prayer he could not hear ;
 But he paused to bless her as she knelt,
 And wiped away a tear.

3. He turned and left the spot,—
 Oh ! do not deem him weak,
 For dauntless was the soldier's heart,
 Though tears were on his cheek ;—
 Go watch the foremost ranks,
 In danger's dark career,—
 Be sure the hand most daring there
 Has wiped away a tear.

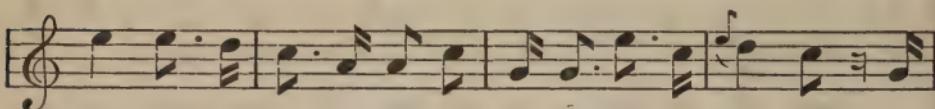
Oft in the stilly Night.

Words by T. MOORE.

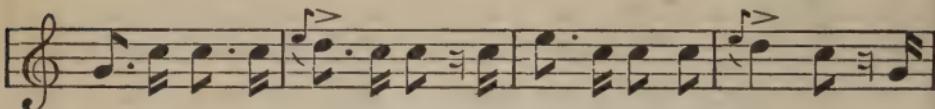
With melancholy expression.



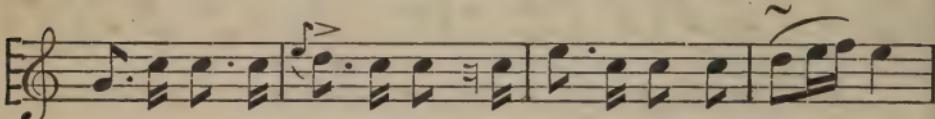
Oft in the stil - ly night, Ere slum - ber's chain has bound me,



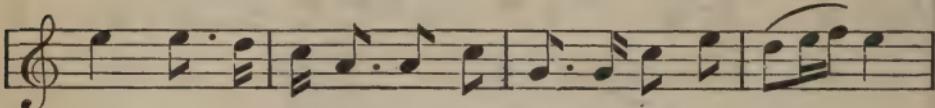
Fond mem' - ry brings the light Of o - ther days a-round me. The



smiles, the tears of boy-hood's years, The words of love then spo - ken, The



eyes that shone, now dim'd and gone, The cheer-ful hearts now bro - ken !



Thus in the stil - ly night, Ere slum - ber's chain has bound me,



Sad mem' - ry brings the light Of o - ther days a - round me.

2. When I remember all
 The friends, so linked together,
 I've seen around me fall,
 Like leaves in wintry weather ;
 I feel like one, who treads alone
 Some banquet-hall deserted,
 Whose lights are fled, whose garlands dead,
 And all but he departed !
 Thus in the stilly night, etc.

Oh, Rest thee, Babe, Rest thee.

*Andantino.*Words by Sir WALTER SCOTT.
Music by JOHN WHITTAKER.

Oh, hush thee, my ba - by ! thy sire was a knight, Thy
 mo - ther a la - dy so love - ly and bright. The
 woods and the glens from these tow'rs which we see, They
 all are be - long - ing, dear ba - by, to thee. Oh,
 rest thee, babe, rest thee, babe, sleep on till day ! Oh,
 rest thee, babe, rest thee, babe, sleep while you may !

2. Oh, fear not the bugle, though loudly it blows ;
 It calls but the warders that guard thy repose.
 Their bows would be bended, their blades would be red,
 Ere the step of the foe draws near to thy bed !
 Oh, rest thee, babe, rest thee, etc.

3. Oh, rest thee, my darling, the time soon will come
 When thy sleep shall be broken by trumpet and drum !
 Then rest thee, my darling, oh, sleep while you may !
 For strife comes with manhood as light comes with day.
 Oh, rest thee, babe, rest thee, etc.

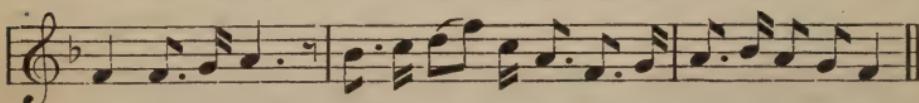
Castles in the Air.

Moderato. *Con sentimento.*Words by JAMES BALLANTINE.
Arranged by R. ADAMS.

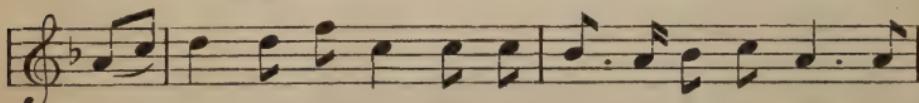
The bon - nie, bon - nie bairn, who sits po - king in the ase,



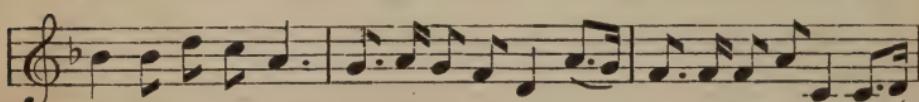
Glow'r-ing in the fire wi' his wee round face; Laugh-ing at the fuffin' lowe,



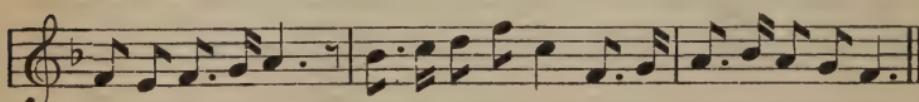
what sees he there? Ha! the young dream-er's big-ging cas-tles in the air.



His wee chub-by face, and his tou - zie cur - ly pow, Are



laugh-ing and nod-ding to the danc-ing lowe; He'll brown his ros-y cheeks, and



singe his sun-ny hair, Glow'r-ing at the imps wi' their cas-tles in the air.

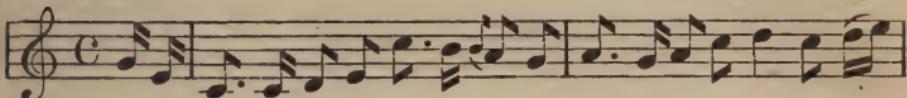
2. He sees muckle castles tow'ring to the moon,
He sees little sodgers pu'ing them a' doon!
Worlds whombling up and doun, bleezing wi' a flare;
See how he loups! as they glimmer in the air.
For a' sae sage he looks, what can the laddie ken?
He's thinking upon naething, like mony mighty men;
A wee thing mak's us think, a sma' thing mak's us stare,—
There are mair folk than him bigging castles in the air.

3. Sic a night in winter may weel mak' him cauld:
His chin upon his buffy hand will soon mak' him auld;
His brow is brent sae braid, oh, pray that daddy Care
Would let the wean alane wi' his castles in the air!
He'll glow'r at the fire, and he'll keek at the light;
But mony sparkling stars are swallowed up by night,—
Aulder een than his are glamour'd by a glare,
Hearts are broken, heads are turn'd, wi' castles in the air.

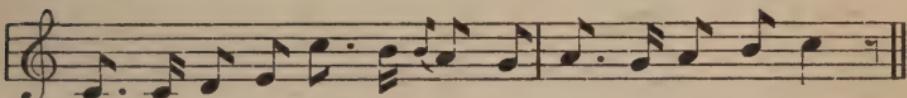
My Love is like a red, red Rose.

Moderato.

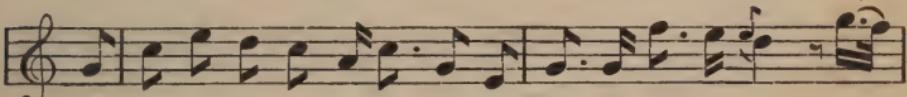
Words by BURNS.

Air, *Low down in the Broom.*

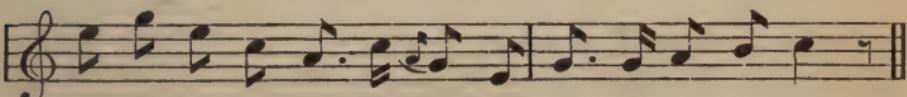
Oh, my love is like a red, red rose, That's new-ly sprung in June, Oh, my



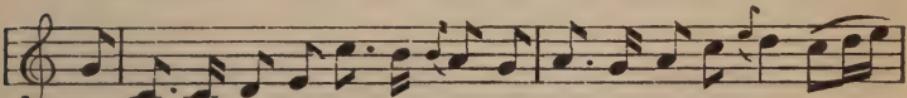
love is like a me - lo - dy, That's sweet - ly play'd in tune.



As fair art thou, my bon-nie love, So deep in love am I ; And



I will love thee still, my dear, Till a' the seas gang dry ;



Till a' the seas gang dry, my love, Till a' the seas gang dry ; And



I will love thee still, my dear, Till a' the seas gang dry ;

2. Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear,

And the rocks melt wi' the sun ;

And I will love thee still, my dear,

While the sands of life shall run.

But fare thee well, my only love,

Oh, fare thee well a while ;

And I will come again, my love,

Though 'twere ten thousand mile ;

Though 'twere ten thousand mile, my love,

Though 'twere ten thousand mile ;

And I will come again, my love,

Though 'twere ten thousand mile.

Child of Earth, with the golden Hair.

Allegretto con anima.

Music by C. E. HORN.

Child of earth, with the gold - en hair, Thy
 soul's too pure, and thy face too fair, To
 dwell with the crea - tures of mor - tal mould, Whose
 lips are warm as their hearts are cold. Roam, roam to our
 fai - ry home, Child of earth, with the gol - den hair ;
 Thou shalt dance with the fai - ry queen, Through
 sum - mer nights on the moon - lit green, To mu - sic
 mur - mur - ing sweet - er far Than

e - ver was heard 'neath the morn - ing

Animato.

star. Roam, roam to our fai - ry home,

Child of earth, with the gol - den hair— Roam, roam to our

fai - ry home, Child of earth, with the gold - en hair.

3. I'll rob of its sweets the humble bee,
 I'll crush the wine from the cowslip tree,
 I'll pull the berries, I'll heap thy bed
 Of downy moss and the poppies red.

Roam, roam to our fairy home,
 Child of earth, with the golden hair.

4. Dim Sleep shall woo thee, my darling boy,
 In her mildest mood with dreams of joy ;
 And when with the morning ends her reign,
 Pleasure shall bid thee welcome again.

Roam, roam to our fairy home,
 Child of earth, with the golden hair.

Of a' the Airts the Wind can blaw.

*Andante affettuoso.*Music by WM. MARSHALL.
Words of first two stanzas by BURNS.

Of a' the airts the wind can blaw, I

dear - ly lo'e the west, For there the bon - nie

lass - sie lives; The lass that I lo'e best: Though

wild woods grow, an' riv - ers row, Wi' mo - nie a hill be-

tween, Baith day an' night my fan - cy's flight Is

ev - er wi' my Jean! I see her in the

dew - y flow'rs, Sae love - ly, sweet, an' fair; I

hear her voice in il - ka bird, Wi' mu - sic charm the
 air: There's no' a bon - nie flow'r that springs By
 foun - tain, shaw, or green, Nor yet a bon-nie
 bird that sings, But minds me o' my Jean.

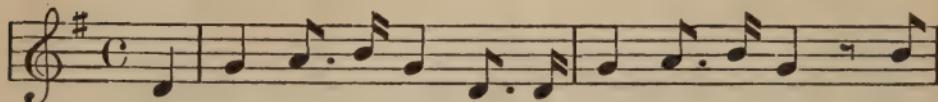
3. O blaw, ye westlin winds, blaw saft
 Amang the leafy trees ;
 Wi' gentle gale, frae muir and dale,
 Bring hame the laden bees,
 And bring the lassie back to me
 Wi' her twa witchin' een :
 Ae blink o' her wad banish care,
 Sae lovely is my Jean !

4. What sighs and vows amang the knowes,
 Ha'e past between us twa ;
 How fain to meet, how wae to part,
 That day she gaed awa !
 The pow'rs abune can only ken,
 To whom the heart is seen,
 That nane can be sae dear to me,
 As my sweet lovely Jean !

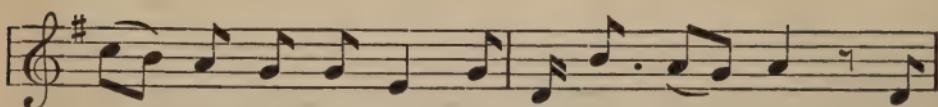
The Maid of Llangollen.

Moderato.

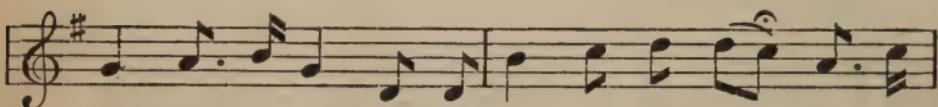
Music by JAMES CLARKE.



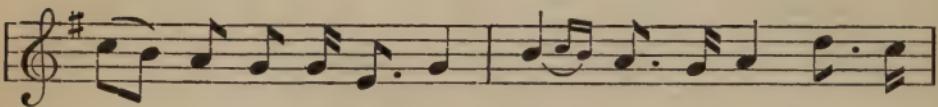
Though low - ly my lot, and though poor my e - state, I



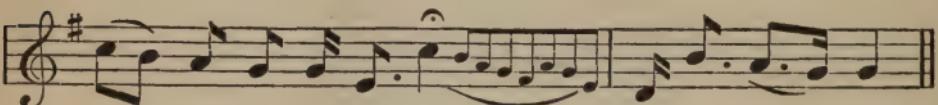
see with-out en - vy the wealth - y and great, Con-



tent - ed and proud a poor shep - herd to be, While the



maid of Llan - gol - len smiles sweet - ly on me, While the



maid of Llan - gol - len smiles . . . sweet - ly on me.

2. My way o'er the mountain I cheerfully take,
At morn when the song-birds their melody wake ;
And at eve I return with a heart full of glee,
For the maid of Llangollen smiles sweetly on me.

3. Glenarvon's rich lord passes scornfully by,
But wealth can ne'er make him so happy as I ;
And prouder than even the proudest I'll be,
While the maid of Llangollen smiles sweetly on me.

Norah, the Pride of Kildare.

Andante.

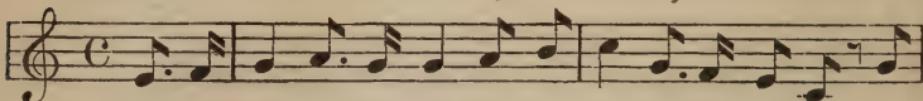
Words and Music by JOHN PARRY.

As beau - teous as Flo - ra, is charm - ing young Nor - ah, The
 joy of my heart, and the pride of Kil - dare; I ne'er will de - ceive her, for
 sad - ly 'twould grieve her, To find that I sigh'd for an - o - ther less fair. Her
 heart with truth teem - ing, Her eye with smiles beam - ing, What
 mor - tal could in - jure a blos - som so rare, As
 Nor - ah, dear Nor - ah, the pride of Kil - dare? Oh
 Nor - ah, dear Nor - ah, the pride of Kil - dare!

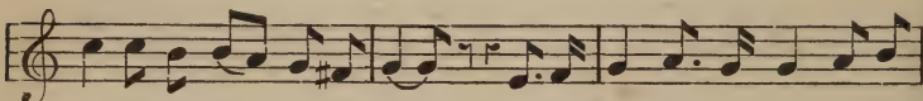
2. Where'er I may be, love, I'll ne'er forget thee, love,
 Though beauties may smile, and try to ensnare;
 Yet nothing shall ever my heart from thine sever,
 Dear Norah, sweet Norah, the pride of Kildare,
 Thy heart with truth teeming, thine eye with smiles beaming,
 What mortal could injure a blossom so rare,
 As Norah, dear Norah, the pride of Kildare?
 Oh Norah, dear Norah, the pride of Kildare!

The Thorn.

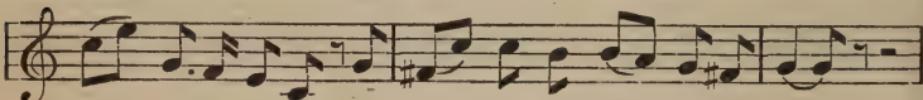
Andante.

Words by JOHN O'KEEFE.
Music by WILLIAM SHIELD.

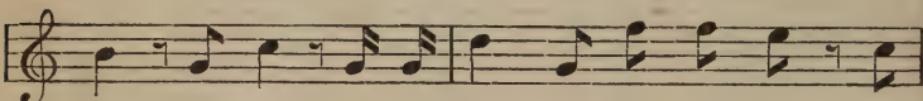
From the white-blos-som'd sloe my dear Chlo-e re-quest-ed A



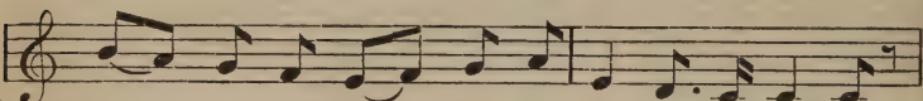
sprig, her fair breast to a - dorn; From the white-blos-som'd sloe my dear



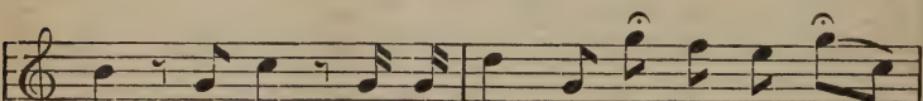
Chlo - e re-quest-ed A sprig, her fair breast to a - dorn.



'No, by Heav'n!' I ex-claimed; 'may I per - ish, If

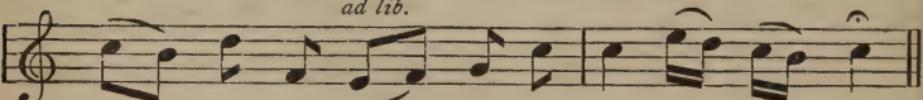


ev - er I plant in that bo - som a thorn.'



'No, by Heav'n!' I ex-claimed; 'may I per - ish, If

ad lib.



ev - - er I plant in that bo - som a thorn.'

2. When I showed her the ring and implored her to marry,
She blushed like the dawning of morn;

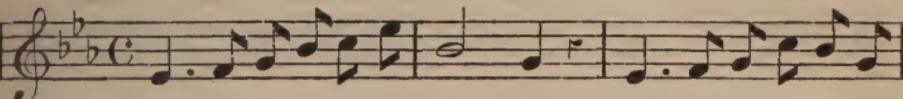
'Yes, I'll consent,' she replied, 'if you promise
That no jealous rival shall laugh me to scorn.'

'No, by Heav'n!' I exclaimed; 'may I perish,
If ever I plant in that bosom a thorn.'

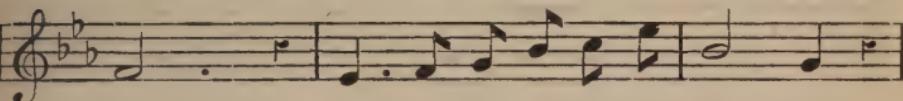
Mollie Darling.

Moderato.

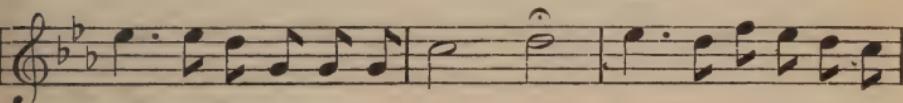
Words and Music by W. S. HAYS.



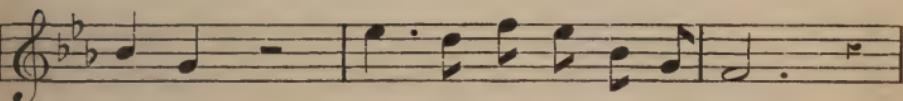
Won't you tell me, Mol-lie dar - ling, That you love none else but



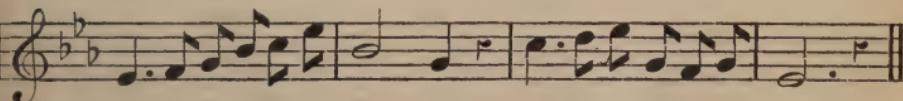
me? For I love you, Mol-lie dar - ling;



You are all the world to me. Oh tell me, dar-ling, that you



love me; Put your lit - tle hand in mine,



Take my heart, sweet Mol-lie dar - ling, Say that you will give me thine.

2. Stars are shining, Mollie darling,
Through the mystic veil of night ;
They seem laughing, Mollie darling,
While fair Luna hides her light.
Oh, no one listens but the flowers,
While they hang their heads in shame ;
They are modest, Mollie darling,
When they hear me call your name.

3. I must leave you, Mollie darling,
Though the parting gives me pain ;
When the stars shine, Mollie darling,
I will meet you here again.
Oh, good-night, Mollie, good-bye, loved one !
Happy may you ever be !
When you're dreaming, Mollie darling,
Don't forget to dream of me.

Cherry Ripe.

Andantino.

Music by C. E. HORN.

Cher-ry ripe, cher-ry ripe, ripe I cry; . . .

Full and fair ones, come and buy. Cher-ry ripe, cher-ry ripe,

ripe I cry; . . . Full and fair ones, come and buy.

If so be you ask me where They do grow; I

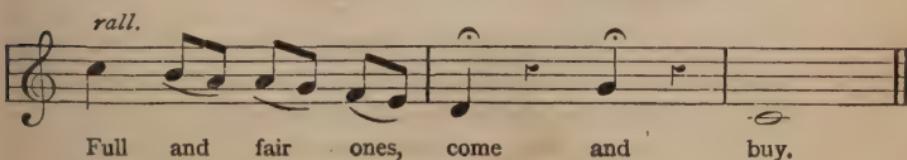
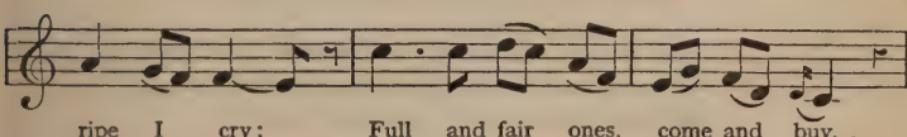
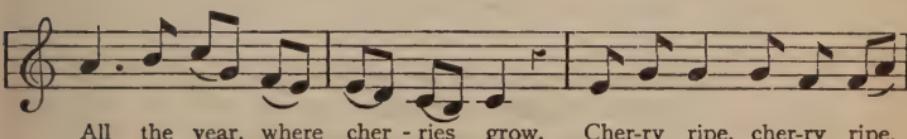
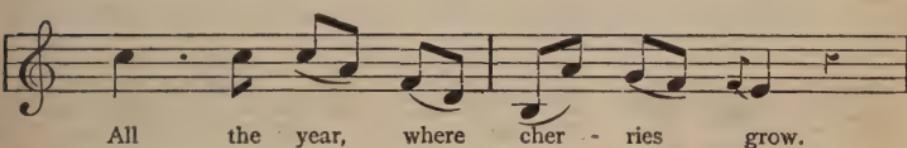
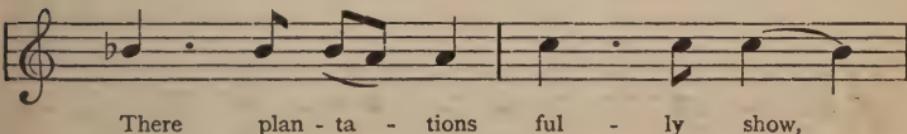
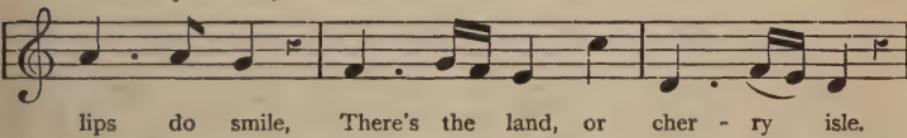
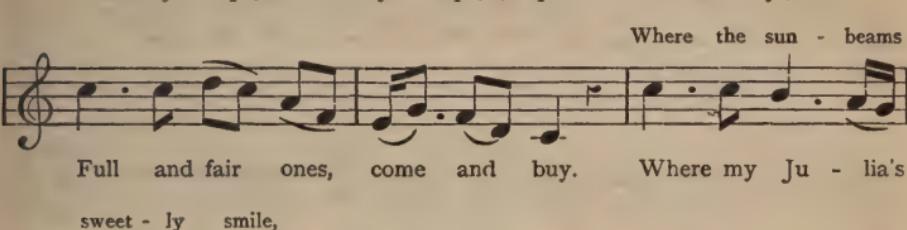
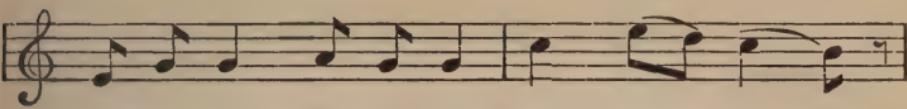
Where the sun - beams sweet - ly smile,

an - swer, there, Where my Ju - lia's lips do smile,

There's the land, or cher - ry isle, There's the land, or

cher - ry isle. Cher-ry ripe, cher-ry ripe, ripe I cry;

Full and fair ones, come and buy.



My Nannie's awa'.

Andante.

Words by BURNS.

6 8

Now in her green man-tle blythe Na-ture ar-rays, And
lis-tens the lamb-kins that bleat ower the braes, While
birds war-ble wel-come in il-ka green shaw; But to
me it's de-light-less— my Nan-nie's a-wa'; But to
me it's de-light-less— my Nan-nie's a-wa'.

2. The snowdrap and primrose our woodlands adorn,
And violets bathe in the weet o' the morn ;
They pain my sad bosom, sae sweetly they blow !
They mind me o' Nannie, and Nannie's awa.
3. Thou laverock that springs frae the dews of the lawn,
The shepherd to warn of the grey-breaking dawn ;
And thou, mellow mavis, that hails the night-fa' ;
Give over for pity—my Nannie's awa'.
4. Come, autumn, sae pensive, in yellow and grey,
And soothe me wi' tidings o' Nature's decay ;
The dark dreary winter, and wild driving snaw,
Alane can delight me—now Nannie's awa'.

The Banks of Allan Water.

*Andantino.*Words by M. G. LEWIS.
Music by C. E. HORN.

On the banks of Al-lan Wa-ter, When the sweet spring time did fall, Was the mil-ler's love-ly daugh-ter, Fair-est of them all. For his bride a sol-dier sought her, And a win-ning tongue had he; On the banks of Al-lan Wa-ter, None so gay as she.

2. On the banks of Allan Water,
When brown autumn spreads its store,
There I saw the miller's daughter,
But she smil'd no more;
For the summer grief had brought her,
And the soldier false was he.
On the banks of Allan Water,
None so sad as she.
3. On the banks of Allan Water,
When the winter snow fell fast,
Still was seen the miller's daughter;
Chilling blew the blast.
But the miller's lovely daughter,
Both from cold and care was free;
On the banks of Allan Water,
There a corse lay she.

My Native Highland Home.

*Allegretto moderato.*Words by THOS. MORTON.
Music by Sir HENRY R. BISHOP.

My High-land home, where tem-pests blow, And cold thy win-try looks, Thy moun-tains crown'd with dri-ven snow, And ice-bound are thy brooks! But cold-er far's the Bri-ton's heart, How-ev-er far he roam, To whom these words no joy im-part, My na-tive High-land home! Then gang wi' me to Scot-land, dear,— We ne'er a-gain will roam,— And with thy smiles so bon-nie, cheer My na-tive High-land home.

2. When summer comes, the heather-bell
 Shall tempt thy feet to rove,
 The cushat-dove within the dell
 Invite to peace and love ;
 For blithesome is the breath of May,
 And sweet the bonnie broom,
 And pure the dimpling rills that play
 Around my Highland home !
 Then gang wi' me, etc.



Those Evening Bells.

Words and Music by T. MOORE.

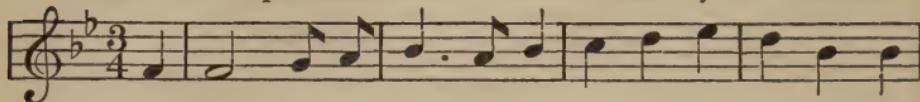
Pensively and in moderate time.

Those ev'n - ing bells, those ev'n - ing bells, How
 ma - ny a tale their mu - sic tells Of youth and
 home, and that sweet time When last I heard their
 sooth - ing chime ! Of youth and home, and that sweet
 time When last I heard their sooth - ing chime !

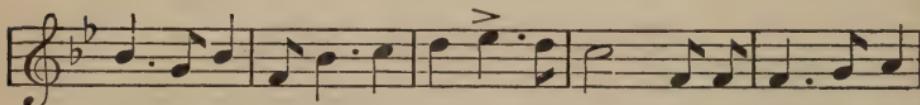
2. Those joyous hours are past away,
 And many a heart that then was gay,
 Within the tomb now darkly dwells,
 And hears no more those ev'ning bells.

3. And so 'twill be when I am gone,
 That tuneful peal will still ring on ;
 While other bards shall walk these dells,
 And sing your praise, sweet ev'ning bells.

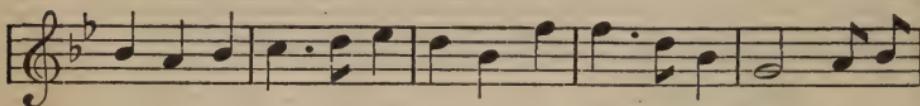
Memories Dear.

*Moderato with expression.*Words by JAMES EWART.
Music by T. S. GLEADHILL.

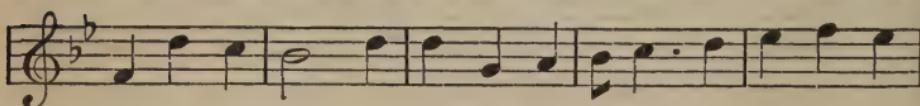
Aft, aft hae I pon - der'd on scenes of my child-hood, The



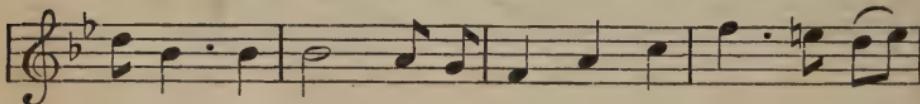
days ance sae hap-py, O come back a - gain ! When I pu'd the wild



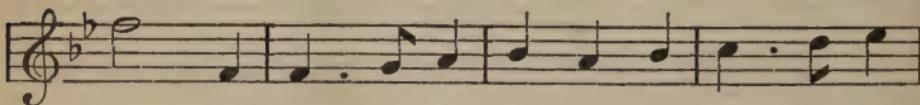
dais - ies that span-gled the green-wood, And gi'ed them a - wa' to my



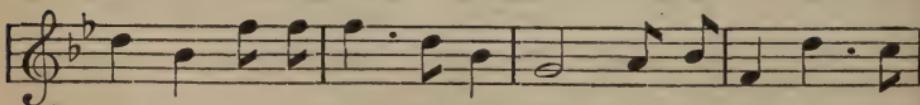
wee lov - ers then. I'd hide frae my play-mates 'mang trees, and keep



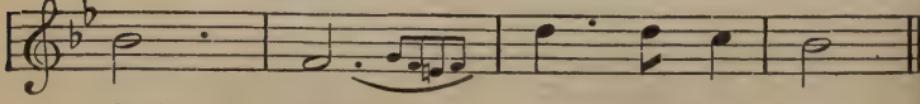
keek-in', And laugh - in' and jump - in' wi' in - no - cent



glee; And when I was wea - ried wi' hid - in' and



seek-in', Fa' a - sleep, and then wa - ken and chase the wild
ad lib.



bee ! Oh ! me - mo - ries - dear.

2. Oh, weel hae I mind o' thae sweet sunny rambles
 Far down by the green banks, dear dreams to me noo ;
 Sair jaggin' my wee hands wi' puin' the brambles,
 And gath'rin' them in till my daidlie was fu' ;
 How I'd stay oot a roamin' till late in the gloamin',
 Returnin' when diamonds jewell'd the sky ;
 My mother then kiss'd me, look'd upward, and blest me,
 And said they were Heaven's lichts beamin' on high.
 Oh ! memories dear.

3. Oh, since then sic tossin' on life's stormy ocean,
 Wi' hope for my beacon, as onward I toiled ;
 A vision cam' o'er me when spirits were droopin'—
 My mither seemed near me, and blessed her ain child.
 Hope's lamp brichtened up wi' the sweet recollection
 O' that mither's blessin' I lo'ed weel to earn ;
 Aye stamped on my heart is that purest affection,
 My mither's words, 'Bless ye ; God prosper my bairn.'
 Oh ! memories dear.

~~~~~

### Bonnie Bessie Lee.

*Moderato.*

Words by ROBERT NICOLL.

Bon - nie Bes - sie Lee had a face fu' o' smiles, And

mirth round her ripe lip was aye danc - ing slee ; And

light was the foot - fa', and win - some the wiles, O' the

flow - er o' the par - o - chin, our ain Bes - sie Lee ! Wi' the

bairns she would rin, and the school lad - dies paik, And

o'er the broom-y braes like a fai-ry wad flee; Till  
 auld hearts grew young a-gain wi' love for her sake—There was  
 life in the blythe blink o' bon-nie Bes-sie Lee! Our  
 ain Bes-sie Lee, Our bon-nie Bes-sie Lee; There was  
 life in the blythe blink o' bon-nie Bes-sie Lee!

2. She grat wi' the waefu', and laugh'd wi' the glad,  
 And light as the wind 'mang the dancers was she ;  
 And a tongue that could jeer, too, the little lassie had,  
 Whilk keepit aye her ain side for bonnie Bessie Lee.  
 She could sing like the lintwhite that sports 'mang the whins,  
 An' sweet was her note as the bloom to the bee—  
 It has aft thrill'd my heart whaur oor wee burnie rins,  
 Where a' thing grew fairer wi' bonnie Bessie Lee.—Our ain, etc.

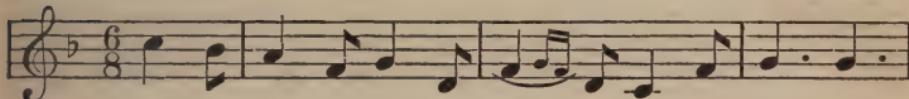
3. An' she whiles had a sweetheart, an' sometimes had twa,  
 A limmer o' a lassie ! but, atween you and me,  
 Her warm wee bit heartie she ne'er threw awa',  
 Tho' mony a ne had sought it frae bonnie Bessie Lee.  
 But ten years had gane since I gazed on her last,—  
 For ten years had parted my auld hame and me,—  
 And I said to mysel', as her mither's door I pass'd,  
 Will I ever get anither kiss frae bonnie Bessie Lee ?—Our ain, etc.

4. But Time changes a' things, the ill-natured loon !  
 Were it ever sae rightly, he'll no' let it be ;  
 And I rubbit at my een, and I thought I should swoon,  
 How the carle had come roun' about our ain Bessie Lee !  
 The wee laughing lassie was a gudewife grown auld,  
 Twa weans at her apron, and ane on her knee ;  
 She was douce, too, and wise-like, and wisdom's sae cauld,—  
 I would rather hae the ither ane than this Bessie Lee.—Our ain, etc.

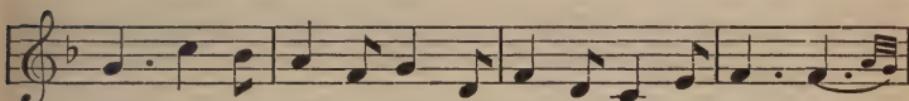
## Love's Young Dream.

*Moderato.*

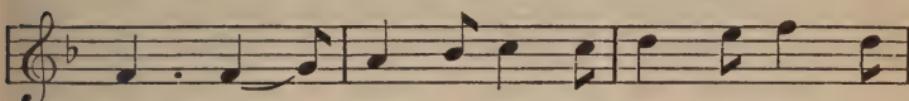
Words by T. MOORE.



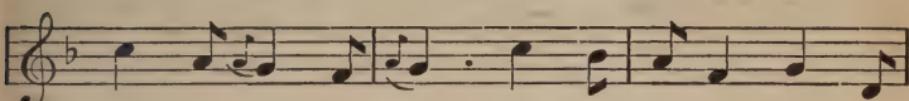
Oh, the days are gone when beau - ty bright My heart's chain



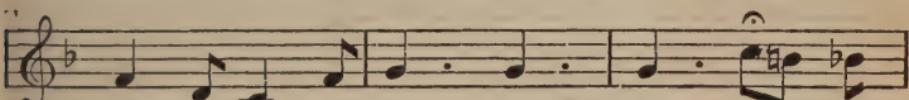
wove; When my dream of life from morn till night Was love, still



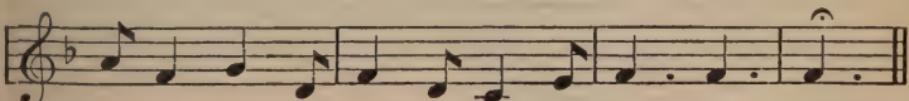
love. New hope may bloom, and days may come, Of



mild - er, calm - er beam; But there's no - thing half so



sweet in life As love's young dream! Oh, there's



no - thing half so sweet in life As love's young dream!

2. Though the bard to purer fame may soar,  
 When wild youth's past;  
 Though he win the wise, that frown'd before,  
 To smile at last;  
 He'll never meet a joy so sweet,  
 In all his noon of fame,  
 As when first he sung to woman's ear,  
 His soul-felt flame!  
 And at ev'ry close she blush'd to hear  
 The one-loved name!

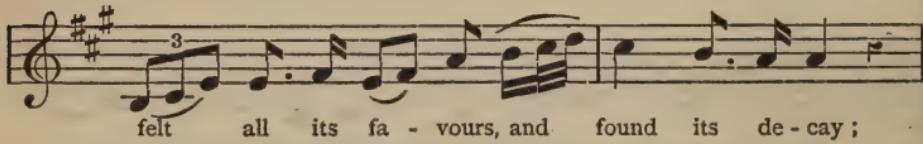
## The Flowers of the Forest.

Adagio.

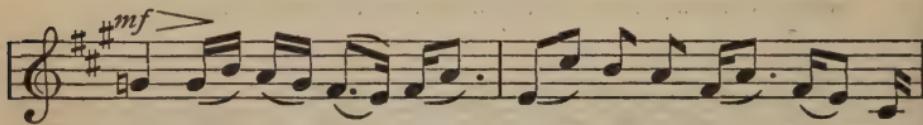
Words by Mrs. COCKBURN.



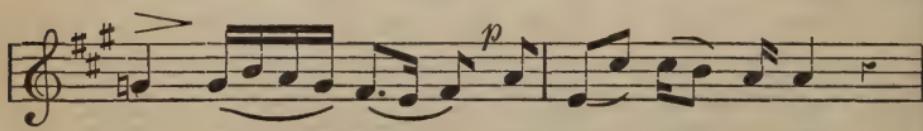
I've seen the smil - ing of For - tune be - guil - ing, I've



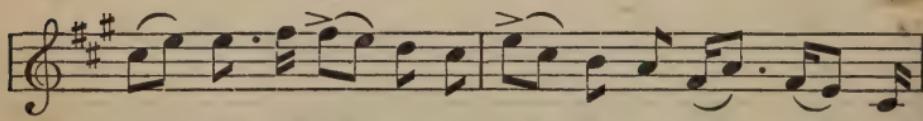
felt all its fa - vours, and found its de - cay;



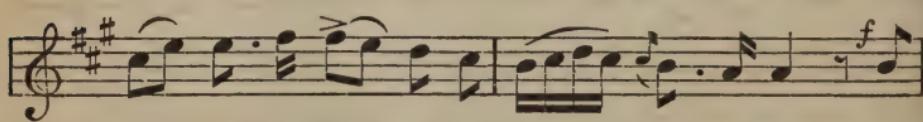
Sweet was its bless - ing, Kind its ca - ress - ing; But



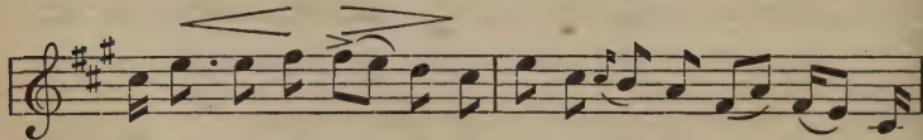
now 'tis . . . fled, . . . 'tis fled far a - way.



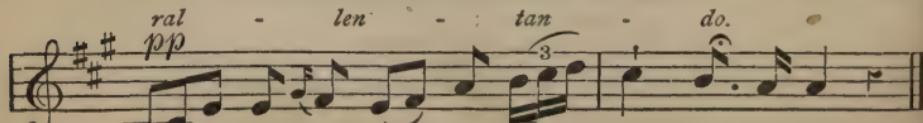
I've seen the for - est a - don - ed the fore - most, With



flowers of the fair - est, most plea - sant and gay, Sae



bon - nie was their bloom-ing, their scent the air per - fum - ing; But



now 3 they are wi - ther'd, and a' wede a - way.

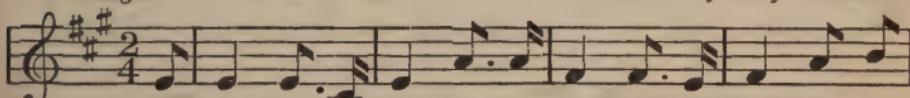
2. I've seen the morning with gold the hills adorning,  
 And the dread tempest roaring before parting day ;  
 I've seen Tweed's silver streams, glitt'ring in the sunny beams,  
 Grow drumly and dark as they rolled on their way.  
 O fickle Fortune ! why this cruel sporting !  
 Oh, why thus perplex us, poor sons of a day ?  
 Thy frown cannot fear me, thy smile cannot cheer me,  
 Since the flowers o' the forest are a' wede away.

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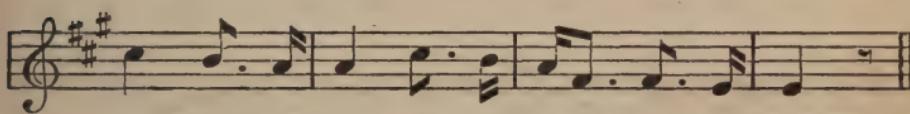
The Land o' the Leal.

Adagio.

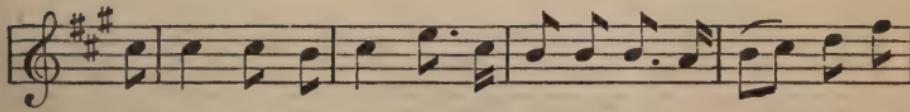
Air, 'Hey tutti taittie.'
 Words by Lady NAIRNE.



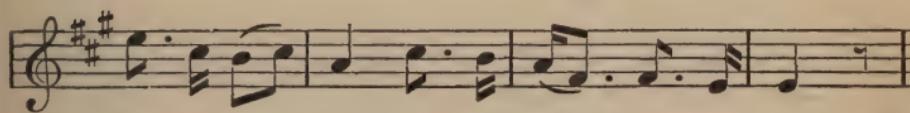
I'm wear - in' a - wa', John, Likesnaw-wreaths in thaw, John, I'm



wear - in' a - wa' To the land o' the leal.



There's nae sor-row there, Jean, There's nei-thercauld nor care, Jean, The



day is aye fair In the land o' the leal.

2. Our bonnie bairnie's there, Jean,
 She was baith gude and fair, Jean,
 And we grudged her sair
 To the land o' the leal.
 But sorrow's sel' wears past, Jean,
 And joy is comin' fast, Jean,
 The joy that's aye to last
 In the land o' the leal.

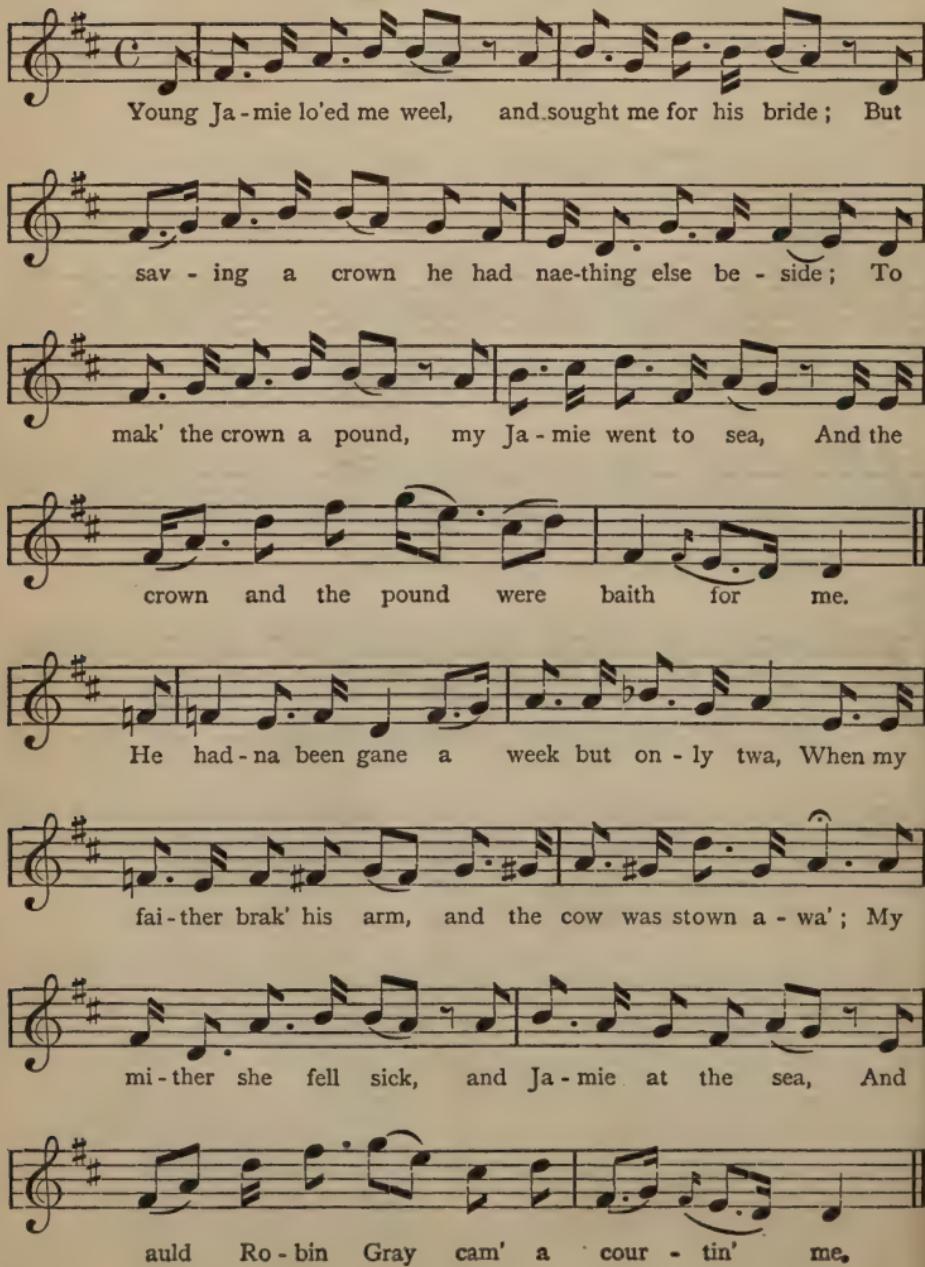
3. Ye've been leal and true, Jean,
 Your task is ended now, Jean,
 And I'll welcome you
 To the land o' the leal.

Then dry that glist'nin' e'e, Jean,
 My soul lang to be free, Jean,
 And angels wait on me
 To the land o' the leal.

4. A' our friends are gane, Jean,
 We've lang been left alone, Jean ;
 We'll a' meet again
 In the land o' the leal.
 Now fare ye weel, my ain Jean ;
 This world's care is vain, Jean,
 We'll meet and aye be fain
 In the land o' the leal.

Auld Robin Gray.

*Adagio.*Words by Lady ANN LINDSAY.
Music by the Rev. WM. LEEVES.


 Young Ja-mie lo'ed me weel, and sought me for his bride; But
 sav - ing a crown he had nae-thing else be - side; To
 mak' the crown a pound, my Ja-mie went to sea, And the
 crown and the pound were baith for me.
 He had-na been gane a week but on - ly twa, When my
 fai-ther brak' his arm, and the cow was stown a - wa'; My
 mi-ther she fell sick, and Ja-mie at the sea, And
 auld Ro-bin Gray cam' a cour - tin' me.

2. My faither couldna work, and my mither couldna spin ;
 I toiled day and night, but their bread I couldna win ;
 Auld Rob maintained them baith, and wi' tears in his ee,
 Said, 'Jeanie, for their sakes, O marry me.'
 My heart it said na : I looked for Jamie back ;
 But the wind it blew high, and the ship it was a *wrack*—
 The ship it was a *wrack*, why didna Jeanie dee ?
 And why do I live to say, 'Waes me ?'

3. My faither urged me sair—my mither didna speak,
 But she looked in my face till my heart was like to break ;
 So they gied him my hand, though my heart was on the sea,
 And auld Robin Gray is gudeman to me.
 I hadna been a wife a week but only four,
 When sitting sae mournfully ae night at my door,
 I saw my Jamie's wraith, for I couldna think it he,
 Till he said, 'I've come back to marry thee !'

4. O sair did we greet, and meikle did we say,
 We took but ae kiss, and we tore ourselves away :
 I wish I was dead, but I'm no' like to dee ;
 Oh ! why do I live to say, 'Waes me ?'
 I gang like a ghaist, and I carena to spin,
 I darena think o' Jamie, for that wad be a sin ;
 But I'll do my best a gude wife to be,
 For auld Robin Gray is a kind man to me.

~~~~~

### Farewell to Lochaber.

*Andante.*

Words by ALLAN RAMSAY.

Fare - well to Loch - a - ber, fare - well to my  
 Jean, Where heart - some wi' her I ha'e  
 mo - ny day been; To Loch - a - ber no  
 more, Loch - a - ber no more, We'll

may - be re - turn to Loch - a - ber no more.

These tears that I shed they are all for my

dear, And no' for the dan - gers at -

tend - ing on weir; Though borne on rough

seas to a far dis - tant shore, May -

be to re - turn to Loch - a - ber no more.

2. Though hurricanes rise, though rise every wind,  
No tempest can equal the storm in my mind;  
Though loudest of thunders or louder waves roar,  
There's naething like leaving my love on the shore.  
To leave thee behind me my heart is sair pained,  
But by ease that's inglorious no fame can be gained;  
And beauty and love's the reward of the brave,  
And I maun deserve it before I can crave.

3. Then glory, my Jeanie, maun plead my excuse,  
Since honour commands me, how can I refuse?  
Without it, I ne'er can have merit for thee;  
And losing thy favour, I'd better not be.  
I go then, my lass, to win honour and fame;  
And if I should chance to come gloriously hame,  
I'll bring a heart to thee, with love running o'er,  
And then I'll leave thee and Lochaber no more.

## Annie Laurie.

Andante.

Melody ascribed to LADY SCOTT.  
Words by DOUGLASS of Fingland.

Max-well-ton braes are bon-nie, Where ear-ly fa's the dew, And it's there that An-nie Lau-rie Gie'd me her pro-mise true; Gie'd me her pro-mise true, Which ne'er for-got will be; And for bon-nie An-nie Lau-rie I'd lay me doun and dee.

2. Her brow is like the snow-drift,  
Her neck is like the swan;  
Her face it is the fairest  
That e'er the sun shone on;  
That e'er the sun shone on,  
And dark blue is her e'e;  
And for bonnie Annie Laurie  
I'd lay me doun and dee.

3. Like dew on the gowan lying,  
Is the fa' o' her fairy feet;  
And like winds in summer sighing,  
Her voice is low and sweet.  
Her voice is low and sweet,  
And she's a' the world to me;  
And for bonnie Annie Laurie  
I'd lay me doun and dee.

## Jock o' Hazeldean.

Moderato.

Words by Sir WALTER SCOTT.

'Why weep ye by the tide, la - dye, Why weep ye by the  
 tide? I'll wed ye to my young - est son, And  
 ye shall be his bride; And ye shall be his  
 bride, la - dye, Sae come - ly to be seen'— But  
 piu lento. rall.  
 aye she loot the tears down fa', For Jock o' Ha - zel - dean.

2. 'Now let this wilfu' grief be done,  
 And dry that cheek so pale :  
 Young Frank is chief of Errington,  
 And lord of Langley-dale ;  
 His step is first in peaceful ha',  
 His sword in battle keen'—  
 But aye she loot the tears down fa',  
 For Jock o' Hazeldean.
3. 'A chain of gold ye shall not lack,  
 Nor braid to bind your hair,  
 Nor mettled hound, nor managed hawk,  
 Nor palfrey fresh and fair.  
 And you, the foremost o' them a',  
 Shall ride, our forest queen'—  
 But aye she let the tears down fa'  
 For Jock o' Hazeldean.
4. The kirk was decked at morning-tide,  
 The tapers glimmered fair ;  
 The priest and bridegroom wait the bride,  
 And dame and knight were there.  
 They sought her bath by bower and ha' ;  
 The ladye was na seen !  
 She's o'er the Border, and awa'  
 Wi' Jock o' Hazeldean.

## Has Sorrow thy young Days shaded.

Andantino.

Words by T. MOORE.  
Air, *Sly Patrick*.

Has Sor - row thy young days shad - ed, As

clouds o'er the morn - ing fleet? Too fast have those young days

fad - ed, That ev - en in sor - row were sweet. Does

Time with his cold wing wi - ther Each feel - ing that once was

dear? Then, child of Mis - for - tune, come

rall.

hi - ther, I'll weep with thee, tear for tear.

2. Has Love to that soul so tender  
Been like our Lagenian mine,  
Whose sparkles of golden splendour  
All over the surface shine?  
But if in pursuit we go deeper,  
Allured by the gleam that shone,  
Ah! false as the dream of the sleeper,  
Like Love, the bright ore is gone.

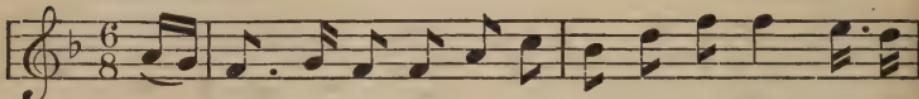
3. Has Hope, like the bird in the story,  
That flitted from tree to tree,  
With the talisman's glittering glory,  
Has Hope been that bird to thee:

On branch after branch alighting,  
The gem did she still display,  
And when nearest and most inviting,  
Then waft the fair gem away?

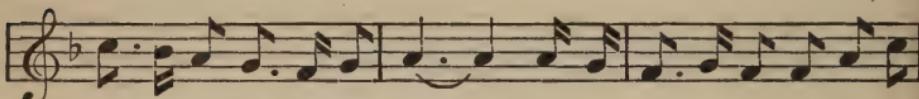
4. If thus the sweet hours have fleeted,  
When Sorrow herself looked bright ;  
If thus the fond Hope has cheated,  
That led thee along so light ;  
If thus the unkind world wither  
Each feeling that once was dear ;  
Come, child of Misfortune, come hither,  
I'll weep with thee, tear for tear.

## Believe me, if all those endearing young Charms.

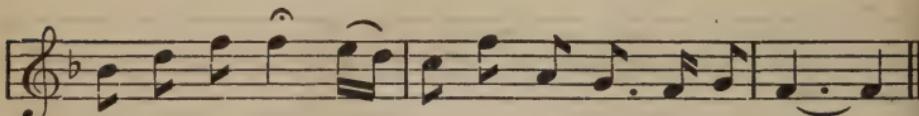
Words by T. MOORE.

*Andantino.*

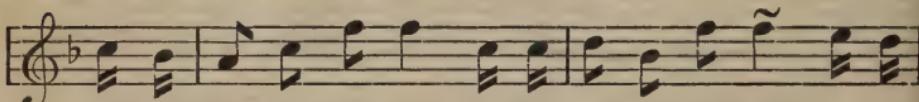
Be - lieve me, if all those en - dear-ing young charms, Which I



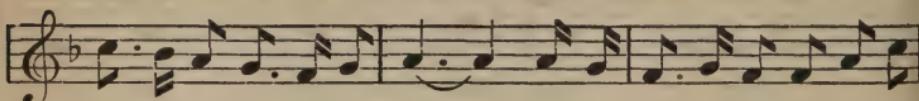
gaze on so fond - ly to - day, Were to change by to - mor - row, and



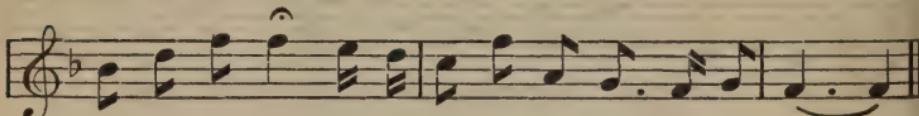
fleet in my arms, Like fai - ry gifts fad - ing a - way,



Thou wouldst still be a - dor'd as this mo - ment thou art, Let thy



love - li-ness fade as it will, And a - round the dear ru - in each



wish of my heart Would en-twine it - self ver - dant - ly still.]

2. It is not while beauty and youth are thine own,  
 And thy cheeks unprofaned by a tear,  
 That the fervour and faith of a soul can be known,  
 To which time will but make thee more dear ;  
 Oh ! the heart that has truly loved never forgets,  
 But as truly loves on to the close,  
 As the sunflower turns to her god, when he sets,  
 The same look which she turned when he rose.

## Flow on, thou shining River.

Words by T. MOORE.

Adapted by Sir JOHN STEVENSON.

In moderate time and with expression.

Flow on, thou shin - ing riv - er, But ere thou reach the

sea, Seek El - la's bow'r, and give her The

wreaths I fling o'er thee. And tell her thus, if

she'll be mine, The cur - rent of our lives shall be, With

joys a - long their course to shine, Like those sweet flow'rs on thee.

## 2. But if in wand'ring thither,

Thou find'st she mocks my prayer,

Then leave those wreaths to wither

Upon the cold bank there.

And tell her thus, when youth is o'er,

Her lone and loveless charms shall be

Thrown by upon life's weedy shore,

Like those sweet flow'rs from thee.

## I saw from the Beach.

*Andantino.*

Words by T. MOORE.

I saw from the beach, when the morn-ing was shin-ing, A  
 bark o'er the wa - ters move glo - rious - ly on; I  
 came when the sun o'er that beach was de - clin - ing, The  
 a tempo.  
 bark was still there, but the wa - ters were gone. I  
 came when the sun o'er that beach was de - clin - ing, The  
 a tempo.  
 bark was still there, but the wa - ters were gone.

2. And such is the fate of our life's early promise,  
 So passing the spring-tide of joy we have known;  
 Each wave that we danced on at morning, ebbs from us,  
 And leaves us, at eve, on the bleak shore alone.  
 Each wave that we danced on, etc.
3. Ne'er tell me of glories serenely adorning  
 The close of our day, the calm eve of our night:  
 Give me back, give me back the wild freshness of morning;  
 Her clouds and her tears are worth evening's best light.  
 Give me back, give me back, etc.
4. Oh, who would not welcome that moment's returning,  
 When passion first waked a new life through his frame,  
 And his soul—like the wood that grows precious in burning—  
 Gave out all its sweets to love's exquisite flame!  
 And his soul—like the wood, etc.

## My Nannie, O.

Andante.

Words by BURNS.

Be - hind yon hills where Lu - gar flows, 'Mang

moors an' moss - es ma - ny, O, The win - try sun the

day has clos'd, And I'll a - wa' - to Nan - nie, O.

The west - lin' wind blaws loud and shrill, The

night's baith mirk and rain - y, O; But I'll get my plaid, and

out I'll steal, And owe the hills to Nan - nie, O.

2. My Nannie's charming, sweet, and  
Nae artfu' wiles to win ye, O; [young,  
May ill befa' the flattering tongue  
That wad beguile my Nannie, O.  
Her face is fair, her heart is true,  
As spotless as she's bonnie, O;  
The op'ning gowan, wat wi' dew,  
Nae purer is than Nannie, O.

3. A country lad is my degree,  
And few there be that ken me, O;  
But what care I how few they be?  
I'm welcome aye to Nannie, O.

My riches a' 's my penny fee,  
An' I maun guide it cannie, O;  
But warld's gear ne'er troubles me,  
My thoughts are a' my Nannie, O.

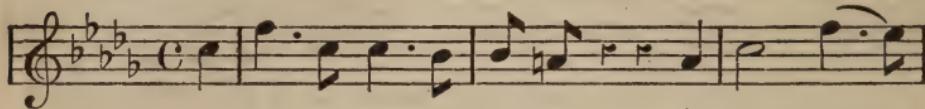
4. Our auld gudeman delights to view  
His sheep and kye thrive bonnie, O;  
But I'm as blythe that hauds his plough,  
An' has nae care but Nannie, O.  
Come weel, come wae, I carena by,  
I'll tak' what Heaven will send me, O;  
Nae ither care in life ha'e I,  
But live, and love my Nannie, O.

## Pilgrim of Love.

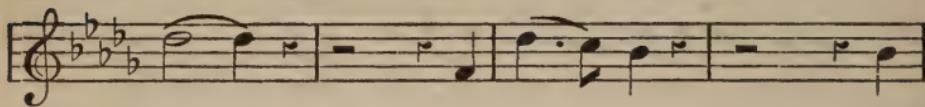
Original Key C minor.

*Andantino con moto.*

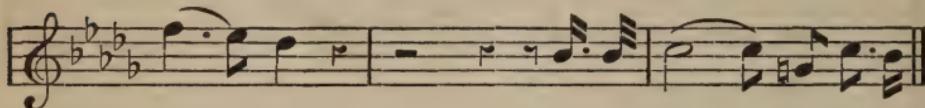
Music by Sir H. R. BISHOP.



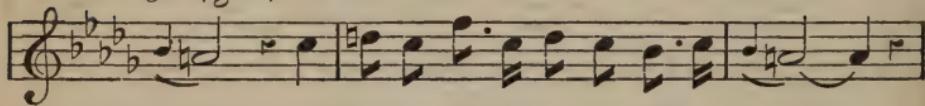
O - ryn-thia, my be - lov - ed! I call in



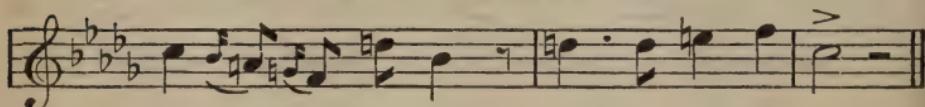
vain! O - ryn - - thia! O-



ry - - thia! E - cho hears, and calls a-

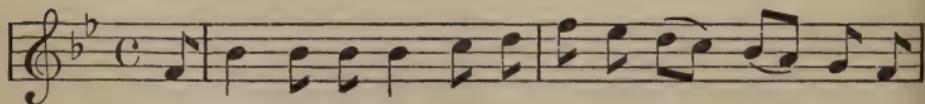
*Allegro. (♩ 80.) RECIT.*

gain. A mi-mic voice re-peats the name a - round!



And with O - - ryn - - thia all the rocks re - sound!

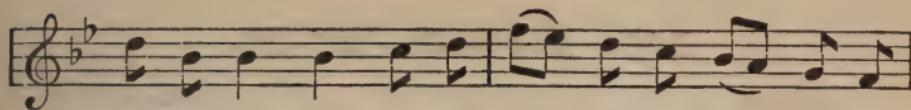
## A I R.

*Andante (♩ 80.)*

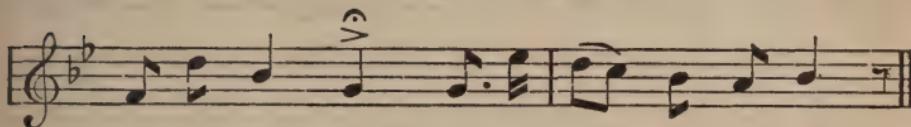
A her - mit who dwells in these so - li - tudes cross'd me, As



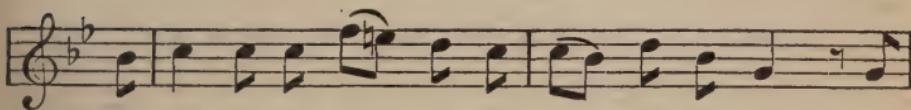
way - worn and faint up the moun-tain I press'd; The



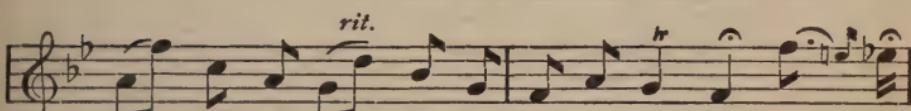
a - ged man paus'd on his staff to ac - cost me, And



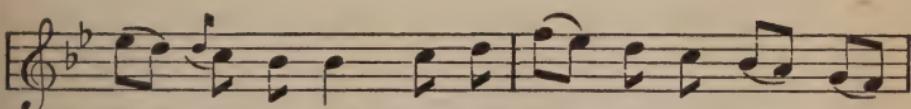
prof-fer'd his - cell - as my man - sion of rest.



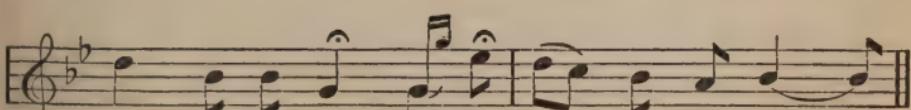
'Ah! nay, cour-teous Fa - ther, right on - ward I rove; No



rest but the grave for the Pil - grim of Love! For the



Pil - grim of Love, For the Pil - grim of Love, No



rest but the grave for the Pil - grim of Love.'

2. Yet tarry, my son, till the burning noon passes,

Let boughs of the lemon-tree shelter thy head;

The juice of ripe muscadel flows in my glasses,

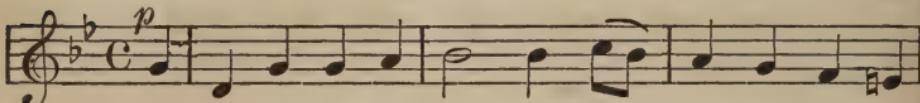
And rushes, fresh pulled, for siesta are spread!

'Ah! nay, courteous Father,' etc.

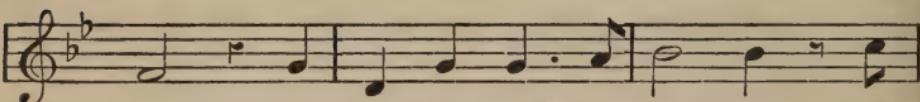
## John Anderson, my Jo.

Andante.

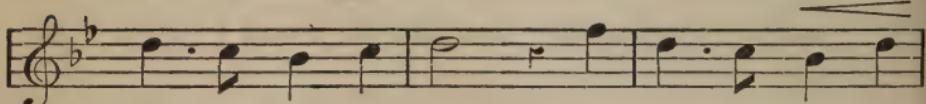
Words by BURNS.



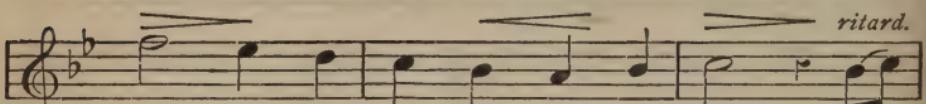
John An - der - son, my jo, John, When we were first ac-



quent, Your locks were like the ra - ven, Your

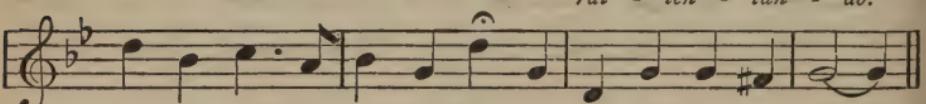


bon - nie brow was brent. But now you're turn - ing



auld, John, Your locks are like the snaw; But

ritard. ral - len - tan - do.



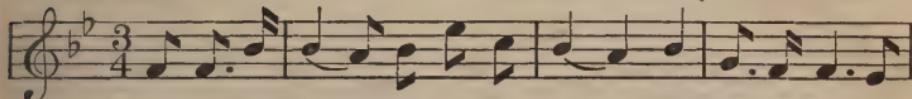
bles-sings on your fros - ty pow, John An - der - son, my jo.

2. John Anderson, my jo, John,  
We clamb the hill thegither,  
And mony a canty day, John,  
We've had wi' ane anither;  
Now we maun totter doun, John,  
But hand in hand we'll go,  
And we'll sleep thegither at the foot,  
John Anderson, my jo.

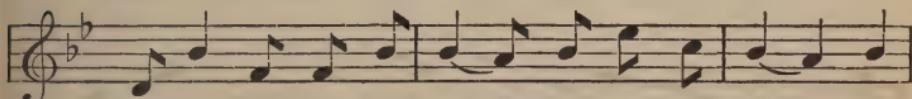
## Sally in our Alley.

*Andantino.*

Words and Music by HENRY CAREY.



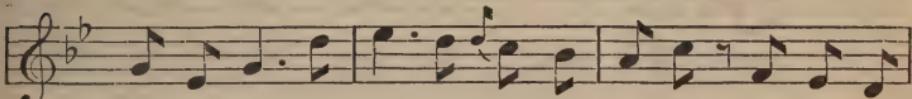
Of all the girls that are so smart, There's none like pret-ty



Sal - ly; She is the dar - ling of my heart, And



she lives in our al - ley. There is no la - dy



in the land That's half so sweet as Sal - ly; She is the



dar - ling of my heart, And lives in our . . . al - ley.

2. Of all the days within the week,  
     I dearly love but one day,  
     And that's the day that comes betwixt  
         The Saturday and Monday ;  
     Oh, then I'm dressed all in my best,  
         To walk abroad with Sally ;  
     She is the darling of my heart,  
         And lives in our alley.

3. My master and the neighbours all  
     Make game of me and Sally ;  
     And but for her I'd rather be  
         A slave and row a galley.  
     But when my seven long years are out,  
         Oh, then I'll marry Sally ;  
     And then how happily we'll live!  
         But not in our alley.

## Doun the Burn, Davie, Love.

Words by ROBERT CRAWFORD.

*Moderato.*

Music by JAMES HOOK.

Musical score for 'Doun the Burn, Davie, Love.' The score consists of six staves of music in common time, with a key signature of one flat. The vocal line is as follows:

When trees did bud, and flow'rs were green, And  
 broom bloom'd fair to see ; When Ma - ry was com-  
 plete fif - teen, And love laughed in her  
 e'e; . . . . Blythe Da - vie's smile her  
 heart did move To speak her mind quite  
 free, . . . . 'Gang doun the burn, Da - vie, love,  
 Doun the burn, Da - vie, love, Doun the burn, Da - vie, love, And

Accompanying markings include *rallentando.* above the fourth staff, *a tempo.* above the fifth staff, and *Moderato.* above the first staff.

I will fol - low thee.' 'Doun the burn, Da - vie, love,  
 ritard.  
 Doun the burn, Da - vie, love, Doun the burn, Da - vie, love, Gang  
 doun the burn, Da - vie, love, And I will fol - low thee.'

2. Noo Davie was the brawest lad,  
 That dwelt on this burn-side ;  
 And Mary was the sweetest lass,  
 Just meet to be his bride.  
 Blythe Davie's smile her heart did move  
 To speak her mind quite free,  
 'Gang doun,' etc.

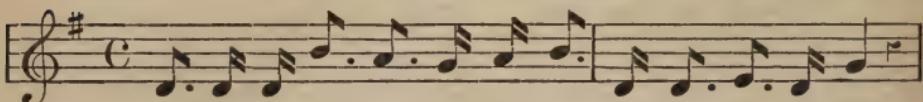
3. Her cheeks were rosy red and white,  
 Her een were bonnie blue,  
 Her locks were like Aurora bright,  
 Her lips like hinnie dew.  
 Blythe Davie's smile her heart did move  
 To speak her mind quite free,  
 'Gang doun,' etc.

4. As fate had dealt to him a rooth,  
 Straight to the kirk he led her ;  
 There plighted he his faith and trut̄h,  
 And a bonny bride he made her.  
 No more ashamed to own her love,  
 Or speak her mind more free,  
 Said, 'Gang doun,' etc.

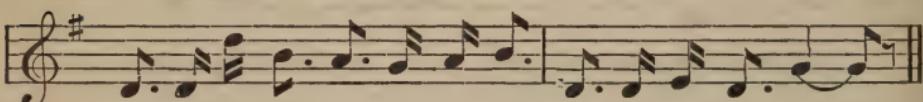
## Comin' through the Rye.

Moderato.

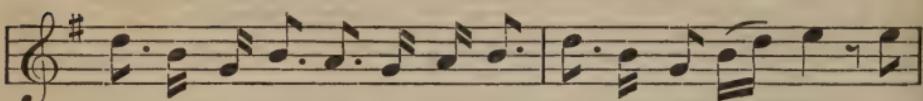
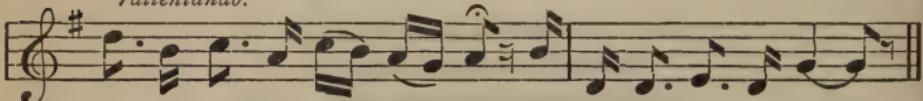
Old Song. Words altered by BURNS.



Gin a bo - dy meet a bo - dy Com - in' through the rye ;



Gin a bo - dy kiss a bo - dy, Need a bo - dy cry ?

Il - ka las - sie has her lad - die, Nane they say hae I ; Yet  
rallentando.

a' the lads they smile at me When com-in' through the rye.

2. Gin a body meet a body  
Comin' frae the well ;  
Gin a body kiss a body,  
Need a body tell ?  
Ilka lassie has her laddie,  
Ne'er a ane ha'e I ;  
But a' the lads they smile on me  
When comin' through the rye.
3. Gin a body meet a body  
Comin' frae the town ;  
Gin a body greet a body  
Need a body frown ?  
Ilka lassie has her laddie  
Nane they say ha'e I ;  
But a' the lads they lo'e me weel  
And what the waur am I ?
4. Amang the train there is a swain  
I dearly lo'e mysel ;  
But whaur his hame, or what his name,  
I dinna care to tell.  
Ilka lassie has her laddie  
Nane they say ha'e I ;  
But a' the lads they lo'e me weel,  
And what the waur am I ?

## Thady, the illigant Boy.

*Moderato.*Words by JAMES SMITH.  
Irish Melody.

Ar-rah sure now, I'm bo-ther'd en - tire-ly ; Oh they nev - er will  
 lave me a - lone ; For the flat - ter - ing rogues, wid their  
 blar-ney, Would melt the hard heart of a stone. But of  
 all the gay rov - ing de - saiv - ers That cause this poor  
 bo - som an - noy, 'Tis the lad that I'll love ev - er  
 dear - ly, For it's Tha - dy's the il - li - gant boy.

2. He is handsome and tall as the cedar,  
 And there's none wid his face can com -  
 And he dances the jig so divinely, [pare ;  
 Sure you'd think that he floats in the air.  
 At fair, or at wake, or at wedding,  
 In troth he's the pride and the joy,  
 For he handles so well the shillelah—  
 Like a tight and an illigant boy.

3. He calls me his 'jewel mavourneen ;'  
 His 'colleen wid eyes like the fawn ;'  
 His 'darlint wid cheeks like the roses,  
 As fair as the soft summer dawn ;'

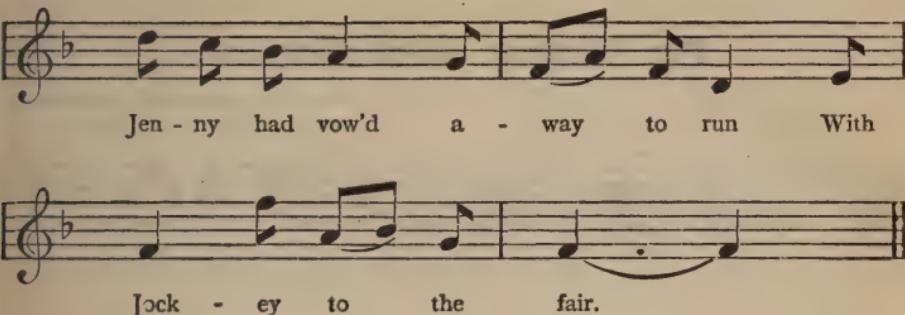
The 'core of his true heart's devotion ;  
 So winning, so gentle, and coy :'  
 Oh ! who could resist sich a charmer—  
 Sich a pride of an illigant boy.

4. O rosy and golden bright morning,  
 Come swift on the wings of the dove ;  
 And grant the fond wish of this bosom,  
 To wed the dear lad that I love.  
 A true wife I'll be, kind and tender ;  
 The pride of his heart's sweetest joy ;  
 And I'll wander the wide world over,  
 On the arm of my illigant boy.

## Jockey to the Fair.

Allegretto.

'Twas on the morn of sweet May-day, When  
 Na - ture paint - ed all - things gay, Taught  
 birds to sing and lambs to play, And  
 deck'd the mea - dows fair; Young  
 Jock - ey, ear - ly in the morn, A -  
 rose and tripp'd it o'er the lawn; His  
 Sun - day coat the youth put on, For  
 Jen - ny had vow'd a - way to run With  
 Jock - ey to the fair; For



2. The cheerful parish bells had rung,  
With eager steps he trudged along ;  
Sweet flowery garlands round him hung,  
Which shepherds used to wear.  
He tapp'd the window, 'Haste, my dear ;'  
Jenny, impatient, cries, 'Who's there ?'  
'Tis I, my love, and no one near ;  
Step gently down, you've naught to fear,  
With Jockey to the fair.  
'Step gently,' etc.

3. 'My dad and man are fast asleep,  
My brother's up and with the sheep ;  
And will you still your promise keep,  
Which I have heard you swear ?  
And will you ever constant prove ?'  
'I will, by all the powers above,  
And ne'er deceive my charming dove.  
Dispel these doubts, and haste, my love,  
With Jockey to the fair.  
'Dispel these,' etc.

4. 'Behold the ring !' the shepherd cried :  
'Will Jenny be my charming bride ?  
Let Cupid be our happy guide,  
And Hymen meet us there !'  
When Jockey did his vows renew—  
He would be constant, would be true,  
His word was pledged ; away she flew,  
With cowslips sparkling with the dew,  
With Jockey to the fair.  
With cowslips, etc.

5. Soon did they meet a joyful throng,  
Their gay companions blythe and young ;  
Each joins the dance, each joins the song,  
To hail the happy pair ;  
What two were e'er so fond as they ?  
All bless the kind propitious day—  
The smiling morn and blooming May,  
When lovely Jenny ran away  
With Jockey to the fair.  
When lovely, etc.

## The Dashing White Sergeant.

*Allegro a la Militaire.*Words by GENERAL BURGOYNE.  
Music by Sir H. R. BISHOP.

If I had a beau For a soldier who'd go, Do you  
think I'd say no? No, no, not I! For a  
soldier who'd go, Do you think I'd say no? No,  
no, no, no, no, not I!

When his red coat I saw, Not a  
sigh would it draw, But I'd give him è-  
clat for his bra - - ve - - ry! If an ad lib.

ar - my of A - ma - zons e'er came in play,

As a dash-ing white ser - geant I'd march a - way,

A dash-ing white ser - geant I'd march a - way,

March a - way, march a - way! March a - way,

March a - way, march a - way, march a - way,

March a - way, march a - way, march a - way.

2. When my soldier was gone,

Do you think I'd take on,

Or sit moping forlorn?

No, no, not I!

His fame my concern,

How my bosom would burn,

When I saw him return crowned with victory !

If an army of Amazons e'er came in play,

As a dashing white sergeant I'd march away,

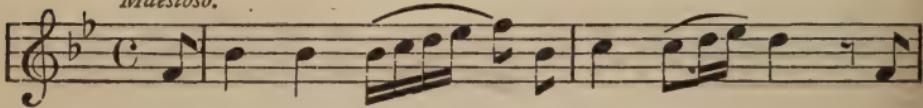
March away, march away.

## Rule Britannia.

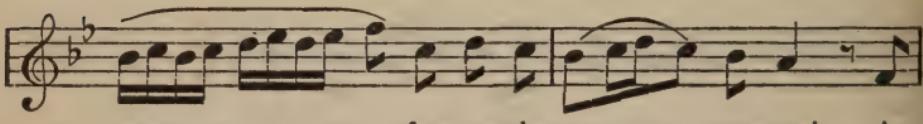
Words by JAMES THOMSON.

Music by Dr. ARNE.

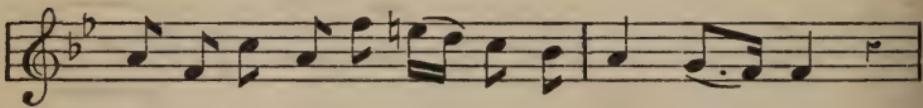
Arranged by T. S. GLEADHILL.

*Maestoso.*

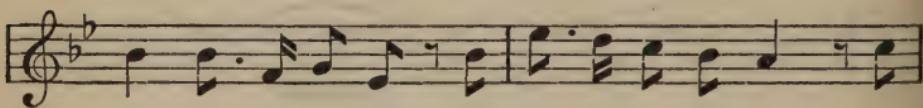
When Bri - tain first, at Heav'n's com - mand, A



rose . . . . . from out the a - - zure main, A -



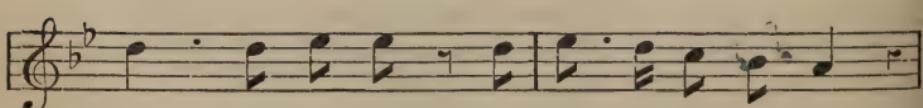
rose, a - rose, a - rose from out the a - - zure main,



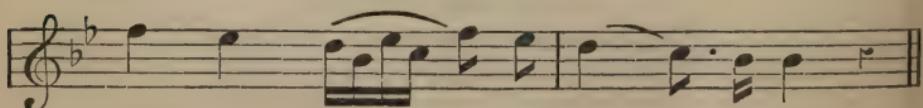
This was the char - ter, the char - ter of the land, And



guard - ian an - - gels sung this strain :



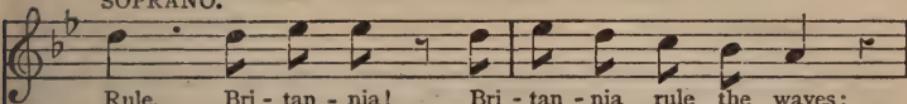
'Rule, Bri - tan - nia! Bri - tan - nia rule the waves;



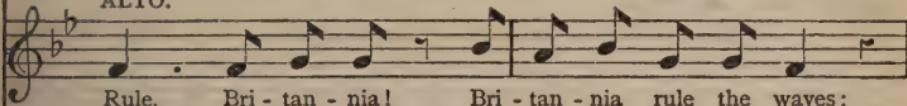
Bri - tons nev - - er will be slaves!'

## CHORUS.

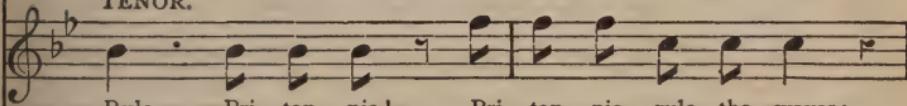
SOPRANO.



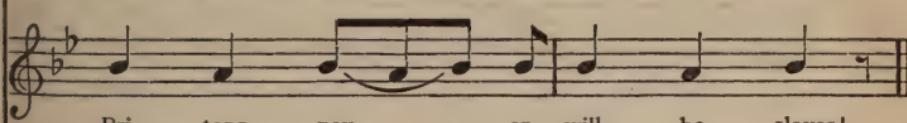
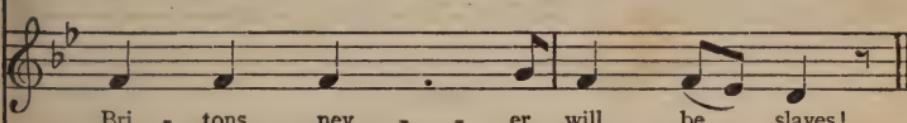
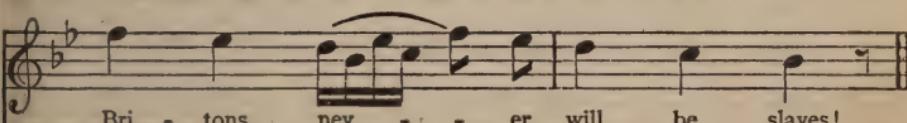
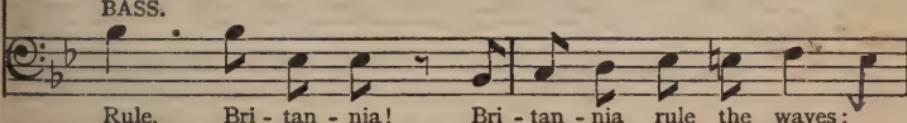
ALTO.



TENOR.



BASS.



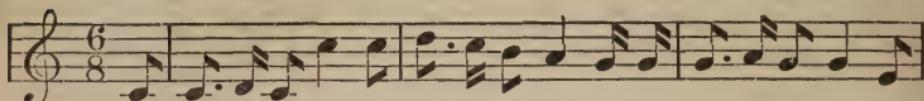
2. The nations not so blest as thee,  
Must in their turn to tyrants fall ;  
Whilst thou shalt flourish, shalt flourish  
great and free,  
The dread and envy of them all.  
Rule, Britannia, etc.

2. The Muses, still with Freedom found,  
Shall to thy happy coast repair ;  
Blest isle, with beauty, with matchless  
beauty crowned,  
And manly hearts to guard the fair.  
Rule, Britannia, etc.

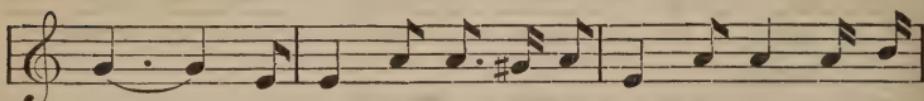
## Come Lasses and Lads.

Allegretto.

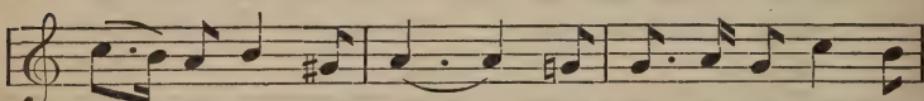
Seventeenth Century.



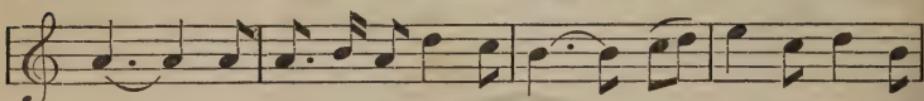
Come lass-es and lads, get leave of your dads, And a - way to the May-pole



hie; For ev' - ry fair has a sweet-heart there, And the



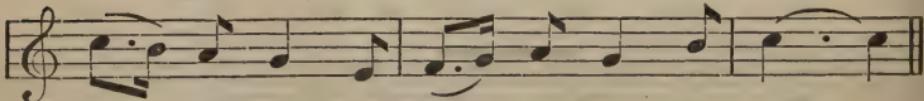
fid - dler's stand - ing by. For Wil - lie shall dance with



Jane, And John-ny has got his Joan, To trip it, trip it,



trip it, trip it, Trip it up and down; To trip it, trip it,  
rall. a tempo.



trip it, trip it, Trip it up and down.

2. 'You're out,' says Dick; 'Not I,' says  
Nick,

'Twas the fiddler played it wrong;

'Tis true,' says Hugh, and so says Sue,  
And so says every one.

The fiddler then began

To play the time again,

And every girl did trip it, trip it,

Trip it to the men.

3. Then after an hour they went to a  
bower,

And played for ale and cakes,

And kisses too,—until they were due,

The lasses held the stakes.

The girls did then begin  
To quarrel with the men,  
And bade them take their kisses back,  
And give them their own again.

4. 'Good night,' says Harry; 'Good night,'  
says Mary;  
'Good night,' says Poll to John;  
'Good night,' says Sue to her sweetheart  
Hugh;

'Good night,' says every one.

Some walked, and some did run,

Some loitered on the way,

And bound themselves by kisses twelve,

To meet the next holiday.

## When the Kye comes hame.

Moderato.

Words by JAMES HOGG.

Come all ye jol-ly shep-herds that whis-tle through the glen, I'll tell ye o' a se-cret that cour-tiers din-na ken.

What is the great-est bliss that the tongue o' man can name? 'Tis to woo a bon-nie las-sie, when the kye comes hame. When the kye comes hame, When the kye comes hame; 'Tween the gloam-in' and the mirk, when the kye comes hame.

2. 'Tis not beneath the burgonet, nor yet beneath the crown,  
Tis not on couch of velvet, nor yet on bed of down;

'Tis beneath the spreading birch, in a dell without a name,  
Wi' a bonnie, bonnie lassie, when the kye comes hame.

When the kye comes hame, etc.

3. When the eye shines sae bright the haill soul to beguile,  
There's love in every whisper, and joy in every smile.

Oh, wha would choose a crown, wi' its perils and its fame,  
And miss a bonnie lassie, when the kye comes hame?

When the kye comes hame, etc.

4. See yonder pawky shepherd, that lingers on the hill,  
His yowes are in the fauld, and his lambs are lying still;

Yet he downa gang to rest, for his heart is in a flame  
To meet his bonnie lassie, when the kye comes hame.

When the kye comes hame, etc.

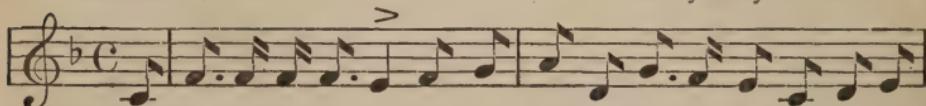
5. Awa' wi' fame and fortune, what comfort can they gie?  
And a' the arts that prey on man's life and liberty!

Gie me the highest joy that the heart o' man can frame  
My bonnie, bonnie lassie, when the kye comes hame.

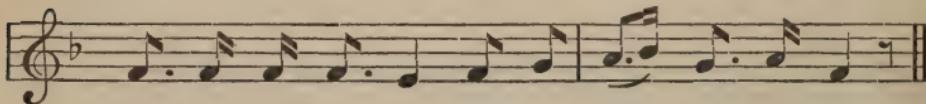
When the kye comes hame, etc.

## Caller Herrin'.

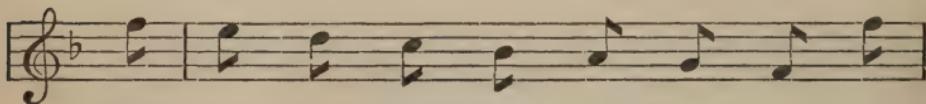
Moderato.

Music by NATHANIEL GOW.  
Words by Lady Nairne.

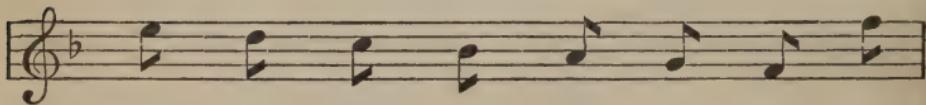
Wha'll buy my cal-ler her-rin'? They're bon-nie fish and hale-some far-in'?



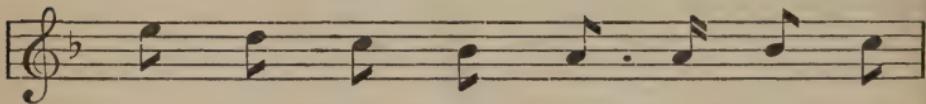
Buy my cal-ler her-rin'! New drawn frae the Forth.



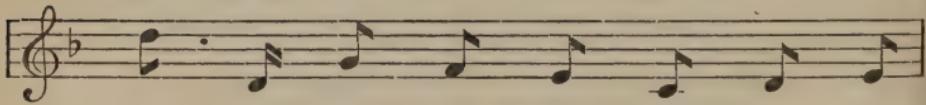
When ye were sleep-ing on your pil-lows,



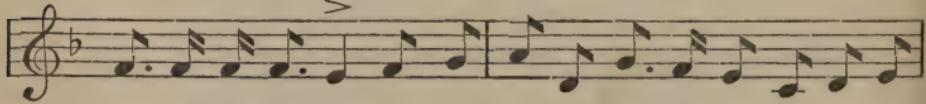
Dream't ye ought o' our puir fel-lows,



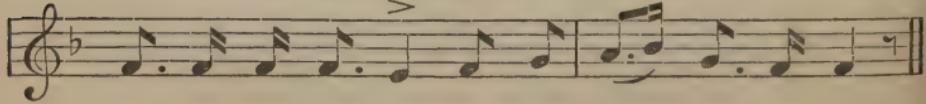
Dark - ling as they fac'd the bil-lows,



A' to fill our wo-ven wil-lows.



Buy my cal-ler her-rin'! They're bon-nie fish and hale-some far-in'?



Buy my cal-ler her-rin'! New drawn frae the Forth.

Wha'll buy my cal - ler her - rin'? They're  
 no brought here with - out brave dar - in'; Buy my cal - ler her - rin'! Ye  
 lit - tle ken their worth. Wha'll buy my cal - ler her - rin'? Oh  
 ye may ca' them vul - gar far - in';  
 rit. a tempo.

Wives and mi - thers maist des - pair - in', Ca' them lives o' men!

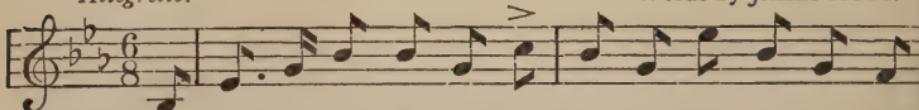
2. Wha'll buy my caller herrin'?  
 They're bonnie fish and halesome farin';  
 Buy my caller herrin',  
 New drawn frae the Forth.  
 And when the creel o' herrin' passes,  
 Ladies clad in silk and laces,  
 Gather in their braw pelisses,  
 Cast their heads, and screw their faces.  
 Buy my caller herrin'!  
 They're bonnie fish and halesome farin';  
 Buy my caller herrin'!  
 New drawn frae the Forth.—Wha'll buy, etc.

3. Wha'll buy my caller herrin'?  
 They're bonnie fish and halesome farin';  
 Buy my caller herrin',  
 New drawn frae the Forth.  
 Noo, neebour wives, come tent my tellin'  
 When the bonnie fish you're sellin',  
 At a word aye be your dealin';  
 Truth will stand when a' things failin'.  
 Buy my caller herrin'!  
 They're bonnie fish and halesome farin';  
 Buy my caller herrin'!  
 New drawn frae the Forth.—Wha'll buy, etc.

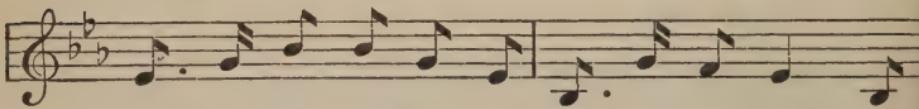
## Come o'er the Stream, Charlie.

*Allegretto.*

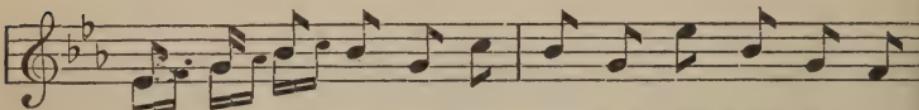
Words by JAMES HOGG.



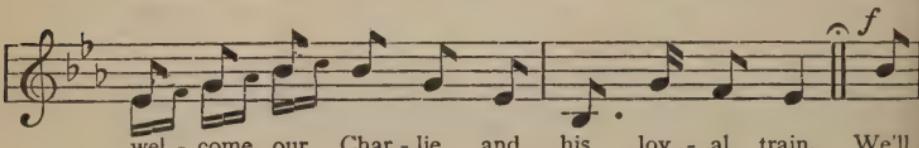
Come o'er the stream, Char-lie, dear Char-lie, brave Char-lie; Come



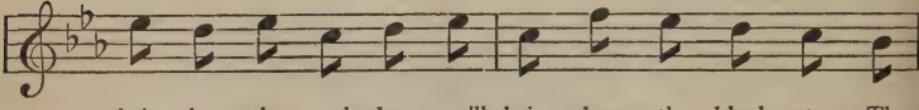
o'er the stream, Char-lie, and dine with Mac-Lean; And



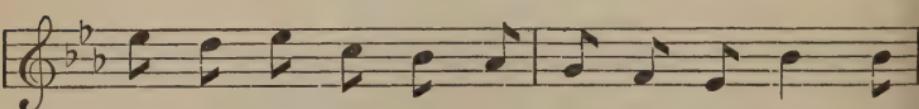
though you be wea-ry, we'll make your heart cheer-y, And



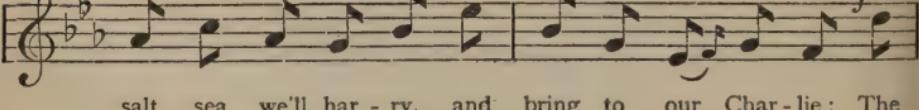
wel-come our Char-lie, and his loy-al train. We'll



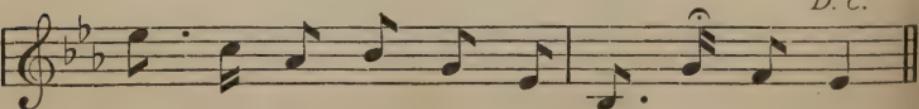
bring down the red deer, we'll bring down the black steer, The

*ritard.*

lamb from the brack-en, and doe from the glen; The

*D. C.*

salt sea we'll har-ry, and bring to our Char-lie; The



cream from the both-y, and curd - from the pen.

2. And you shall drink freely the dews of Glen-Sheerly,  
 That stream in the starlight, when kings dinna ken ;  
 And deep be your meed of the wine that is red,  
 To drink to your sire, and his friend the MacLean.  
 Come o'er the stream, etc.

3. If aught will invite you, or more will delight you,  
 'Tis ready—a troop of our bold Highland men  
 Shall range on the heather, with bonnet and feather,  
 Strong arms and broad claymores, three hundred and ten.  
 Come o'er the stream, etc.



## Winter is nigh.

*Andante.*

Words by JAMES SMITH.  
 Air, *Poor Mary Ann.*

Soft, the au - tumn leaves are fal - ling, Win - ter is  
 nigh ; Sum - mer's gol - den joys re - call - ing,  
 Win - ter is nigh. Birds their dis - tant  
 flight are wing - ing, Woods and wilds no more are ring - ing  
 With the black-bird's joy - ous sing - ing ; Win - ter is nigh.

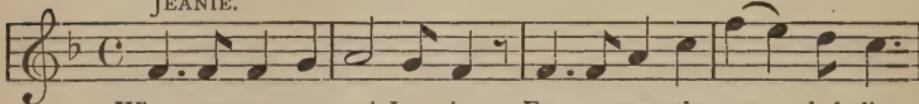
2. Bleak the mountains, hills, and valleys,  
 Winter is nigh ;  
 Chill the blast in streets and alleys,  
 Winter is nigh.  
 Fairest flowers are slowly dying ;  
 Cold the weary outcast's lying ;  
 Sorrow-laden hearts are sighing ;  
 Winter is nigh.

3. Cheer the poor with smiles of gladness,  
 Winter is nigh ;  
 Raise the hearts that pine in sadness,  
 Winter is nigh.  
 Aid them with o'erflowing measure  
 From the bounty of thy treasure ;  
 Make each face glow bright with pleasure ;  
 Winter is nigh.

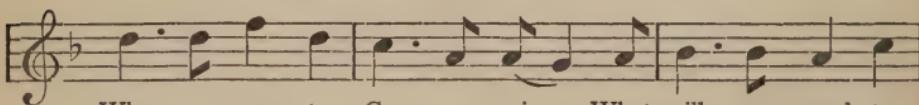
## Huntingtower.

*Con espressione.*

JEANIE.

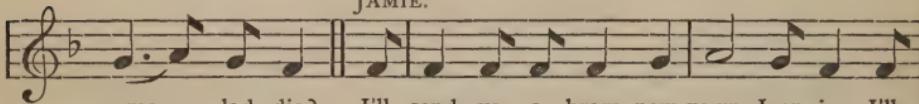


When ye gang a - wa', Jam - ie, Far a-cross the sea, lad - die;

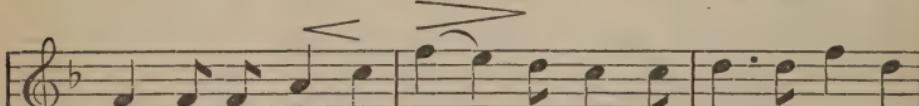


When ye gang to Ger - man - ie, What will ye send to

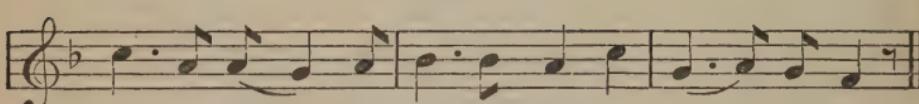
JAMIE.



me, lad - die? I'll send ye a braw new gown, Jean - ie, I'll



send ye a braw new gown, las - sie; And it shall be o'



silk and gowd, Wi' Va - len - ciennes set round, las - sie.

2. That's nae gift ava', Jamie,  
 That's nae gift ava', laddie ;  
 There's ne'er a gown in a' the land  
 I'd like when ye're awa', laddie.  
 When I come back again, Jeanie,  
 When I come back again, lassie,  
 I'll bring wi' me a gallant gay,  
 To be your ain gudeman, lassie.

3. Be my gudeman yoursel', Jamie,  
 Be my gudeman yoursel', laddie,  
 And tak' me owre to Germanie,  
 Wi' you at hame to dwell, laddie.  
 I dinna ken how that wad do, Jeanie,  
 I dinna see how that can be, lassie ;  
 For I've a wife and bairnies three,  
 And I'm no' sure how ye'd gree, lassie.

4. Ye should hae telt me that in time, Jamie,  
 Ye should hae telt me that lang syne, laddie ;  
 For had I kent o' your fause heart,  
 You ne'er had gotten mine, laddie.  
 Your een were like a spell, Jeanie,  
 Your een were like a spell, lassie,

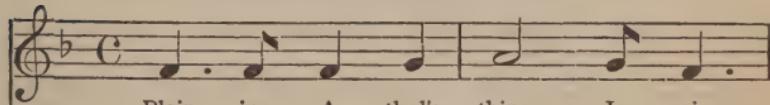
That ilka day bewitched me sae,  
I could na help mysel', lassie.

5. Gae back to your wife and hame, Jamie,  
Gae back to your bairnies three, laddie ;  
And I will pray they ne'er may thole  
A broken heart like mine, laddie.  
Dry that tearfu' e'e Jeanie,  
Dry that tearfu' e'e, lassie ;  
I've neither wife nor bairnies three,  
And I'll wed nane but thee, lassie.

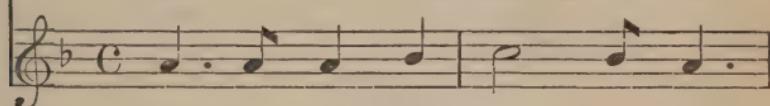
6. Think weel for fear ye rue, Jamie,  
Think weel for fear ye rue, laddie ;  
For I hae neither gowd nor land,  
To be a match for you, laddie.  
Blair in Athole's mine, Jeanie ;  
Little Dunkeld is mine, lassie ;  
St. Johnston's bower, and Huntingtower ;  
And a' that's mine is thine, lassie.

## DUET FOR LAST FOUR LINES.

SOPRANO.



TENOR.



Lit - tle Dun - keld is thine, lad - die; St. John - ston's bow'r, and

Lit - tle Dun - keld is mine, las - sie; St. John - ston's bow'r, and

rall.

Hun - ting - tow'r; And a' that's thine is mine, lad - die.

Hun - ting - tow'r; And a' that's mine is thine, las - sie.

## Thou Bonnie Wood of Craigielea.

*Andante.*Words by TANNAHILL.  
Music by JAMES BARR.

Thou bon - nie wood of Crai - gie - lea, Thou  
 bon - nie wood of Crai - gie - lea, Near  
 thee I've spent life's ear - ly day, And  
 won my Ma - ry's heart in thee.  
 The broom, the brier, the birk - en bush, Bloom  
 bon - nie on thy flow' - ry lea; And  
 a' the sweets that ane can wish, Frae  
 Na - ture's hand are strew'd in thee.

*Segue Chorus.*

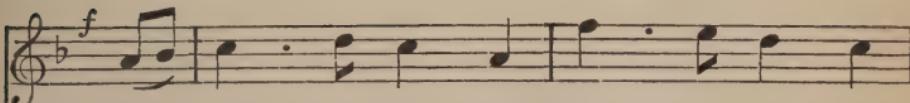
2. Far ben thy dark green plantin's shade,  
     The cushat croodles am'rously ;  
     The mavis down thy bughted glade,  
         Gars echo ring frae every tree.  
             Thou bonnie wood, etc.

3. When winter blaws in sleety showers  
     Frae aff the norlan' hills sae hie,  
     He lightly skiffs thy bonnie bowers,  
         As laith to harm a flower in thee.  
             Thou bonnie wood, etc.

4. Though fate should drag me south the line,  
     Or o'er the wide Atlantic sea,  
     The happy hours I'll ever mind  
         That I in youth ha'e spent in thee.  
             Thou bonnie wood, etc.

## CHORUS.

SOPRANO.



Thou bon - nie wood of Crai - gie - lea, Thou

ALTO.



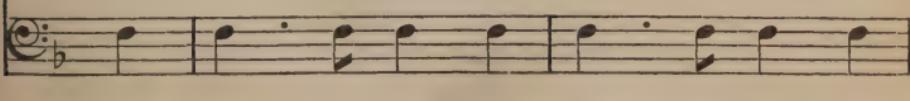
Thou bon - nie wood of Crai - gie - lea, Thou

TENOR.

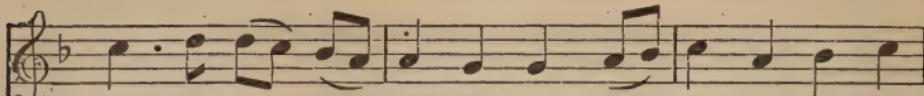


Thou bon - nie wood of Crai - gie - lea, Thou

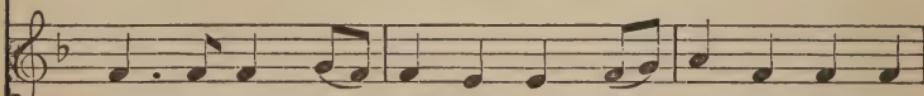
BASS.



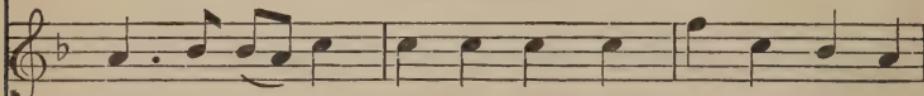
Thou bon - nie wood of Crai - gie - lea, Thou



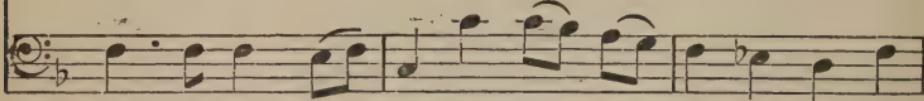
bon - nie wood of Crai - gie - lea, Near thee I've spent life's



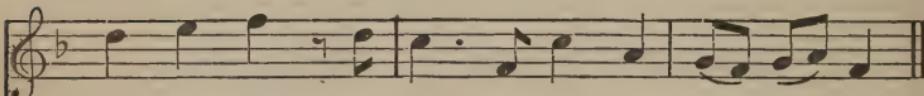
bon - nie wood of Crai - gie - lea, Near thee I've spent life's



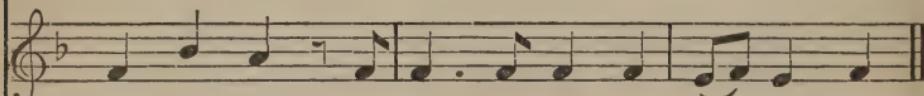
bon - nie wood of Crai - gie - lea, Near thee I've spent life's



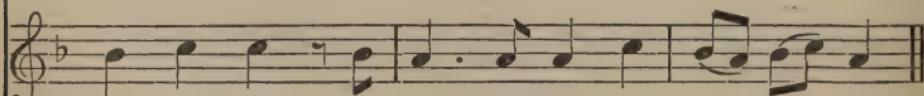
bon - nie wood of Crai - gie - lea, Near thee I've spent life's



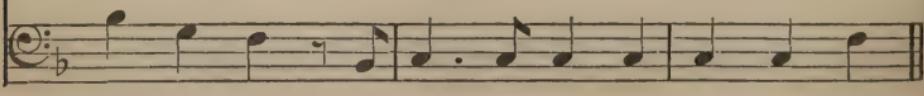
ear - ly day, And won my Ma - ry's heart in thee.



ear - ly day, And won my Ma - ry's heart in thee.



ear - ly day, And won my Ma - ry's heart in thee.



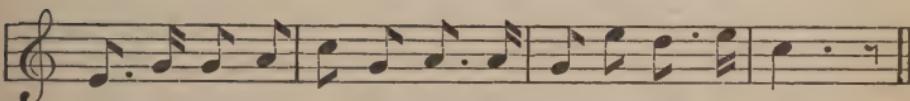
ear - ly day, And won my Ma - ry's heart in thee.

## Willie's gane to Melville Castle.

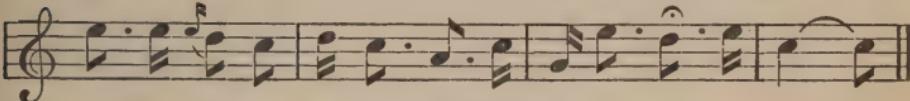
Moderato.



Oh, Wil-lie's gane to Mel-ville Cas-tle, Boots and spurs an' a', To



bid the led-dies a' fare-weel, Be - fore he gaed a - wa'.

Wil-lie's braw and Wil-lie's bon-nie, Lik'd by ane an' a; Oh!  
ral - - - - - len - - - - - tan - - - - - do.

what will a' the lass - es do, When Wil-lie gaes a - wa?

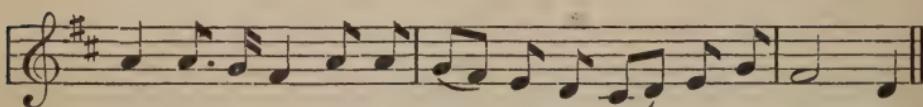
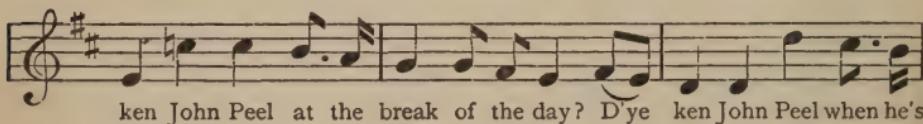
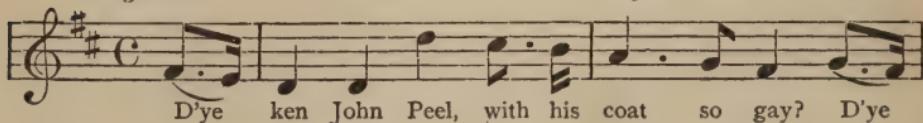
2. The first he met was Lady Bet,  
Who led him through the ha';  
And wi' a sad and sorry heart,  
She let the tears doun fa'.  
Near the fire stood Lady Grace,  
Said ne'er a word ava;  
She thought that she was sure o' him  
Before he gaed awa'.

3. The next he saw was Lady Kate,—  
'Gude troth ye needna craw,  
Maybe the lad will fancy me,  
And disappoint ye a'.  
Then doun the stair stepp'd Lady Jean,  
The flower amang them a',—  
'Oh, lasses, trust in Providence,  
And ye'll get husbands a' l'

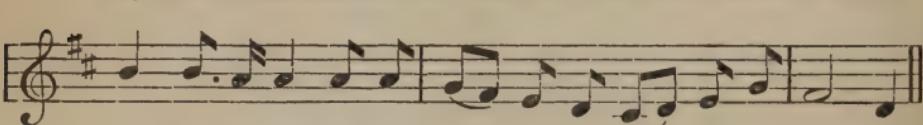
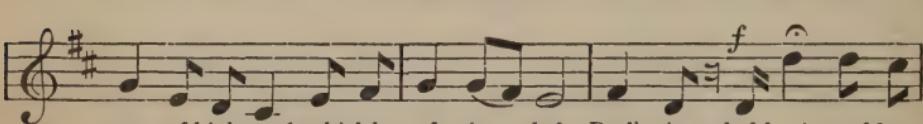
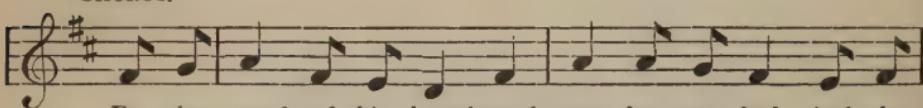
4. As on his steed he galloped off,  
They a' cam' to the door;  
He gaily raised his feathered plume,  
They set up sic a roar!  
Their sighs, their cries brought Willie back,  
He kissed them ane an' a';  
'Oh, lasses bide till I come hame,  
And then I'll tak' ye a' l'

## John Peel.

(HUNTING SONG.)

*Allegretto.*Adapted from *Bonnie Annie*.

CHORUS.



2. Yes, I ken John Peel, and Ruby too ;  
 Ranter and Ringwood, Bellman and True ;  
 From a find to a check, from a check to a view,  
 From a view to a death in the morning.  
 For the sound of his horn, etc.

3. Then here's to John Peel from my heart and soul,  
 Let's drink to his health, let's finish the bowl ;  
 We'll follow John Peel through fair and through foul,  
 If we want a good hunt in the morning.  
 For the sound of his horn, etc.

4. D'ye ken John Peel, with his coat so gay ;  
 He lived at Troutbeck once on a day ;  
 Now he has gane, far, far away ;  
 We shall ne'er hear his voice in the morning,  
 For the sound of his horn, etc.

## The Cruiskeen Lawn.

*Andantino.*

Let the far-mer praise his grounds, Let the hunts-man praise his hounds, And the  
 shep - herd his sweet - scent - ed lawn ; But  
 I, more blest than they, Spend each hap - py night and day, With my  
 charm - ing lit - tle cruis - keen lawn, lawn, lawn, Oh ! my  
 smil - ing lit - tle cruis - keen lawn. Gra - ma-chree ma cruis - keen,  
 Slain te geal ma - vour - neen, Gra - ma-chree a cool - in  
 bawn, bawn, bawn, Oh ! Gra - ma-chree a cool - in bawn.

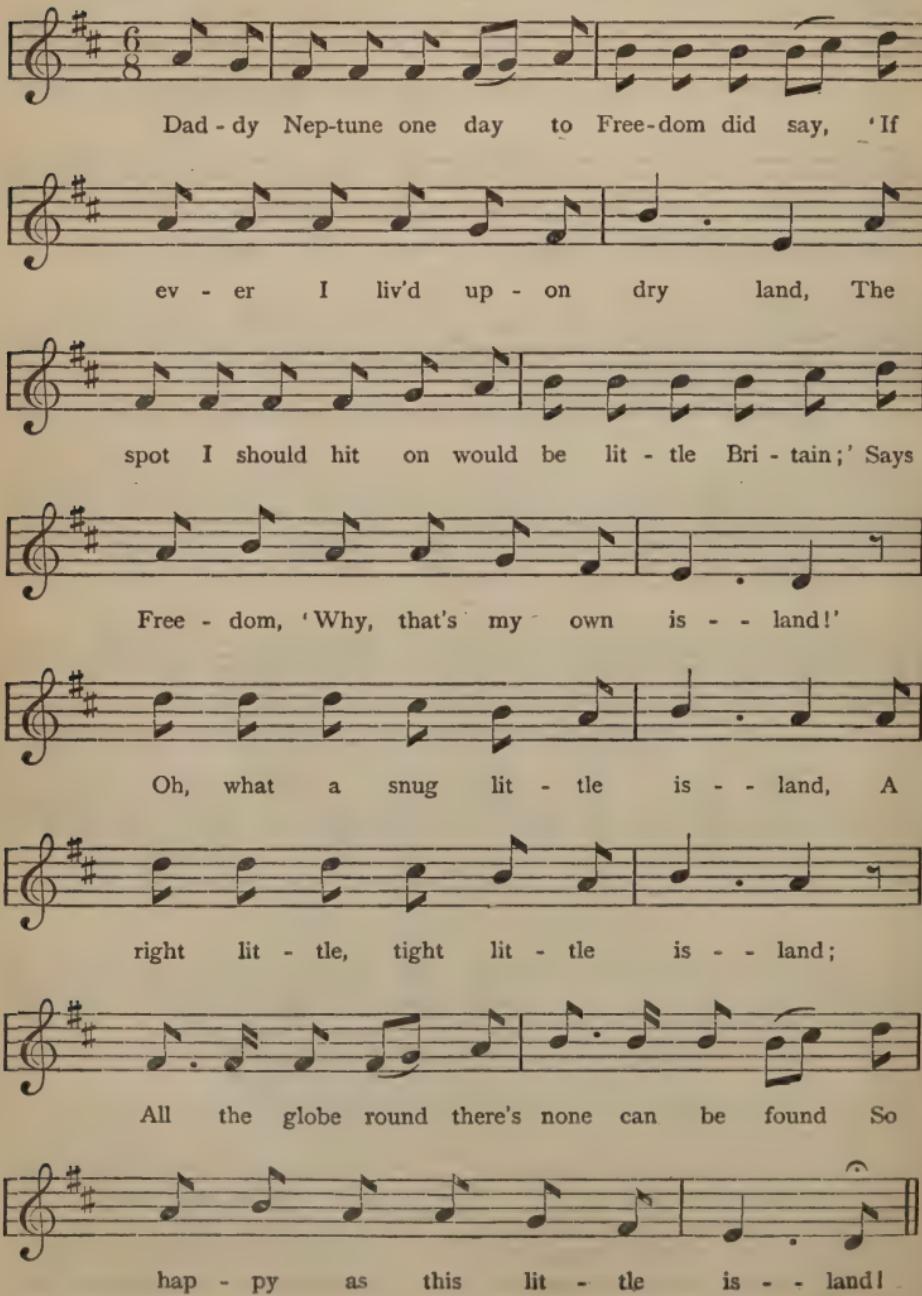
2. Immortal and divine,  
 Great Bacchus, god of wine,  
 Create me by adoption your son ;  
 In hope that you'll comply,  
 That my glass shall ne'er run dry,  
 Nor my smiling little cruiskeen lawn.  
 Gramachree ma cruiskeen, etc.

3. And when grim Death appears,  
 In a few but pleasant years,  
 To tell me that my glass has run ;  
 I'll say, ' Begone, you knave !  
 For great Bacchus gave me leave  
 To take another cruiskeen lawn.'  
 Gramachree ma cruiskeen, etc.

## The Tight Little Island.

*Allegretto.*

Words and Music by T. DIBDIN.


 Dad - dy Nep - tune one day to Free - dom did say, 'If  
 ev - er I liv'd up - on dry land, The  
 spot I should hit on would be lit - tle Bri - tain;' Says  
 Free - dom, 'Why, that's my own is - - land!'  
 Oh, what a snug lit - tle is - - land, A  
 right lit - tle, tight lit - tle is - - land;  
 All the globe round there's none can be found So  
 hap - py as this lit - tle is - - land!

2. Julius Cæsar the Roman, who yielded to no man,  
 Came by water—he couldn't come by land ;  
 And Dane, Pict, and Saxon, their homes turn'd their backs on,  
 And all for the sake of our island ;  
 Oh, what a snug little island,  
 They'd have a touch at the island ;  
 Some were shot dead, and some of them fled,  
 And some stay'd to live on the island.

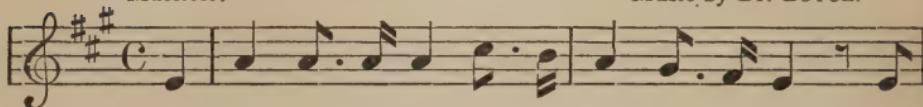
3. Then a very great war-man called Billy the Norman,  
 Cried, ' Hang it, I never lik'd my land ;  
 It would be more handy to leave this Normandy,  
 And live on yon beautiful island.'  
 Says he, ' 'Tis a snug little island ;  
 Sha'n't we go visit the island ?'  
 Hop, skip, and jump, and there he was plump,  
 And he kick'd up a dust in the island.

4. Then the Spanish Armada set out to invade her,  
 Quite sure if they ever came nigh land,  
 They couldn't do less than tuck up Queen Bess  
 And take their full swing in the island.  
 Oh, the poor Queen of the island ;  
 The drones came to plunder the island ;  
 But snug in the hive, the Queen was alive,  
 And buzz was the word in the island.

5. Then since Freedom and Neptune have hitherto kept time,  
 In each saying this shall be my land ;  
 Should a French army come here, we'd show them some fun bere,  
 For them they would find it a shy land.  
 The brave riflemen of the island  
 Would give them enough of the island ;  
 Frenchmen should just take a bite of the dust,  
 But not a bit more of the island.

6. Then long live the Queen, may her foes e'er be seen,  
 To perish before they come nigh land ;  
 And may Providence bless, and grant her success  
 In defending the rights of our island.  
 For oh ! 'tis a free little island,  
 A dear little spot is our island ;  
 And Britons all can and will die to a man,  
 E'er they give up a grain of our island.

## Hearts of Oak.

*Maestoso.*Words by DAVID GARRICK.  
Music by Dr. BOYCE.

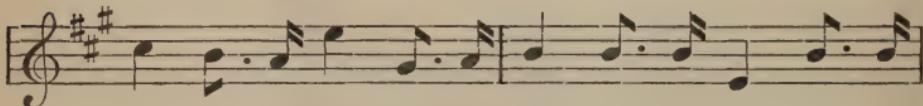
Come cheer up, my lads, 'tis to glo - ry we steer, The



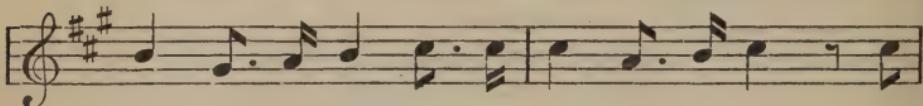
prize more than all to an Eng - lish - man dear. To



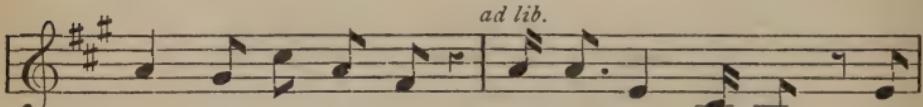
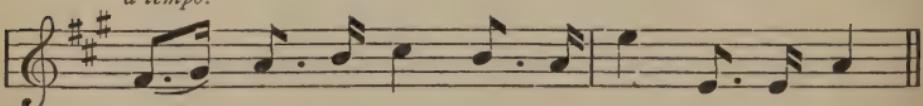
hon - our we call you, as free - men, not slaves; For



who are so free as the sons of the waves? Hearts of



oak are our ships, hearts of oak are our men; We

*ad lib.*al - ways are read - y,— Stead-y, boys, steady; We'll  
*a tempo.*

fight and will con - quer a - gain and a - gain.

2. We ne'er see our foes but we wish them to stay,  
They never see us but they wish us away.If they run, why we follow, and run them ashore;  
For if they wont fight us, we cannot do more.

Hearts of oak, etc.

3. Still Britain shall triumph, her ships plough the sea,  
Her standard be Justice, her watchword 'Be free';  
Then cheer up my lads, with one heart let us sing,  
Our soldiers, our sailors, our statesmen, our Queen.  
Hearts of oak, etc.

## The Bay of Biscay.

*Moderato.*Words by A. CHERRY.  
Music by JOHN DAVY.

Loud roar'd the dread-ful thun- der, The rain a de - luge  
 show'rs; The clouds were rent a - sun - der By  
 light - ning's vi - vid pow'r's; The night both drear and  
 dark, Our poor de - vot - ed bark, There she  
 lay till next day In the Bay of Bis - cay, O.

2. Now dashed upon the billow,  
 Our opening timbers creak ;  
 Each fears a wat'ry pillow,  
 None stop the dreadful leak ;  
 To cling to slipp'ry shrouds  
 Each breathless seaman crowds,  
 As she lay till the day  
 In the Bay of Biscay, O.

3. At length the wished-for morrow  
 Broke through the hazy sky ;  
 Absorbed in silent sorrow,  
 Each heaved a bitter sigh.  
 The dismal wreck to view,  
 Struck horror to the crew,  
 As she lay on that day  
 In the Bay of Biscay, O.

4. Her yielding timbers sever,  
 Her pitchy seams are rent,  
 When Heaven, all bounteous ever,  
 Its boundless mercy sent :  
 A sail in sight appears,  
 We hail her with three cheers ;  
 Now we sail with the gale  
 From the Bay of Biscay, O.

## The Pilot.

*Andante con espressione.*Words by THOS. HAYNES BAYLY.  
Music by S. NELSON.

Oh, Pi - lot, 'tis a fear - ful night, There's dan-ger on the  
 deep; I'll come and pace the deck with thee, I  
 do not dare to sleep.' 'Go down,' the sai - lor  
 cried, 'go down, This is no place for thee; Fear  
 piu lento. ad lib.  
 not! but trust in Pro - vi-dence, Wher - ev - er thou may'st  
 be.' *p a tempo.* 'Ah, Pi - lot, dan-ger of - ten met We  
 all are apt . . . to slight, And thou hast known these  
 rag - ing waves But to sub - due their might.' *f* 'It

is not a - pa - thy,' he cried, 'That gives this strength to me; . . . Fear not! but trust in Pro - vi-dence, Where- ev - er thou . . . may'st be. On such a night the sea en - gulph'd My fa - ther's life - less form! My on - ly bro-ther's boat went down In just so wild . . . a storm! And such, per -haps, may be my fate; But still I say to thee, Fear not! but trust in Pro - vi - dence, Wher - ev - er thou . . . may'st be.'

## Come sit thee doun.

*Moderato.*

Music by JOHN SINCLAIR.

Come sit thee doun, my bon-nie, bon-nie love,

Come sit thee doun by me, love, And

I will tell thee ma-nny a tale Of the

dan-gers of the sea; Of the

pe - rils of the deep, my love, Where the

migh - ty tem - pests roar, And the

rag - ing bil - lows wild - ly dash Up -

on the groan - - ing shore— And the

rag - ing bil - lows wild - ly dash . . . Up -

on the groan - ing shore. . . . .

Come sit thee doun, my bon - nie, bon - nie love,

Come sit thee doun by me, love, And

I will tell thee ma - ny a tale Of the

dan - gers of the sea.

2. The skies are flaming red, my love,  
 The skies are flaming red, love,  
 And darkly rolls the mountain wave  
 And rears its monstrous head ;  
 While skies and ocean blending,  
 And loudly howls the blast,  
 And the daring far, 'twixt life and death,  
 Clings to the shatter'd mast.  
 Come sit thee doun, etc.

## Rock'd in the Cradle of the Deep.

*Slowly and with expression.*

Music by J. P. KNIGHT.

Rock'd in the cra - dle of the deep, . . . I lay me

down . . . in peace to sleep; Se - cure I rest up - on the

wave, For Thou, O Lord! hast power to save. I

know Thou wilt not slight my call, For Thou dost mark the spar - row's

fall; And calm and peace - ful shall I sleep, . . . .

Rock'd in the cra - dle of the deep; And calm and peace - ful shall I

Rit.

sleep, Rock'd in the cra - dle of the deep.

2. And such the trust that still were mine,  
 Though stormy winds sweep o'er the brine,  
 Or though the tempest's fiery breath  
 Roused me from slumber to wreck and death!  
 In ocean-cave still safe with Thee,  
 The germ of immortality!  
 And calm and peaceful shall I sleep,  
 Rock'd in the cradle of the deep.

## Tom Bowling.

*Largo.*

Words and Music by CHAS. DIBDIN.

Here a sheer hulk, lies poor Tom Bow - ling, The  
 dar - ling of our crew ; No more he'll hear the  
 tem - pest howl-ing, For death has broach'd him too. His form was of the  
 man - liest beau - ty, His heart was kind and soft ;  
 Faith - ful be - low he did his du - ty, And now he's gone a -  
 loft, . . . And now he's gone a - lost.

2. Tom never from his word departed,  
 His virtues were so rare ;  
 His friends were many and true-hearted,  
 His Poll was kind and fair.  
 And then he'd sing so blythe and jolly,  
 Ah, many's the time and oft ;  
 But mirth is turn'd to melancholy,  
 For Tom is gone aloft.
3. Yet shall poor Tom find pleasant weather.  
 When He, who all commands,  
 Shall give, to call life's crew together,  
 The word to pipe all hands.  
 Thus Death, who kings and tars despatches,  
 In vain Tom's life has doff'd ;  
 For though his body's under hatches,  
 His soul is gone aloft.

## Nelson.

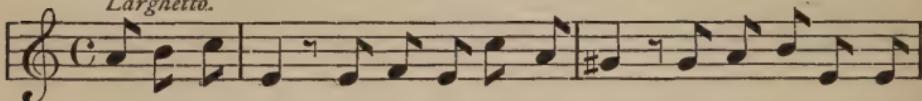
Words by S. J. ARNOLD.

Music by JOHN BRAHAM.

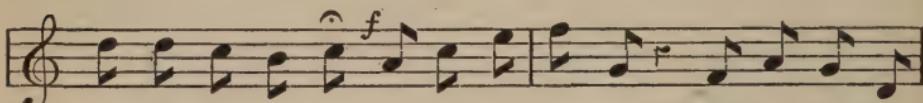
Original Key C.

*Larghetto.*

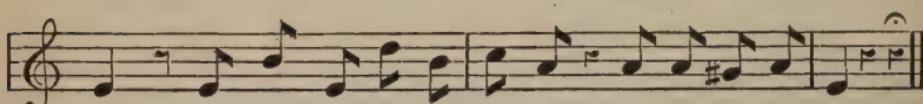
## RECITATIVE.



O'er Nel-son's tomb, with si - lent grief op - press'd, Bri-tan-nia mourns her

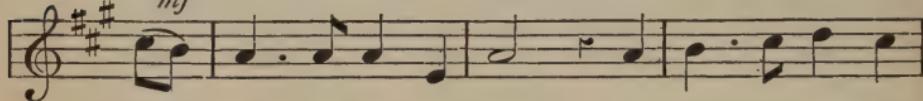


he - ro, now at rest; But those bright lau-rels ne'er shall fade with

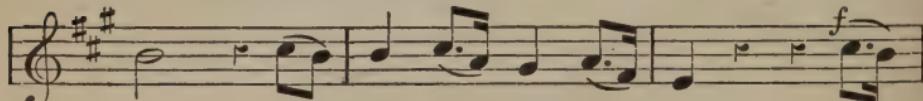


years, Whose leaves, whose leaves are wa-ter'd by a na-tion's tears.

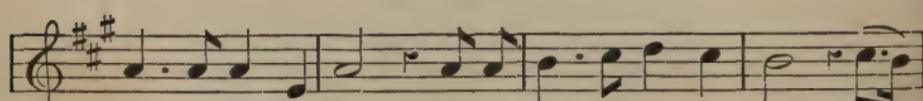
## ARIA.

*Allegro maestoso.**mf*

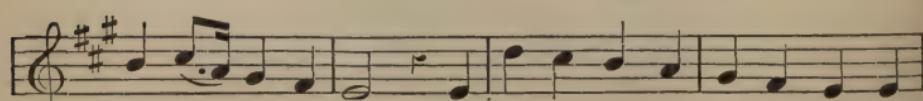
'Twas in Tra-fal - gar's Bay, We saw the Frenchmen



lay, Each heart was bound-ing then; We



scorn'd the fo- reign yoke, For our ships were Bri - tish oak, And



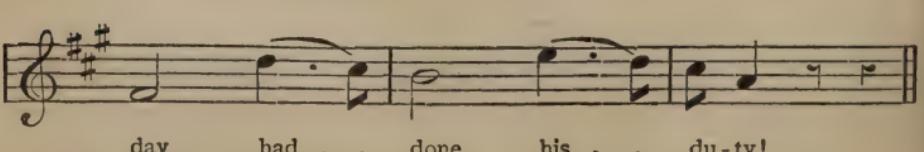
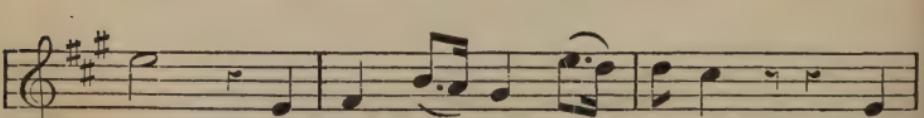
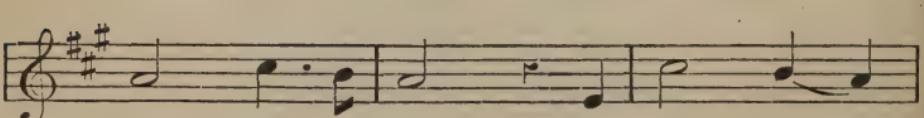
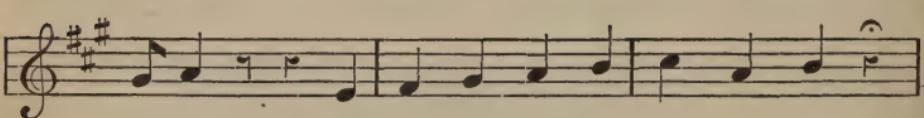
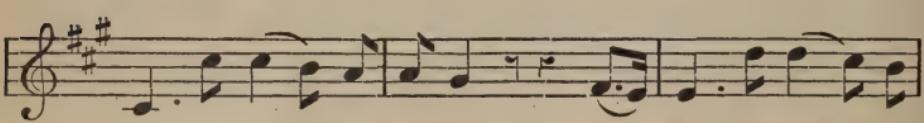
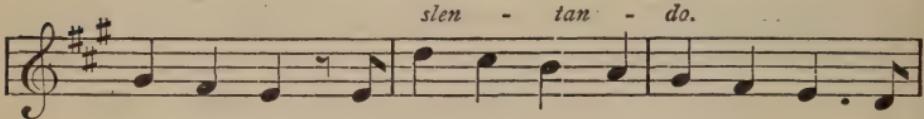
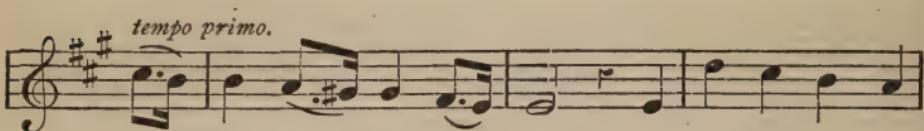
hearts of oak our men! Our Nel-son mark'd them on the wave, Three

cheers our gal - lant sea - men gave, Nor thought of home or  
 beauty, Nor thought of home or beauty. A -  
 long the line this sig - nal ran— 'Eng - land ex -  
 pects that ev' - ry man This day will do his  
 du - ty! This day will do his du - ty!'

2. And now the cannons roar  
 Along th' affrighted shore,  
 Our Nelson led the way;  
 His ship, the Vict'ry named—  
 Long be that Vict'ry famed,  
 For vict'ry crown'd the day!  
 But dearly was that conquest bought,  
 Too well the gallant hero fought  
 For England, home, and beauty.  
 He cried, as 'midst the fire he ran,  
 'England shall find that ev'ry man  
 This day will do his duty.'

*Slower.*

At last the fa - tal wound, Which spread dis-may a - round, The  
 he - ro's breast, the . . . he - ro's breast re - ceiv'd. 'Heav'n



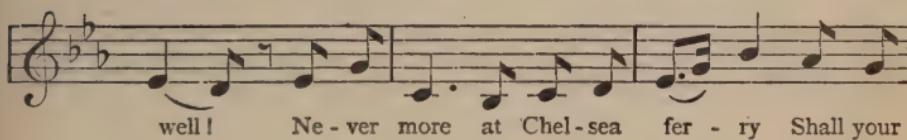
## Then farewell, my trim-built Wherry.

*Andante.*

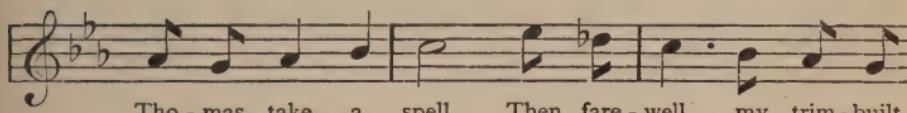
Words and Music by CHAS. DIBBIN.



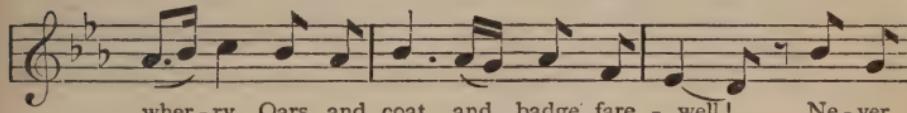
Then fare-well, my trim-built wher-ry, Oars, and coat, and badge, fare-



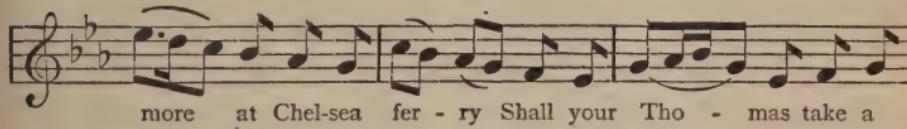
well! Ne- ver more at Chel-sea fer - ry Shall your



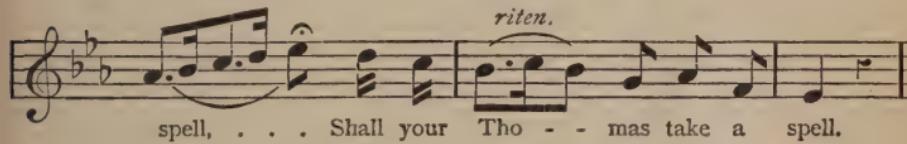
Tho - mas take a spell. Then fare - well, my trim - built



wher-ry, Oars, and coat, and badge, fare - well! Ne- ver



more at Chel-sea fer - ry Shall your Tho - mas take a

riten.  
spell, . . . Shall your Tho - - mas take a spell.

2. But to hope and peace a stranger,  
In the battle's heat I'll go,  
Where expos'd to ev'ry danger,  
Some friendly ball may lay me low.  
But to hope, etc.

3. Then may-hap, when homeward steering,  
With the news, my messmates come,  
Even you, my story hearing,  
With a sigh, may cry, 'Poor Tom!'  
Then may-hap, when, etc.

## The Anchor's Weighed.

*Andante.*Words by S. J. ARNOLD.  
Music by JOHN BRAHAM.

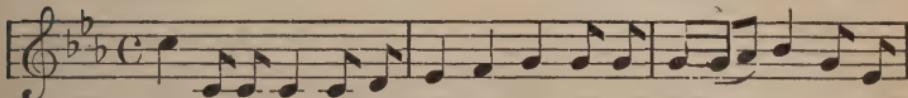
The tear fell gen - tly from her eye, When last we par-ted  
 on the shore ; My bo - som heav'd with ma-ny a sigh, To  
 think I ne'er might see her more, To think I ne'er might  
 see her more. 'Dear youth,' she cried, 'and canst thou hast a-way? My  
 heart will break,—a lit - tle mo-ment stay. A - las, I can-not, I  
 can-not part from thee!' 'The an-chor's weigh'd, . . . The an-chor's weigh'd,  
 fare - well ! fare - well ! re - mem - ber me.'

2. 'Weep not, my love,' I trembling said ;  
 'Doubt not a constant heart like mine ;  
 I ne'er can meet another maid  
 Whose charms can fix that heart like thine !'  
 'Go then,' she cried, 'but let thy constant mind  
 Oft think of her you leave in tears behind.'  
 'Dear maid, this last embrace my pledge shall be !  
 The anchor's weigh'd, farewell ! remember me.'

## The Old Sexton.

Quasi Allegro.

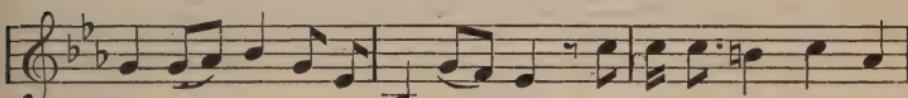
Music by H. RUSSELL.



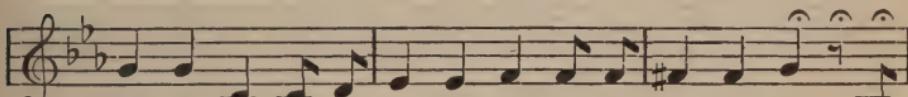
Nigh to a grave that was new-ly made, Lean'd a sex-ton old on his



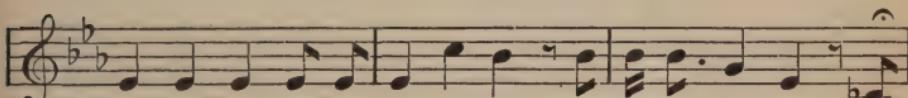
earth-worn spade; His work was done, and he paus'd to wait The



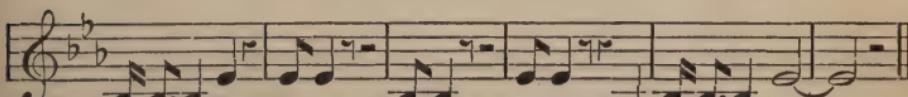
fun'-ral train thro' the o - pen gate. A re-lic of bye-gone



days was he, And his locks were white as the foam - y sea; And



these words came from his lips so thin— 'I ga-ther them in, I



ga-ther them in! Ga-ther, ga-ther, ga-ther, I ga-ther them in!

2. 'I gather them in for man and boy,  
Year after year of grief and joy;  
I've builded the houses that lie around  
In every nook of this burial ground.  
Mother and daughter, father and son,  
Come to my solitude, one by one;  
But come they strangers, or come they  
kin,  
I gather them in, I gather them in!'

3. 'Many are near me, but still I'm alone;  
I'm king of the dead, and I make my  
throne  
On a monument slab of marble cold,  
And my sceptre of rule in the spade I  
hold.'

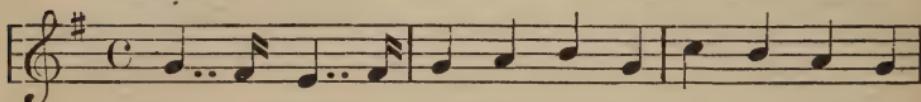
Come they from cottage, or come they  
from hall,  
Mankind are my subjects,—all, all, all!  
Let them loiter in pleasure or toilfully spin,  
I gather them in, I gather them in!'

4. 'I gather them in, and their final rest  
Is here, down here, in the earth's dark  
breast!  
And the sexton ceas'd, for the fun'ral train  
Wound mutely o'er that solemn plain.  
And I said to my heart, 'When time is told,  
A mightier voice than that sexton's old  
Will sound o'er the last trump's dreadful  
din,  
I gather them in; I gather them in!'

## March of the Men of Harlech.

Welsh Melody.

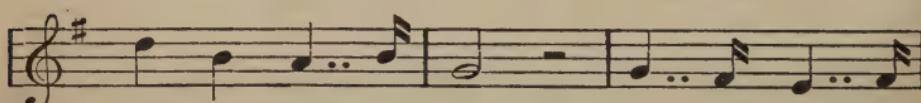
Words by PAUL ROOKFORD.



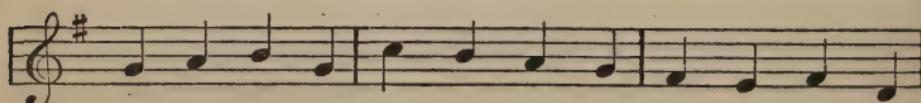
Up the height is hoarse-ly surg-ing, Sound of war-ror



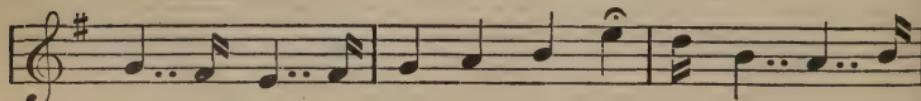
war-horse urg-ing; See from out the pass e-merg-ing,



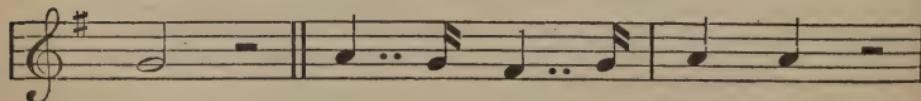
Proud-ly comes the foe. Mail-ed knights and



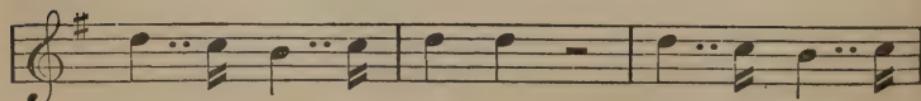
Sax-on yeo-men, Rank on rank of ser-ried bow-men;



Shall we flee th'in-vad-ing foe-men? Men of Har-lech,



no! As the foe is near-ing;



Hear th'ex-ul-tant cheer-ing, Near and far the

sound' of war, And barb - ed steeds ca -

reer - ing. Men of Har - lech, where - fore stare ye?

Can a gleam - ing fal - chion scare ye? Can a co - ward

Sax - on dare ye? Men of Har - lech, on !

2. Men of Harlech, rouse and rally ;  
 With your war-song onward sally ;  
 Drive them backward down the valley,  
 Till they flee with fear.  
 With your battle-axes thunder,  
 Cleave their gleaming casques asunder ;  
 Make them crouch with terror under  
 Arrow, lance, and spear.  
 Till the clouds are rending,  
 With their shrieks ascending,  
 Let them feel the patriot's steel,  
 Our hearths and homes defending !  
 Sacred valley, rock, and river,  
 Sacred be our homes for ever,  
 Trod by an invader never,  
 Men of Harlech, on !

## The Minstrel Boy.

With strength and spirit.

Words by T. MOORE.

The Minstrel Boy to the war is gone, In the  
 ranks of death you'll find him; His fa-ther's sword he has  
 gird-ed on, And his wild harp slung be - hind him.  
 'Land of song !' said the war - rior bard, 'Though  
 all the world be - trays thee, One sword at least thy  
 rights shall guard, One faith - ful harp shall praise thee !'

2. The Minstrel fell ; but the foeman's chain

Could not bring his proud soul under ;  
 The harp he loved ne'er spoke again,For he tore its chords asunder ;  
 And said, 'No chain shall sully thee,  
 Thou soul of love and bravery !  
 Thy songs were made for the pure and free,  
 They ne'er shall sound in slavery.'

## Macgregor's Gathering.

Original Key D.

*Allegro.*

Words by Sir WALTER SCOTT.

Music by ALEX. LEE.

The moon's on the lake, and the mist's on the brae, And the

clan has a name that is name - less by day; Our

sig - nal for fight, which from mon - archs we drew, Must be

heard but by night, in our venge - ful ha - loo! Then

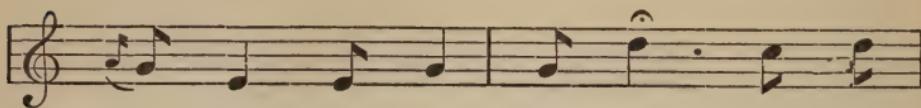
ha - loo, ha - loo, ha - loo, Gre - ga - lach! If they

rob us of name, and pur - sue us with bea - gles, Give their

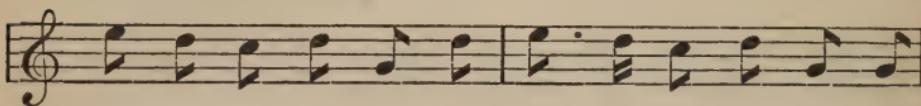
roof to the flames, and their flesh to the ea - gles! Then

ga - ther, ga - ther, ga - ther!

G



Ga - ther, ga - ther, ga - ther ! While there's

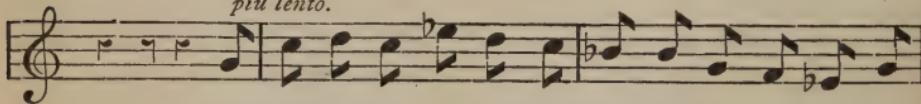


leaves in the fo - rest, and foam on the ri - ver, Mac-

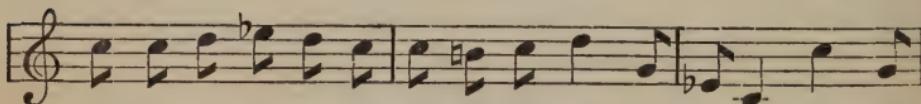


gre - gor, de - spite them, shall flou - rish for ev - er !

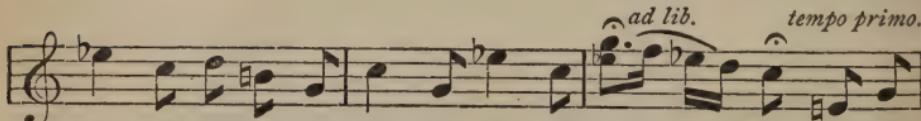
*piu lento.*



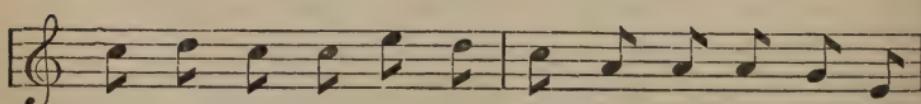
Glen-or-chy's proud moun-tain, Col-churn and her tow - ers, Glen-



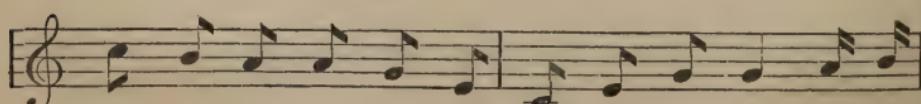
straе and Glen - ly - on, no long - er are ours ; We're land-less, land - less,



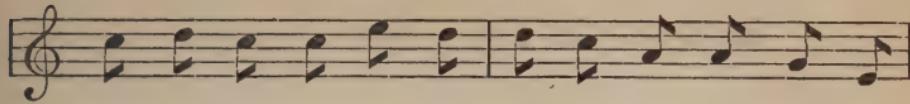
land - less, Gre - ga - lach ! Land-less, land - less, land - less ! Thro' the



depths of Loch Kat - rine the steed shall ca - reer, O'er the

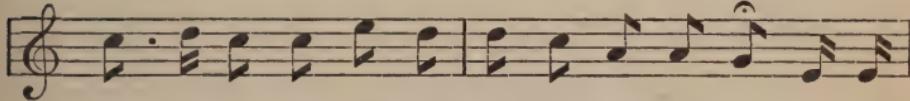


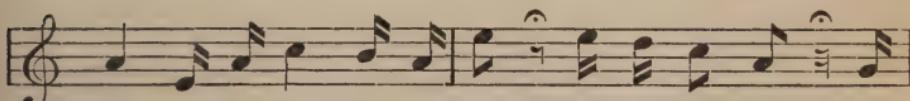
peak of Ben - lo - mond the gal - ley shall steer, And the

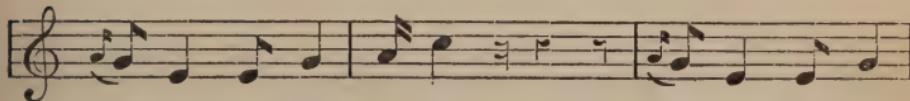

 rocks of Craig Roys-ton like i - ci - cles melt, Ere our

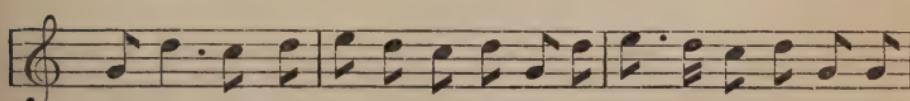

 wrongs be for - got, or our ven - geance un - felt! Then


 ha - loo, ha - loo, ha - loo! Gre - ga - lach! If they


 rob us of name, and pur - sue us with bea - gles, Give their


 roof to the flames, and their flesh to the ea - gles! Then


 ga - ther, ga - ther, ga - ther! Ga - ther, ga - ther,

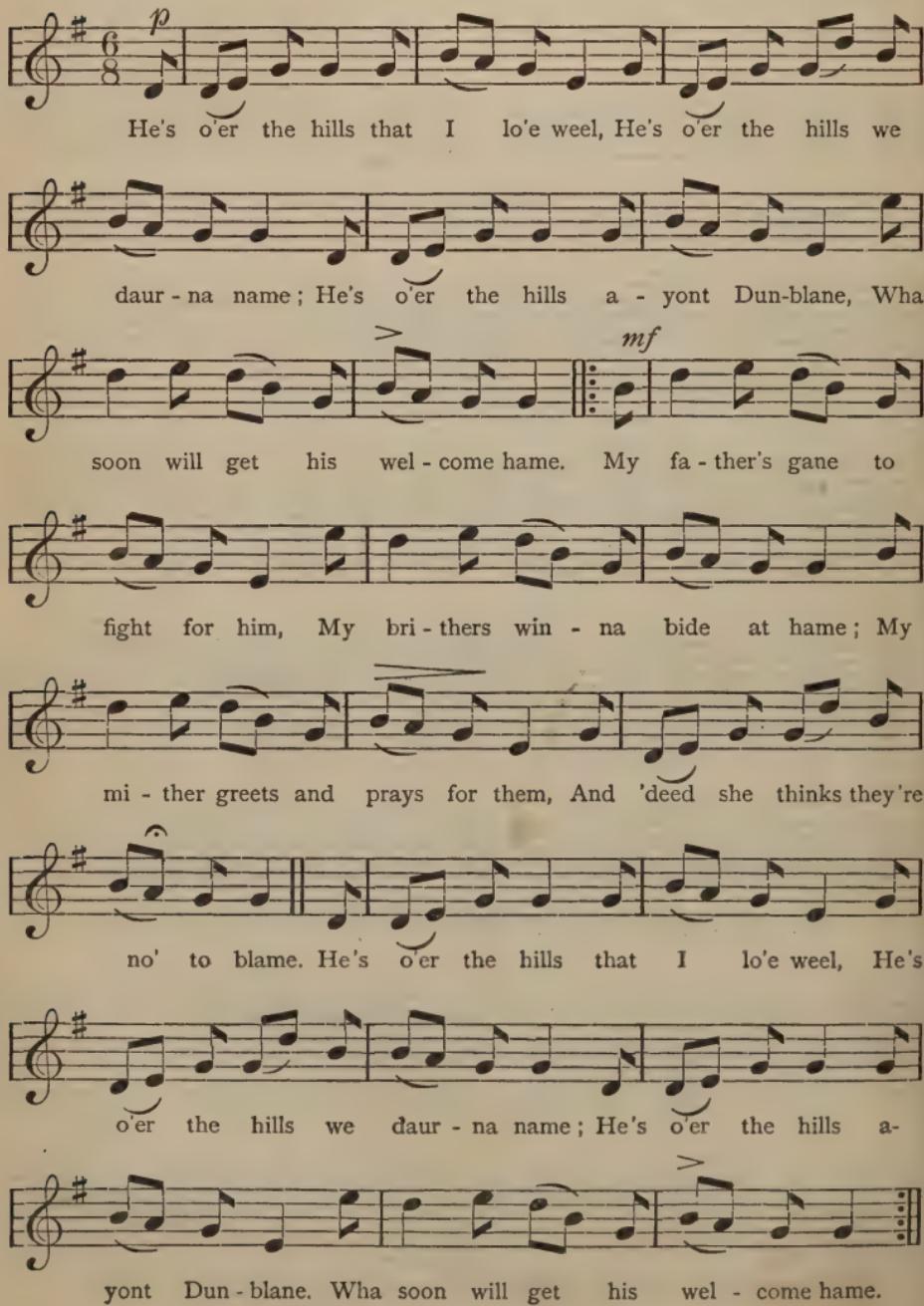

 ga-ther! While there's leaves in the fo-rest, and foam on the ri-ver, Mac-


 gre - gor, de - spite them, shall flou - rish for ev - er!

## He's o'er the hills that I lo'e weel.

Andante.

Words by Lady NAIRNE.


 The musical score for "He's o'er the hills that I lo'e weel." is presented in G major and 6/8 time. The score is divided into eight staves, each with a unique melodic line. The lyrics are placed directly beneath their respective staves. The first staff begins with a dynamic of  $p$  (pianissimo). The second staff starts with a dynamic of  $mf$  (mezzo-forte). The third staff features a melodic line with a prominent eighth-note upbeat. The fourth staff includes a melodic line with a grace note. The fifth staff has a melodic line with a grace note and a dynamic of  $mf$ . The sixth staff features a melodic line with a grace note and a dynamic of  $p$ . The seventh staff includes a melodic line with a grace note and a dynamic of  $mf$ . The eighth staff concludes the piece with a melodic line and a dynamic of  $p$ .

He's o'er the hills that I lo'e weel, He's o'er the hills we  
 daur-na name; He's o'er the hills a-yont Dun-blane, Wha  
 soon will get his wel-come hame. My fa-ther's gane to  
 fight for him, My bri-thers win-na bide at hame; My  
 mi-ther greets and prays for them, And 'deed she thinks they're  
 no' to blame. He's o'er the hills that I lo'e weel, He's  
 o'er the hills we daur-na name; He's o'er the hills a-  
 yont Dun-blane. Wha soon will get his wel-come hame.

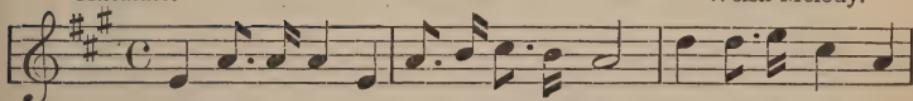
2. The Whigs may scoff, the Whigs may jeer,  
But ah ! that love maun be sincere  
Which still keeps true whate'er betide,  
An' for his sake leaves a' beside.  
He's o'er the hills, etc.
3. His right these hills, his right these plains,  
O'er Highland hearts secure he reigns ;  
What lads e'er did, our lads will do ;  
Were I a lad, I'd follow him too.  
He's o'er the hills, etc.
4. Sae noble a look, sae princely an air,  
Sae gallant and bold, sae young and sae fair ;  
Oh ! did ye but see him, ye'd do as we've done ;  
Hear him but ance, to his standard you'll run.  
He's o'er the hills, etc.

~~~~~

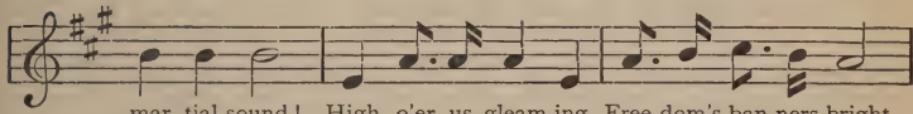
Morgan's March.

Words by JAMES SMITH.
Welsh Melody.

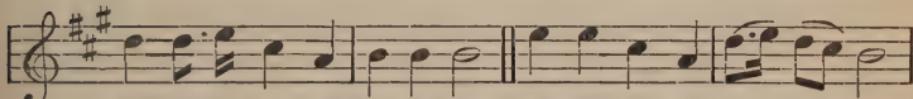
Animato.



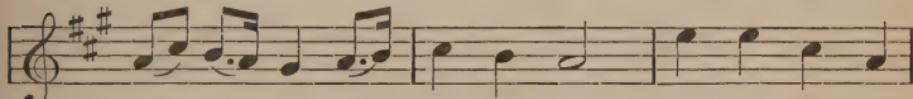
On-ward to glo-ry! war-ri-or's re-noun'd! Hark to the trum-pet's



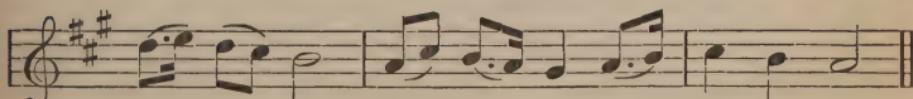
mar-tial sound! High o'er us gleam-ing Free-dom's ban-ners bright,



Borne by our fear-less sons of might. Mor-gan's march-ing o'er the plain ;



Strike the harps with swel-ling strain! Wave the fal-chion !



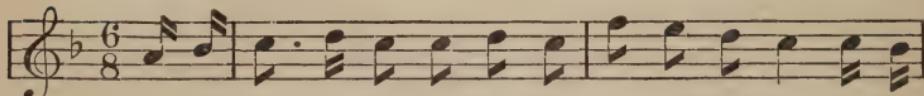
flash the shield! Va - liant hearts can ne - ver yield.

2. Onward and triumph ! strike the foemen down !
Fortune our hopes shall surely crown ;
Valour shall conquer, courage shall prevail ;
Hearts ever dauntless ne'er can fail.
Death to Cambria's hated foe !
Wrathful vengeance guide the blow !
Wave the falchion ! flash the shield !
Valiant hearts can never yield.

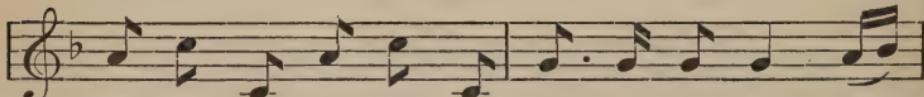
Bonnie Dundee.

Con spirito.

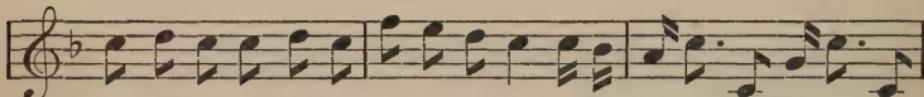
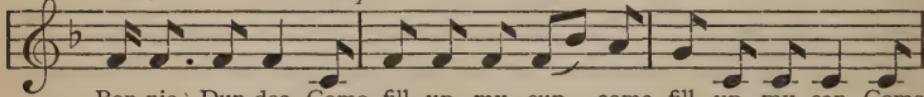
Words by Sir WALTER SCOTT.



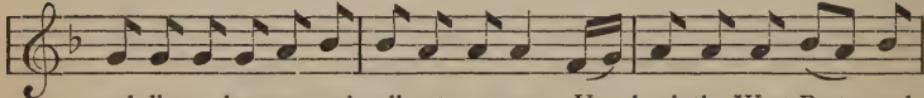
To the Lords of Con-ven-tion 'twas Cla-ver-house spoke—' Ere the



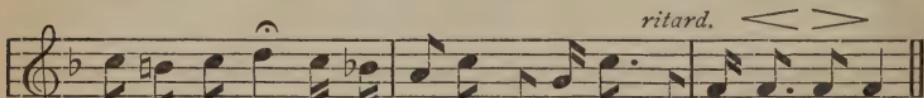
king's crown goes down there are crowns to be broke, Then

each Ca-va-lier that loves hon-our and me, Let him fol-low the bon-nets of
rit. *a tempo.*

Bon-nie Dun-dee. Come fill up my cup, come fill up my can, Come



sad-dle my hor-ses, and call out my men; Un - hook the West Port, and



let us gae free; For it's up wi' the bon-nets of Bon-nie Dun-dee.

2. Dundee he is mounted, he rides up the street,
The bells they ring backward, the drums they are beat;
But the provost, douce man, said, 'Just e'en let it be,
For the toun is weel rid o' that de'il o' Dundee.'
Come fill up my cup, etc.

3. There are hills beyond Pentland, and lands beyond Forth,
If there's lords in the South, there are chiefs in the North;
There are brave Duinnewassals three thousand times three,
Will cry 'Hey for the bonnets of Bonnie Dundee.'
Come fill up my cup, etc.

4. Then awa' to the hills, to the lea, to the rocks,
Ere I own a usurper, I'll crouch wi' the fox;
And tremble, false Whigs, in the midst o' your glee,
Ye ha'e no seen the last o' my bonnets and me.
Come fill up my cup, etc.

For a' that, an' a' that.

Moderato.

Words by BURNS.

Is there, for hon-est po- ver - ty, That hangs his head an'

a' that? The co - ward slave, we pass him by; We

dare be puir for a' that; For a' that, an'

a' that, Our toils ob - scure, an' a' that; The

rank is but the gui-nea stamp; The man's the gowd for a' that.

2. What though on hamely fare we dine,
Wear odden grey, an' a' that?
Gi'e fools their silks, and knaves their
A man's a man for a' that! [wine;
For a' that, an' a that,
Their tinsel show, an' a' that,
The honest man, tho' e'er sae puir,
Is king o' men for a' that.

3. Ye see yon birkie, ca'd a lord,
Wha struts, an' stares, an' a' that;
Tho' hundreds worship at his word,
He's but a cuif for a' that.
For a' that, an' a' that,
His ribbon, star, an' a' that;
The man o' independent mind
He looks and laughs at a' that.

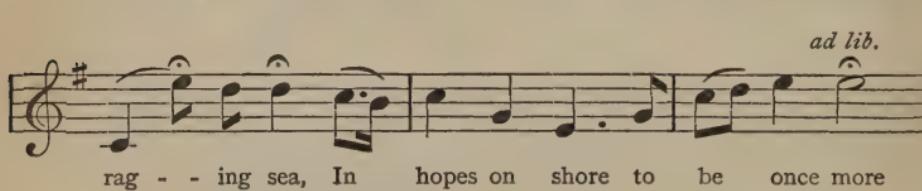
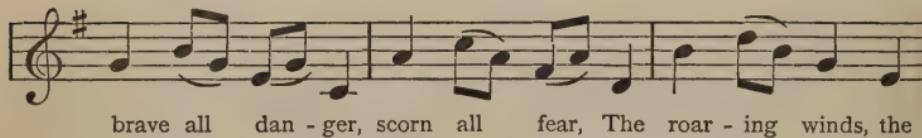
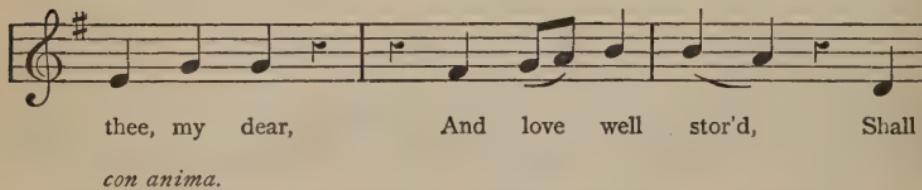
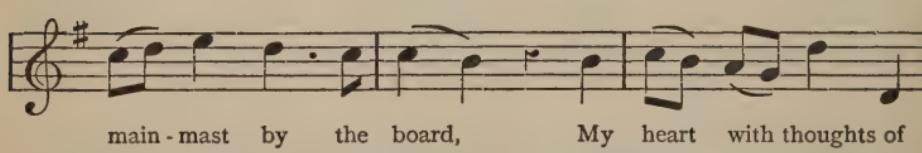
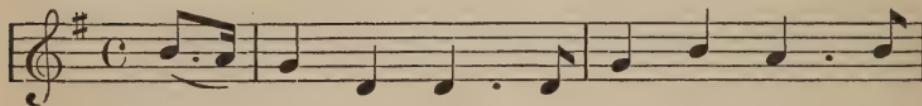
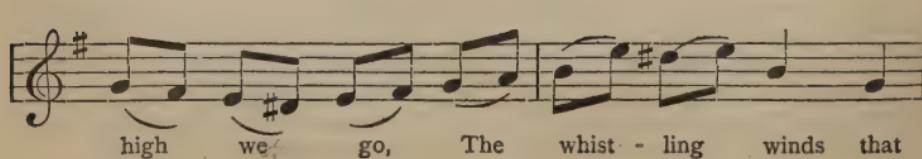
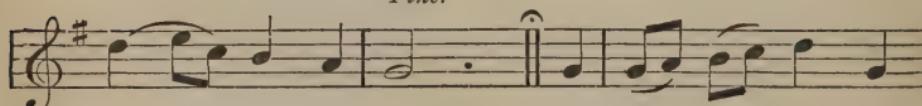
4. A king can mak' a belted knight,
A marquis, duke, an' a' that;
But an honest man's abune his might—
Gude faith, he maunna fa' that!
For a' that, an' a' that,
Their dignities an' a' that,
The pith o' sense, the pride o' worth,
Are higher ranks than a' that.

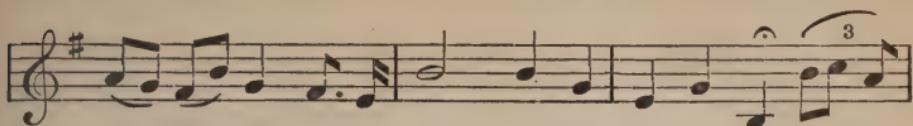
5. Then let us pray, that come it may,
As come it will for a' that,
That sense and worth o'er a' the earth
May bear the gree an' a' that;
For a' that, an' a' that,
It's comin' yet, for a' that,
That man to man, the wide warld o'er
Shall brothers be for a' that.

Blow high, blow low.

Allegro moderato.

Words and Music by CHAS. DIBDIN.

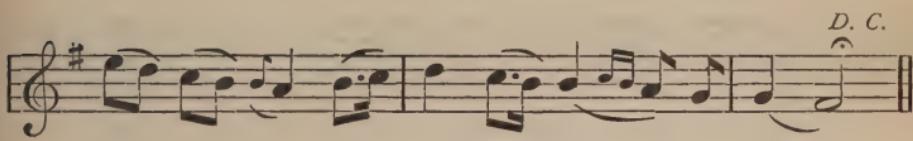
*Fine.*



scud a - long, And the surge roar-ing from be - low, Shall my
con express.



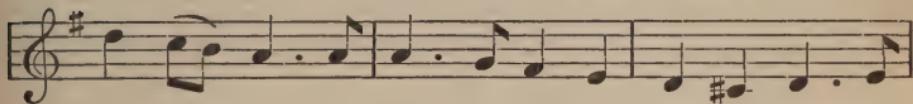
sig - nal be to think on thee, Shall my sig - nal be to



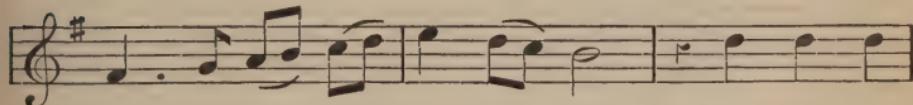
think on thee, And this shall be . . . my song:



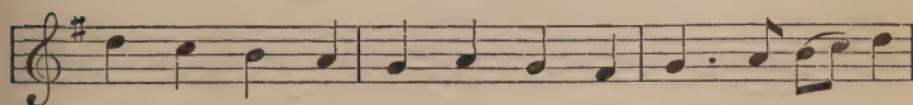
And on that night, when all the crew, the mem'ry of their



for - mer lives,—O'er flow - ing cans of flip re - new, and



drink their sweet-hearts and their wives,— I'll heave a



sigh, I'll heave a sigh, and think on thee; And as the



ship rolls though the sea, The bur - den of my song shall be:

D. C.

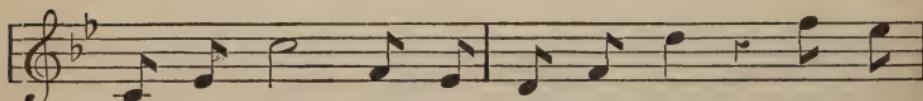
There is no Home like my Own.

Allegro moderato.
mf

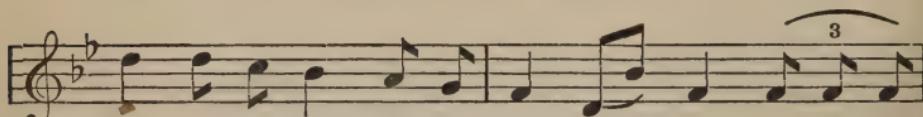
Words by C. JEFFERY'S.
Music by Madame MALIBRAN DE BERIOT.



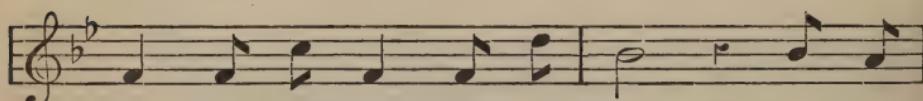
In the wild cham-ois' track, at the break-ing of morn, With a



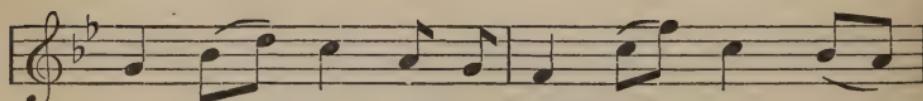
hun - ter's pride, o'er the moun - tain side, We are



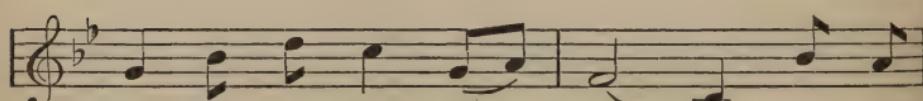
led by the sound of the Al - pine horn; Tra la la



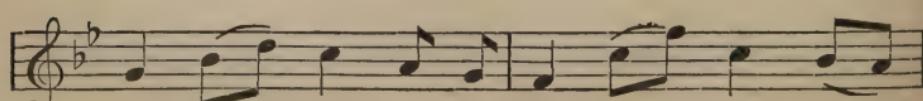
la, la la la, la la la. Oh, that



voice to me is a voice of glee, Where-



ev - er - my foot - steps roam; And I



long to bound, when I hear that sound, A-

*rall.**a tempo.*

gain to my moun - tain home. In the

wild cha - mois' track, at the break - ing of morn, With a

hun - ter's pride, o'er the moun - tain side, We are

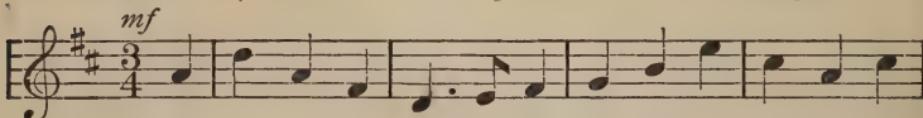
led by the sound of the Al - pine horn; Tra la la

la, la la la, la la la, Tra la la

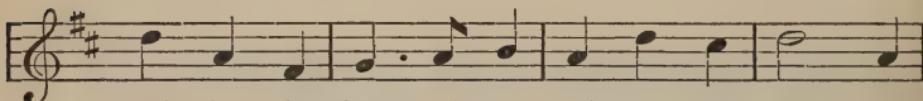
la, la la la, la la la.

2. I have crossed the proud Alps, I have sailed down the Rhone,
 And there is no spot like the simple cot;
 And the hill and the valley I call my own;
 Tra la la la, la la la, la la la.
 There the skies are bright, and our hearts are light,
 Our bosoms without a fear;
 For our toil is play, and our sport the fray,
 With the mountain roe or the forest deer.
 I have crossed the proud Alps, I have sailed down the Rhone,
 And there is no spot like the simple cot
 And the hill and the valley I call my own;
 Tra la la la, la la la, la la la.

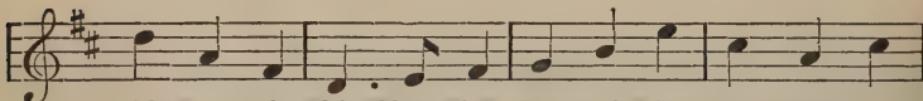
The Rose of Glamorgan.

*Allegretto.*Words by JAMES SMITH.
Air, *Jenny Jones*.

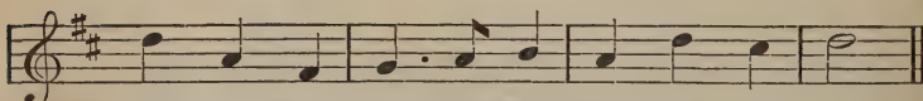
'Twas down by the wil - lows that wave in yon val - ley, As



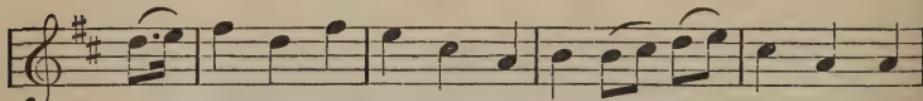
dark - ly the shades of the ev' - ning drew nigh, That



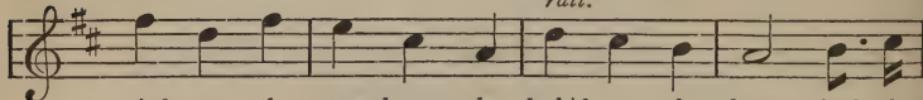
Mo - ra, the fair bloom-ing Rose of Gla - mor - gan, Stood



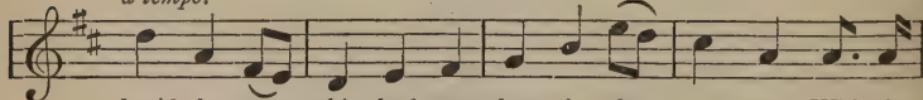
lone - ly and sad with the tear in her eye.



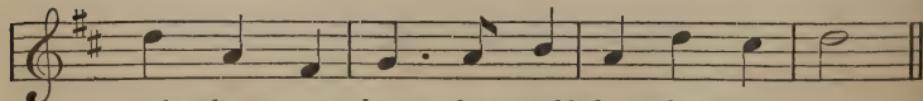
'He comes not! he comes not! the lad I love dear - ly,' She

rall.

cried, as the waves hoarse - ly dash'd on the shore; And she

a tempo.

fear'd the stout ship had gone down in the o - cean, With the



gal - lant young heart that would love her no more.

2. And the years passed away with their joys and their sorrows,
 And the Rose of Glamorgan looked weary and pale
 As she strayed by the waters and thought on her lover,
 Or sighed by the willows that wave in you vale.
 And the youthful and wealthy came flocking around her,
 But all their fond pleadings were fruitless and vain ;
 For she vowed to prove true to the lad loved so dearly,
 Whom she feared in her heart she would ne'er see again.

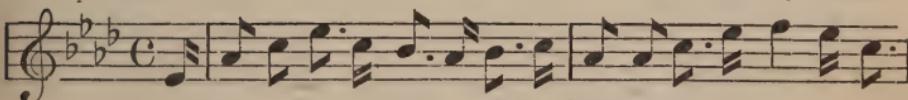
3. One night by the willows that wave in yon valley,
 Fair Mora in tears heard the tempest's wild roar ;
 When a ship breasted bravely the dark rolling billows,
 And the crew, with a cheer, reach'd their dear native shore.
 A swift rushing footstep awakened her terror,
 But a fond manly voice quickly calmed her alarms ;
 And with joy throb'd her heart, when the long absent lover
 Clasp'd the Rose of Glamorgan once more in his arms.



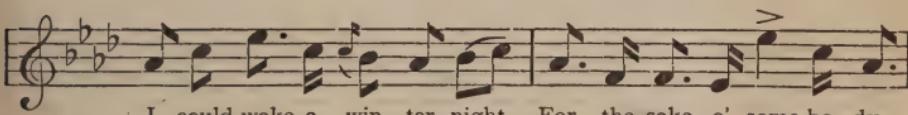
For the sake o' Somebody.

Andante.

Words by BURNS.



My heart is sair, I daur-na tell, My heart is sair for some-bo-dy;



I could wake a win-ter night For the sake o' some-bo-dy.



Oh, hon, for some-bo-dy! Oh, hey, for some-bo-dy!



I could range the world a-round For the sake o' some-bo-dy!

2. Ye powers that smile on virtuous love,
 Oh sweetly smile on somebody !
 Frae ilka danger keep him free,
 And send me safe my somebody.
 Oh, hon, for somebody !
 Oh, hey, for somebody !
 I wad do—what wad I not ?
 For the sake o' somebody.

Thou art gane awa'.

Andante espressivo.

Words from Johnson's Museum.

Thou art gane a - wa', thou'rt gane a - wa', Thou art
 gane a - wa' frae me, Ma - ry! Nor
 friends nor I could make thee stay; Thou hast
 cheat - ed them an' me, Ma - ry! Un
 til this hour I nev - er thought That
 aught could al - ter thee, Ma - ry; Thou'rt
 still the mis - tress o' my heart, Think
 what you will o' me, Ma - ry.

2. Whate'er he said or might pretend,
That stole that heart of thine, Mary,
True love, I'm sure, was ne'er his end,
Or nae sic love as mine, Mary!
I spoke sincere, nor flatter'd much;
Nae selfish thoughts in me, Mary:
Ambition, wealth, nor naething such,
No! I loved only thee, Mary.

3. Though you've been false, yet, while I
I'll lo'e nae maid but thee, Mary; [live,
Let friends forget, as I forgive
Thy wrongs to them and me, Mary.
So then, farewell! o' this be sure,
Since you've been false to me, Mary,
For a' the world I'd not endure
Half what I've done for thee, Mary.



• wha's at the Window, wha, wha?

Moderato.

Words by ALEXANDER CARLILE.

Music by R. A. SMITH.

O wha's at the win - dow, wha, wha? O
 wha's at the win - dow, wha, . . . wha; Wha but
 blythe Jam - ie Glen, He's come sax miles and ten, To
 tak' bon - nie Jean - ie a - wa', a - wa', To
 tak' bon - nie Jean - ie a - - wa'.

2. He has plighted his troth an' a',
Leal love to gie, an' a';
And sae has she dune,
By a' that's abune,
For he lo'es her—she lo'es him—'bunea'.

3. Bridal maidens are braw,
Bridal maidens are braw,
But the bride's modest e'e,
An' warm cheek are to me,
'Bunea' pearlins and brooches, an' a'.

4. There's mirth on the green, in the ha',
There's mirth on the green, in the ha';
There's laughing, there's quaffing,
There's jesting, and daffing,
And the bride's father's blythest of a'.

5. It's no' that she's Jamie's ava',
It's no' that she's Jamie's ava',
That my heart is sae eerie,
When a' the lave's cheerie,
But it's just that she'll aye be awa'.

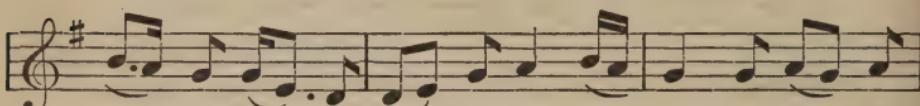
Ye Banks and Braes.

Music ascribed to JAMES MILLER.

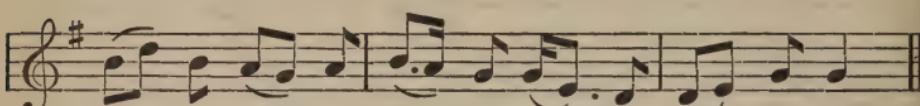
Words by ROBERT BURNS.

*Andante.**mf*

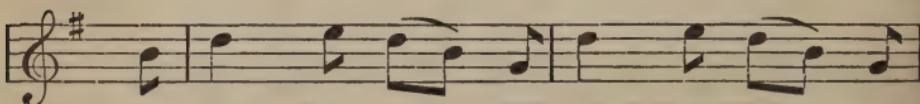
Ye banks and braes o' bon - nie Doon, How



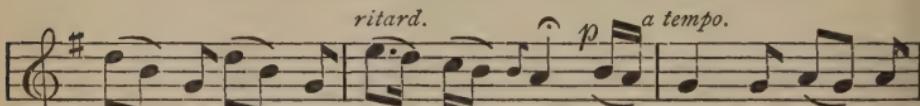
can ye bloom sae fresh and fair; How can ye chant, ye



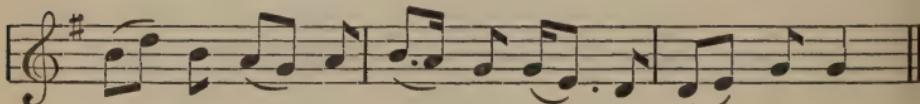
lit - tle birds, And I sae wea - ry, fu' o' care?



Ye'll break my heart, ye warb - ling birds, That

ritard.

wan - ton through the flow - ry thorn; Ye mind me o' de-



part - ed joys, De - part - ed, ne - ver to re - turn.

2. Oft hae I roved by bonnie Doon,
 To see the rose and woodbine twine;
 And ilka bird sang o' its love,
 And fondly sae did I o' mine.
 Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose,
 Fu' sweet upon its thorny tree;
 But my fause lover stole my rose,
 And, ah, he left the thorn wi' me!

'Twas within a Mile o' Edinburgh Town.

*Moderato e grazioso.*Words from THOMAS D'URFEY.
Music by JAMES HOOK.

mf

'Twas with-in a mile o' Edin - burgh town, In the
ro - sry time of the year, . . . Sweet
flow - ers bloom'd, and the grass was down, And each
shew - herd woo'd his dear.
Bon - nie Jockie, blythe and gay, Kiss'd sweet Jenny mak-ing hay; The
las - sie blush'd and frowning cried, 'Na, na, it win-na do! I
can-na, can-na, win-na, win-na, maun-na buc - kle to!'

2. Young Jockie was a wag that never wad wed,

Though lang he had followed the lass;
Contented she earned and ate her brown bread,

And merrily turned up the grass.

Bonnie Jockie, blythe and free,
Won her heart right merrily;
Yet still she blushed and frowning cried,
'Na, na, it winna do! I canna,' etc.

3. But when he vowed he wad make her his bride,

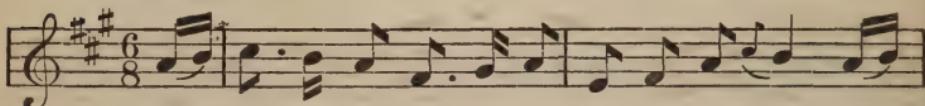
Though his flocks and herds were not few,

She gi'ed him her hand and a kiss beside,
And vowed she'd for ever be true.
Bonnie Jockie, blythe and free,
Won her heart right merrily;
At kirk she no more frowning cried,
'Na, na, it winna do! I canna,' etc.

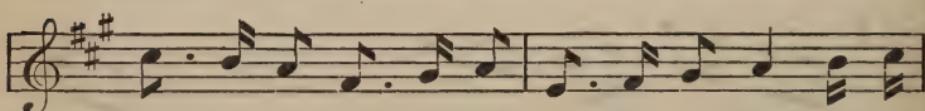
My Ain Fireside.

Andantino.

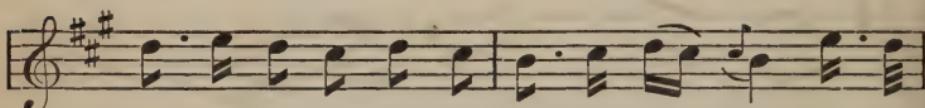
Words by Mrs. E. HAMILTON.



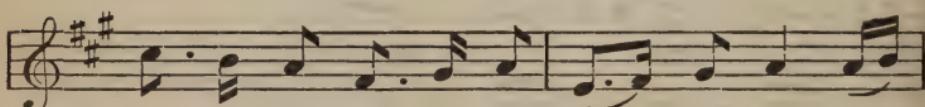
Oh, I ha'e seen great anes, and sat in great ha's 'Mang



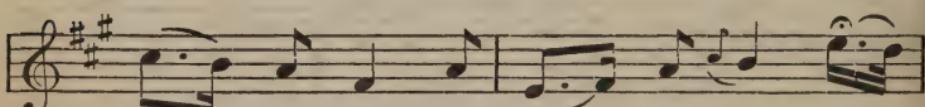
lords and 'mang la - dies a' co - ver'd wi' braws; But a



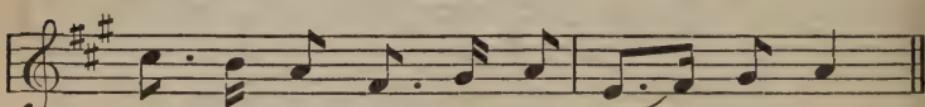
sight sae de - light - fu', I trow I ne'er spied, As the



bon - nie blythe blink o' my ain fire - side. My



ain fire - side, my ain fire - side, Oh,



sweet is the blink o' my ain fire - side.

2. Ance mair wi' delight round my ain ingle stane,
 I chat wi' auld friends o'er the days that are gane ;
 Nae force now upon me to seem wae or glad,—
 I may laugh when I'm merry, and sigh when I'm sad.
 My ain fireside, etc.

3. Nae falsehood to vex me, nae malice to fear,
 But truth to delight me, and kindness to cheer ;
 O' a' roads to pleasure that ever were tried,
 Oh, there's nane half so sure as ane's ain fireside.
 My ain fireside, etc.

Auld Langsyne.

Andante.

Words by BURNS.

Should auld ac - quaint - ance be for - got, And
 nev - er brought to mind? Should auld ac - quaint - ance
 be for - got, And days o' lang - - syne?
 For auld lang - - syne, my dear, For
 auld lang - - syne; We'll tak' a cup o'
 kind - ness yet, For auld lang - - syne.

2. We twa ha'e run about the braes,
 And pu'd the gowans fine;
 But we've wandered mony a weary foot
 Sin' auld langsyne.
 For auld langsyne, etc.

3. We twa hae paidl't in the burn,
 Frae morning sun till dine;
 Bnt seas between us braid hae roared
 Sin' auld langsyne.
 For auld langsyne, etc.

4. And here's a hand, my trusty freen',
 And gie's a hand o' thine;
 And we'll tak' a right gude willy-waught
 For auld langsyne.
 For auld langsyne, etc.

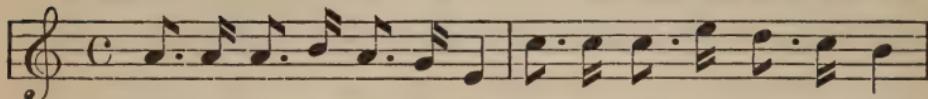
5. And surely ye'll be your pint-stoup,
 As surely I'll be mine!
 And we'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet
 For auld langsyne.
 For auld langsyne, etc.

Gloomy Winter's noo awa'.

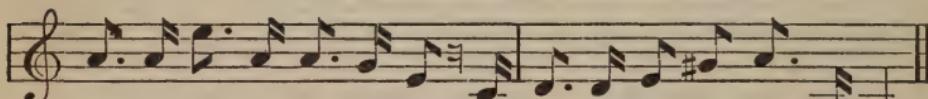
Andante.

Words by TANNAHILL.

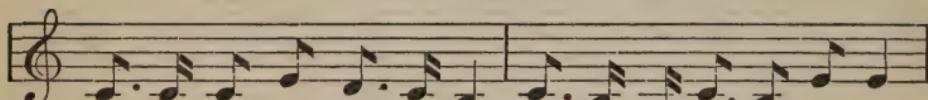
Music by ALEX. CAMPBELL.



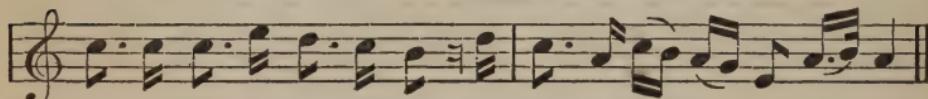
Gloom-y win-ter's noo a-wa', Saft the west-lin' breez-es blaw,



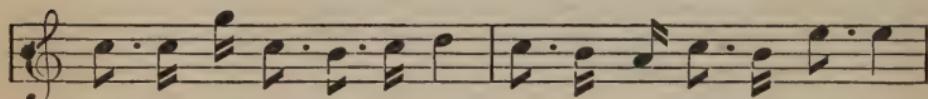
'Mang the birk's o' Stan-ley-shaw The ma-vis sings fu' cheer-ie, O.



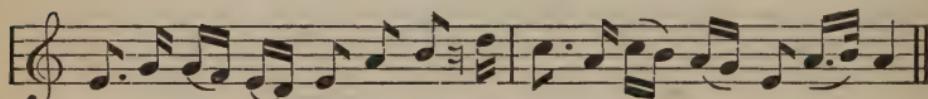
Sweet the craw-flow'r's ear-ly bell Decks Glen-if-fer's dew-y dell;



Bloom-ing like thy bon-nie sel', My young, my art-less dear-ie, O.



Come, my las-sie, let us stray O'er Glen-kil-loch's sun-ny brae,



Blythe-ly spend the gowd-en day 'Midst joys that ne-ver wear-y, O.

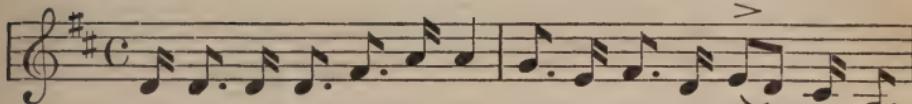
2. Tow'ring o'er the Newton woods
 Laverocks fan the snaw-white clouds,
 Siller saughs, wi' downy buds,
 Adorn the banks sae brierie, O.
 Round the sylvan fairy nooks
 Feath'ry breckens fringe the rocks,
 'Neath the brae the burnie jouks,
 And ilka thing is cheerie, O.
 Trees may bud and birds may sing,
 Flow'rs may bloom and verdure spring,
 Joy to me they canna bring,
 Unless wi' thee, my dearie, O.

Loudon's bonnie Woods and Braes.

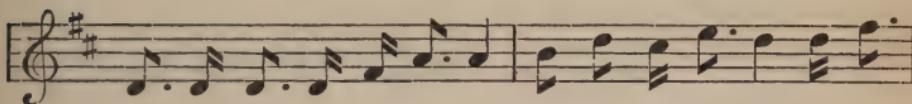
Moderato.

Words by TANNAHILL.

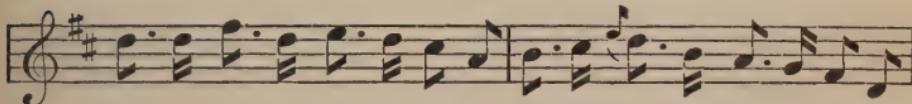
Music by R. A. SMITH.



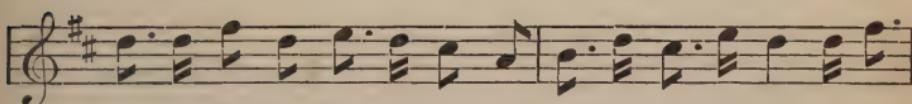
Lou-don's bon-nie woods and braes, I maun leave them a', las-sie;



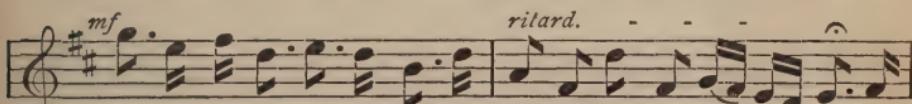
Wha can thole when Bri-ton's faes Would gie Bri-tons law, las-sie?



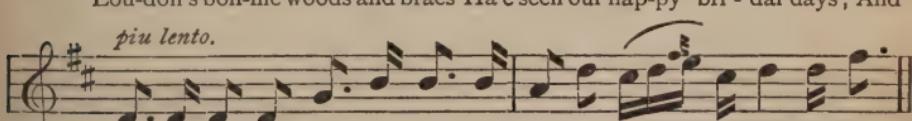
Wha would shun the field o' dan-ger? Wha to fame would live a stran-ger?



Now, when Free-dom bids a-venge her, Wha would shun her ca', las-sie?



Lou-don's bon-nie woods and braes Ha'e seen our hap-py bri - dal days; And



gen-tle hope shall soothe thy waes When I am far a-wa', las-sie.

2. Hark! the swelling bugle rings,
Yielding joy to thee, laddie;
But the dolef' bugle brings
Wafeu' thoughts to me, laddie.
Lonely I may climb the mountain,
Lonely stray beside the fountain,
Still the weary moments counting,
Far frae love and thee, laddie.
O'er the gory fields o' war,
Where Vengeance drives his crimson
Thou'l maybe fa', frae me afar, [car,
And nane to close thy e'e, laddie.

3. Oh resume thy wonted smile,
Oh suppress thy fears, lassie;
Glorious honour crowns the toil
That the soldier shares, lassie;
Heaven will shield thy faithfu' lover,
Till the vengeful strife is over;
Then we'll meet, nae mair to sever,
Till the day we dee, lassie.
Midst our bonnie woods and braes
We'll spend our peacefu' happy days,
Asblythe's yon lichtsome lamb that plays
On Loudon's flow'ry lea, lassie.

The Sailor's Journal.

Andante.

Words and Music by CHAS. DIBDIN.

'Twas past me - ri - - dian half - past four, By sig - nal
 I from Nan - cy part - ed; At six she ling - er'd on the
 shore, With up - lift hands and bro - ken - heart - ed. At sev'n, while
 taut - ning the fore - stay, I saw her faint, or else 'twas
 fan - cy; At eight, we all got un - der
 ad lib.
 weigh, And bid a long a - dieu to Nan - cy.

2. And now arriv'd that jovial night

When ev'ry true-bred tar carouses,
 When o'er the grog all hands delight
 To toast their sweethearts and their
 spouses.

Round went the can, the jest, the glee,
 While tender wishes fill'd each fancy;
 And when in turn it came to me,
 I heav'd a sigh, and toasted Nancy.

3. At last, 'twas in the month of May,

The crew (it being lovely weather)
 At three A.M. discovered day,
 And England's chalky cliffs, together.
 At sev'n, up channel how we bore!
 While hopes and fears rush'd on each
 At twelve, I gaily jumped ashore, [fancy;
 And to my throbbing heart pressed
 Nancy!

Waes me for Prince Charlie.

Andantino.

Words by WILLIAM GLEN.
Air, *The Gipsy Laddie*.

A wee bird cam' to our ha' door, He
 war - bled sweet and clear - ly, And aye the o'er - come
 o' his sang Was 'Waes me for Prince Char - lie.'

Oh, when I heard the bon - nie, bon - nie bird, The
 tears cam' drap - pin' rare - ly; I took my bon - net
 aff my head, For weel I lo'ed Prince Char - lie.

2. Quoth I, 'My bird, my bonnie, bonnie
 bird,
 Is this a tale ye borrow ?

Or is't some words ye've learnt by rote,
 Or a lilt o' dool and sorrow ?'

'Oh, no, no, no !' the wee bird sang,
 'I've flown sin' morning early,
 But sic a day o' wind and rain !
 Oh, waes me for Prince Charlie !

3. 'On hills that are by right his ain,
 He roams a lonely stranger ;
 On every side he's pressed by want,
 On every side is danger.
 Yestreen I met him in a glen,
 My heart maist burstit fairly ;
 For sadly changed indeed was he—
 Oh, waes me for Prince Charlie !

4. 'Dark night cam' on, the tempest roared
 Loud o'er the hills and valleys ;
 An' where was't that your Prince lay
 down,

Whase hame should been a palace ?
 He rowed him in a Highland plaid,
 Which covered him but sparsely,
 And slept beneath a bush o' broom—
 Oh, waes me for Prince Charlie !'

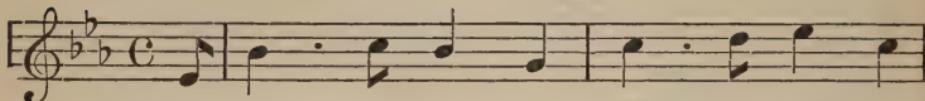
5. But now the bird saw some red coats,
 An' he shook his wings wi' anger ;
 'Oh, this is no a land for me !
 I'll tarry here nae langer.'
 He hovered on the wing awhile
 Ere he departed fairly ;
 But weel I mind the farewell strain
 Was, 'Waes me for Prince Charlie !'

The Harp that once through Tara's Halls.

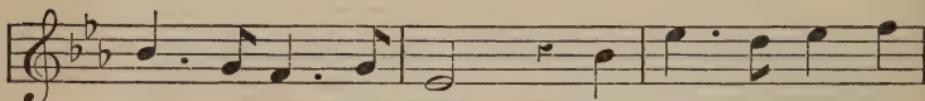
Words by T. MOORE.

Larghetto.

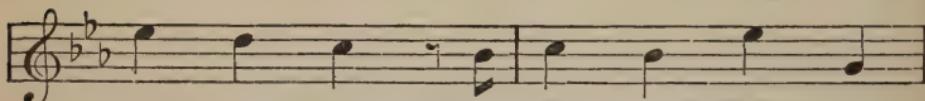
Irish Melody.



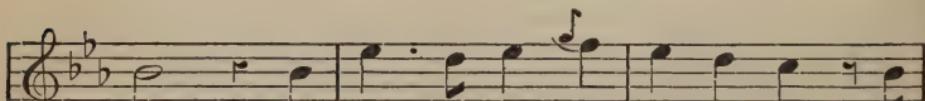
The harp that once through Ta - ra's halls The



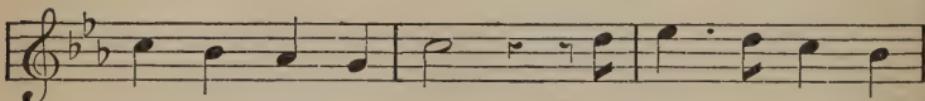
soul of mus - sic shed, Now hangs as mute on



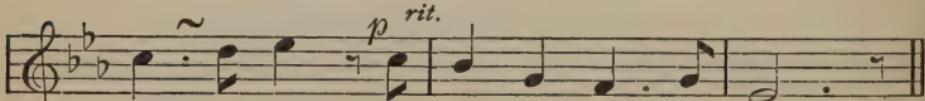
Ta - ra's walls, As if that soul were



fled: So sleeps the pride of for - mer days, So



glo - ry's thrill is o'er; And hearts that once beat



high for praise, Now feel that pulse no more.

2. No more to chiefs and ladies bright
 The harp of Tara swells ;
 The chord alone that breaks at night,
 Its tale of ruin tells :
 Thus Freedom now so seldom wakes ;
 The only throb she gives,
 Is when some heart indignant breaks,
 To show that still she lives.

Rich and rare were the Gems she wore.

Moderato.

Words by THOMAS MOORE.

Rich and rare were the gems she wore, And a

bright gold ring on her wand . . . she bore; But

oh, her beau - ty was far . . . be - yond Her

spark - ling gems . . and snow - white wand. But

oh, her beau - ty was far . . . be - yond Her

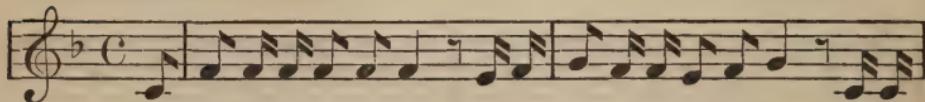
spark - ling gems . . and snow - white wand.

2. 'Lady, dost thou not fear to stray,
So lone and lonely through this bleak way?
Are Erin's sons so good, or so cold,
As not to be tempted by woman or gold?'

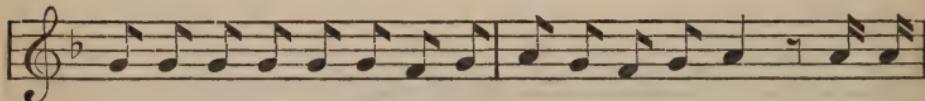
3. 'Sir Knight, I feel not the least alarm;
No son of Erin will offer me harm;
For, though they love woman and golden store,
Sir Knight, they love honour and virtue more!'

4. On she went, and her maiden smile
In safety lighted her round the green Isle;
And blest for ever is she who relied
Upon Erin's honour and Erin's pride.

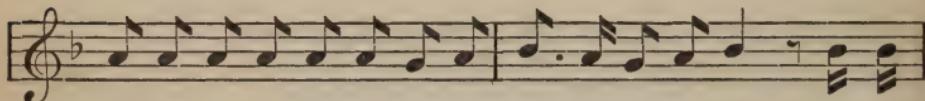
The Old English Gentleman.

Allegretto.

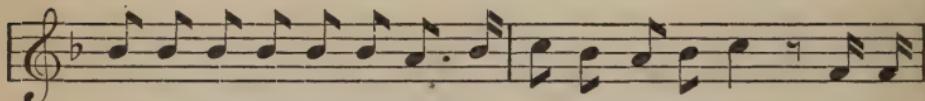
I'll sing you a good old song that was made by a good old pate, Of a



fine old Eng-lish gen-tle-man who had an old e-state; And who



kept up his old man-sion at a boun-ti-ful old rate, With a



good old por-ter to re-lieve the old poor at his gate,— Like a



fine old Eng-lish gen-tle-man, all of the ol-den time.

2. His hall so old was hung around with pikes and guns and bows,
And swords and good old bucklers which had stood some tough old blows;
'Twas there 'His worship' sat in state, in doublet and trunk hose,
And quaffed his cup of good old wine to warm his good old nose,—
Like a fine old English gentleman, one of the olden time.
3. When winter cold brought Christmas old, he opened house to all;
And though threescore and ten his years, he feately led the ball:
Nor was the houseless wanderer e'er driven from the hall,
For while he feasted all the great, he ne'er forgot the small,—
Like a fine old English gentleman, one of the olden time.
4. But times and seasons though they change, and customs pass away,
Yet English hands and English hearts will prove old England's sway;
And though our coffers mayn't be filled, as they were wont of yore,
We still have hands to fight if need, and hearts to help the poor,—
Like the good old English gentleman, all of the olden time.

The Rowan Tree.

Andante.

Words by Lady NAIRNE.

O Row-an Tree, O Row-an Tree, thou'l aye be dear to me;
 In - twined thou art wi' mo - ny ties o'
 hame and in - fan - cy. Thy leaves were aye the
 first o' spring, thy flow'r's the sim - mer's pride; There
 was - na sic a bon - nie tree in a' the coun - try
 side. O Row - - an Tree!

2. How fair wert thou in summer time, wi' a' thy clusters white,
 How rich and gay thy autumn dress, wi' berries red and bright.
 On thy fair stem were monie names, which now nae mair I see;
 But they're engraven on my heart, forgot they ne'er can be.
 O Rowan Tree!
3. We sat aneath thy spreading shade, the bairnies round thee ran,
 They pu'd thy bonnie berries red, and necklaces they strang :
 My mother ! oh, I see her still, she smiled our sports to see,
 Wi' little Jeanie on her lap, and Jamie at her knee.
 O Rowan Tree !
4. Oh, there arose my father's prayer, in holy evening's calm,
 How sweet was then my mother's voice, in the 'Martyrs' psalm ;
 Now a' are gane ! we meet nae mair aneath the Rowan Tree,
 But hallowed thoughts around thee twine o' hame and infancy.
 O Rowan Tree !

Oh twine the Wreath.

Original Key B \flat .*Andantino espressione.*

Words by J. S.

Music by Sir H. R. BISHOP.

Music score for 'Oh twine the Wreath.' in B \flat major, common time. The score consists of eight staves of music with corresponding lyrics below each staff.

Oh twine the wreath, the bri - dal wreath, . . . A

round thy gold - - en hair ; And

wel - come, wel - come to this rap - tur'd heart, My

bride, so young and fair. Yon

sun with splen - dour shines, my love, O'er

smil - - ing hills and dells ; And

sweet - ly o'er us soon shall chime, The

joy - ous wed - ding bells. Then

dear - est, twine the wreath a - round Thy

gold - en shin - ing hair; And

wel - come, wel - come to this rap - tur'd heart, Sweet . . .

bride, so young and fair.

2. Oh come, my love, my dearest love,

With radiant beauty crowned;

All nature smiles a welcome gay,

And gladness reigns around.

The zephyr in the purple grove,

The streamlet o'er the plain,

The warbling birds in blooming bow'rs,

All swell the nuptial strain.

Then dearest, etc.

Home, sweet Home!

*Andante.*Words by J. HOWARD PAYNE.
Music by Sir H. R. BISHOP.

'Mid pleas - sures and pa - la - ces though we may

roam, Be it ev - - er so hum - ble, there's

no place like home! A charm from the

skies - seems to hal - - low us - there, Which

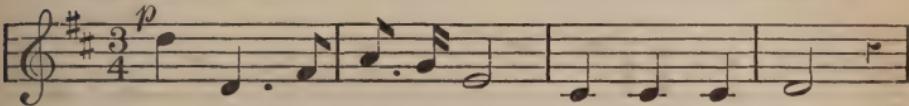
seek thro' the world is ne'er met with else - where.
espress.

Home, home! sweet, sweet home! There's

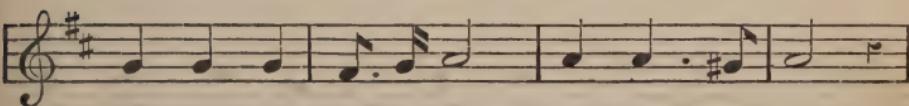
no place like home, There's no place like home!

2. An exile from home, splendour dazzles in vain,
Oh give me my lowly thatch'd cottage again!
The birds singing gaily, that came at my call,
Give me them, with the peace of mind, dearer than all.
Home, home! etc.

The Roman Girl's Song.

Espressivo. *legg.*Words by Mrs. HEMANS.
Music by her Sister.

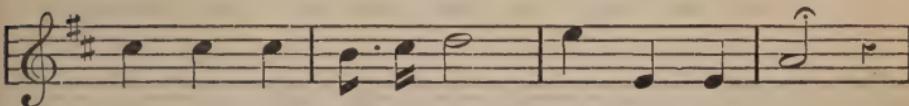
Rome! Rome! thou art no more As thou hast been;



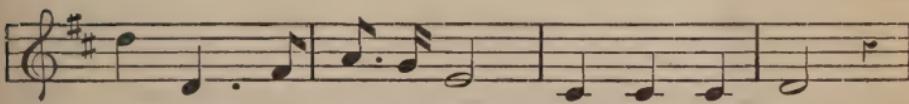
On thy seven hills, of yore thou sat'st a queen.



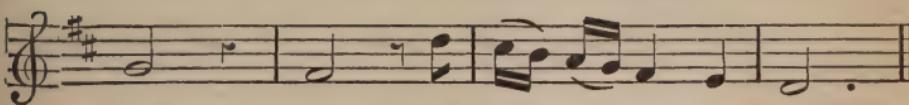
Thou hadst thy tri-umphs then, Purp - ling the street;



Prin - ces and sceptr'd men Bow'd at thy feet.



Rome! Rome! thou art no more as thou hast been;



No! no more as thou hast been!

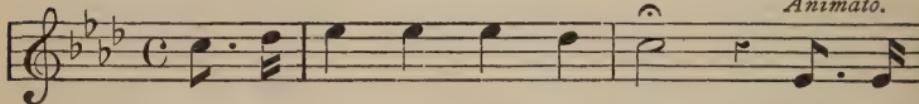
2. Rome! thine imperial brow
Never shall rise;
What hast thou left thee now?
Thou hast thy skies.
Thou hast the sunset's glow,
Rome, for thy dow'r;
Flushing dark cypress bough,
Temple and tow'r.
Rome! Rome! etc.

The Captive Knight.

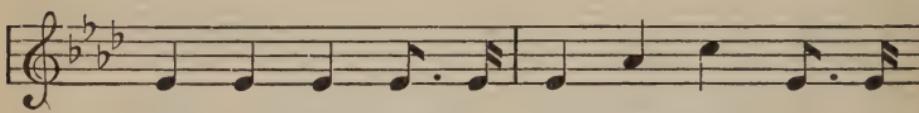
Words by Mrs. HEMANS.

Allegretto.

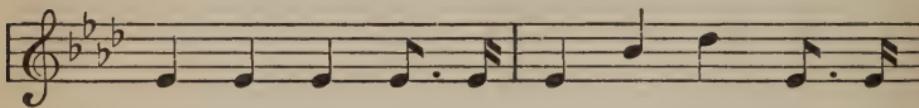
Music by her Sister.

Animato.

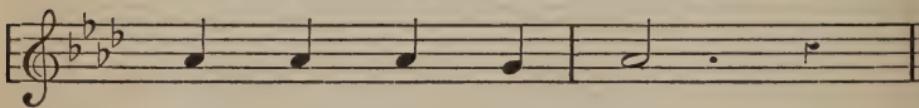
'Twas a trum - pet's peal - ing sound ! And the



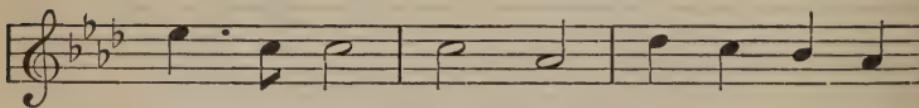
knight looked down from the Pay - nim's tow'r, And a



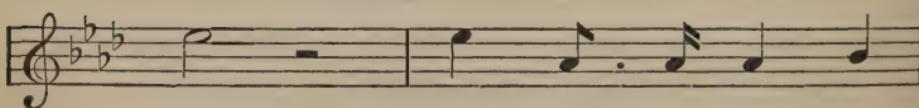
Christ - ian host, in its pride and pow'r, Through the



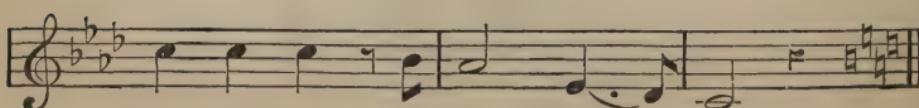
pass be - neath him wound.



Cease a - while, cla - rion ! cla - rion wild and



shril ! Cease, let them hear the



cap - tive's voice ; Be still, be still !

2. I knew 'twas a trumpet's note !
 And I see my brethren's lances gleam,
 And their pennons wave by the mountain stream,
 And their plumes to the glad wind float.
 Cease awhile, etc.

3. I am here with my heavy chain !
 And I look on a torrent sweeping by,
 And an eagle rushing to the sky,
 And a host to its battle plain.
 Cease awhile, etc.

4. Must I pine in my fetters here,
 With the wild wave's foam, and the free bird's flight,
 And the tall spears glancing on my sight,
 And the trumpet in mine ear ?
 Cease awhile, etc.

Andante espressivo.

5. They are gone ! they have all pass'd by !

They in whose wars I had borne my part,

They that I lov'd with a bro - ther's heart, They have

left me here to die ! Sound a - gain,

cla - rion ! cla - rion pour thy blast !

ad lib.

Sound, for the cap-tive's dream of hope is past !

My Mother bids me bind my Hair.

Words by Mrs. JOHN HUNTER.

Allegretto.

Music by HAYDN.

My mo - ther bids me bind my hair With

bands of ro - - - sy hue, Tie

up my sleeves with rib - bands rare, And

lace my bod - - ice blue,

Tie up my sleeves with rib - bands

rare, And lace, and lace my bod - - ice

blue; 'For why,' she cries, 'sit

mf

still and weep, While o - thers dance and

p

play? A - las! I scarce can

ritard. *a tempo.*

go or creep, While Lu - bin is a -

way. A - las! I scarce can

ritard. *a tempo.*

go or creep, While Lu - bin is a -

way, While Lu - bin is a -

way, is a - way, is a - way.

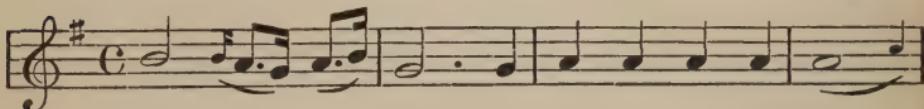
2. 'Tis sad to think the days are gone
 When those we love were near.
 I sit upon this mossy stone,
 And sigh when none can hear.
 And while I spin my flaxen thread,
 And sing my simple lay,
 The village seems asleep or dead,
 Now Lubin is away.
 The village seems, etc.

Should he upbraid.

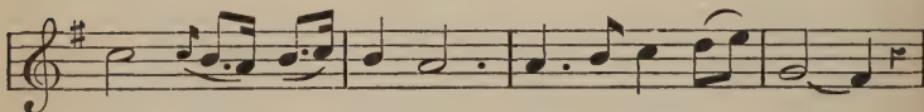
Moderato ma brillante.

Words from SHAKESPEARE.

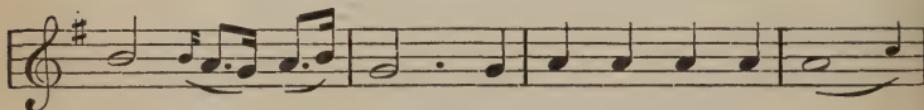
Music by Sir H. R. BISHOP.



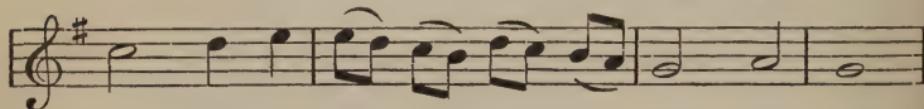
Should he up - braid, I'll own that he pre - vail,



And sing as sweet-ly as the night-in - gale;



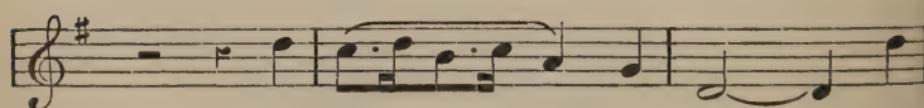
Say that he frown, I'll say his looks I view



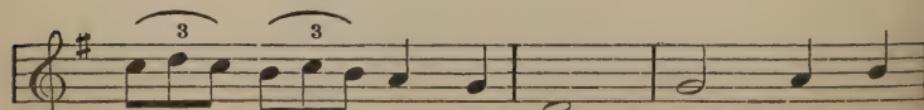
As morn-ing ro - ses new - ly tipt with dew,



As morn-ing ro - - - ses tipt with dew.



Say that he frown, . . . I'll



say his looks I view As morn - ing

ro - - - - - ses tipt with dew,

As ro - - - ses tipt with

dew, tipt with dew; As

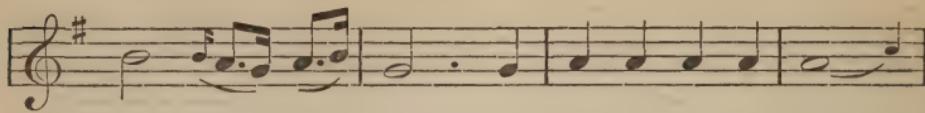
morn - - - - - ing ro - ses tipt with dew.

Say he be mute, I'll an - swer with a smile,

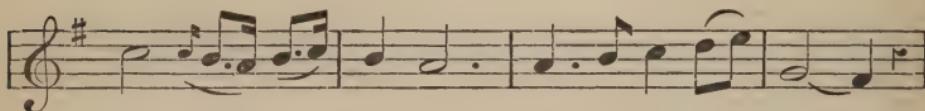
And dance and play, and wrin - kled care be - guile;

And dance and play, dance . . . and play, and

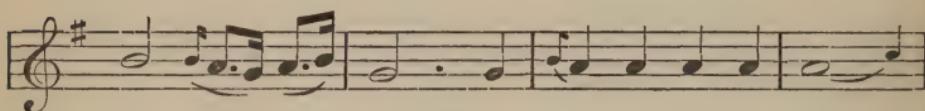
wrin - - - - - kled care . . . be - guile.



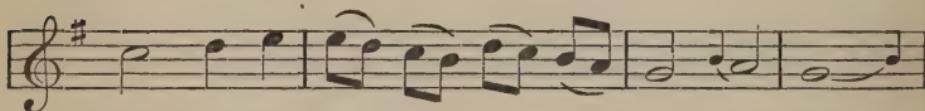
Should he up - braid, I'll own that he pre - vail,



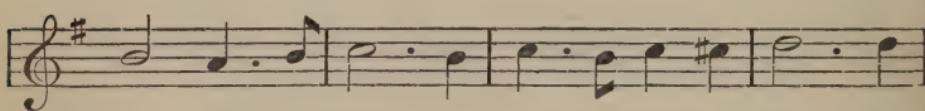
And sing as sweet - ly as the night - in - gale;



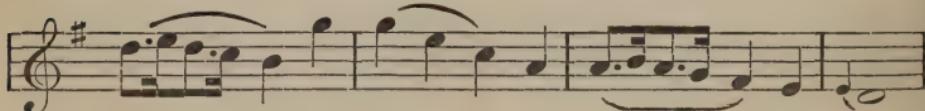
Say that he frown, I'll say his looks I view



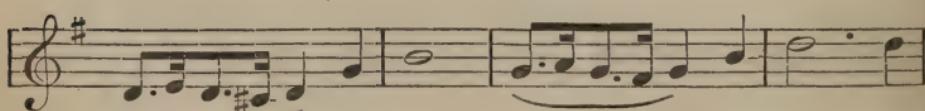
As morn-ing ro - ses new - ly tipt with dew.



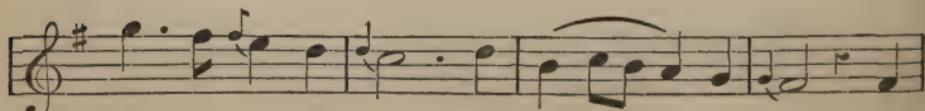
Say he be mute, I'll an - swer with a smile, And



dance . . . and play, and dance . . . and play,



dance . . . and play, dance . . . and play, and



wrin - kled care be - guile, and care . . . be - guile; I'll

dance, . . . play, . . . dance, . . .
 play, . . . dance, . . . and play, and wrin - kled
 care . . . be - guile; . . . dance . . . and
 play, I'll dance . . . and play, dance . . . and
 play, . . . and play, and wrin - kled care be -
 guile, and care . . . be - guile; I'll dance, . . .
 play, . . . dance, . . . play, . . .
 play, . . . and play, and wrin - kled care . . . be - guile.

Tell me, my Heart.

Words by T. MORTON.

Larghetto espressivo.

Music by Sir H. R. BISHOP.

6

Tell me, my heart, why morn - ing prime
 Looks like the fad - ing eve, Looks like the fad - ing eve, the
 fad - ing eve? Why the gay lark's ce -
 les - - - tial chime, Shall tell, shall tell the soul to
 dolce.
 grieve? Shall tell, shall tell the soul to grieve, to
 grieve, to grieve? The heav - ing bo - som
 dolce.
 seems to say, 'Ah! hap - less maid, your love's a - way, your
 love's a - - way, your love's, your love's a - way.'

Andantino con moto.

Tell me, my heart, . . . why sum-mer's glow . . . A

win - try day be - guiles, A win - try day be - guiles?

Why Flo - ra's beau - - ties seem to blow, . . .

And fad - ing Na - ture smiles, And Na - ture . . . smiles?

Some Ze - phyr whis - pers in my ear, my ear,

'Ah! hap - py, hap - py maid, your love, your love is near, . . . your

love is near, . . . your love . . . is . . .

near, . . . your love is near, your

love, your love is near.' . . . Tell me, my heart, . . .

why sum-mer's glow A win - try day be-guiles, A
 win - try day be - guiles? Some Ze - phyr whis - - - pers,
 whis - pers in my ear, 'Ah! hap - py
 maid, your love is near.
 Some Ze - phyr whis - - - pers, whis - pers in my
 ear, 'Ah! hap - py maid,
 . . . your love is near, your love is near, your
 love is near; Ah! hap - py maid, your
 love, your love is near!

smorz.

Andante.

The Last Rose of Summer.

Andante.

Words by THOMAS MOORE.

'Tis the last rose of sum-mer Left bloom - ing a-

lone ; All her love - ly com - pan-ions Are

fad - ed and gone ; No flow'r of her

kin - dred, No rose - bud is nigh, To re-

flect back her blush-es, Or give sigh for sigh.

2. I'll not leave thee, thou lone one,
 To pine on the stem ;
 Since the lovely are sleeping,
 Go sleep thou with them ;
 Thus kindly I scatter
 Thy leaves o'er the bed
 Where thy mates of the garden
 Lie scentless and dead.

3. So soon may I follow
 When friendships decay,
 And from love's shining circle
 The gems drop away !
 When true hearts lie withered,
 And fond ones are flown,
 Oh, who would inhabit
 This bleak world alone ?

Bid me Discourse.

*Allegro moderato ma con anima.*Words from SHAKESPEARE.
Music by Sir H. R. BISHOP.

Bid me dis - course, I will en -

chant thine ear, Or, like a fai - ry,

trip . . . up - on . . . the green; I will en -

chant thine ear, Or, like a fai - ry,

trip . . . up - on the green; Or, like a

nymph with bright and flow - ing hair, Or, like a

nymph, Or, like a nymph with bright and flow-ing

hair, with bright and flow - ing hair, Dance,

A musical score for 'The Green' in G major, 2/4 time. The score consists of six staves of music with corresponding lyrics. The first two staves begin with 'dance on the sands, dance, dance on the'. The third staff continues with 'sands, on the sands, Dance,'. The fourth staff begins with a dotted half note followed by a sixteenth-note pattern. The fifth staff begins with a sixteenth-note pattern followed by a dotted half note. The sixth staff begins with a dotted half note followed by a sixteenth-note pattern.

dance on the sands, dance, dance on the
 sands, on the sands, Dance,

.

and yet no foot - ing

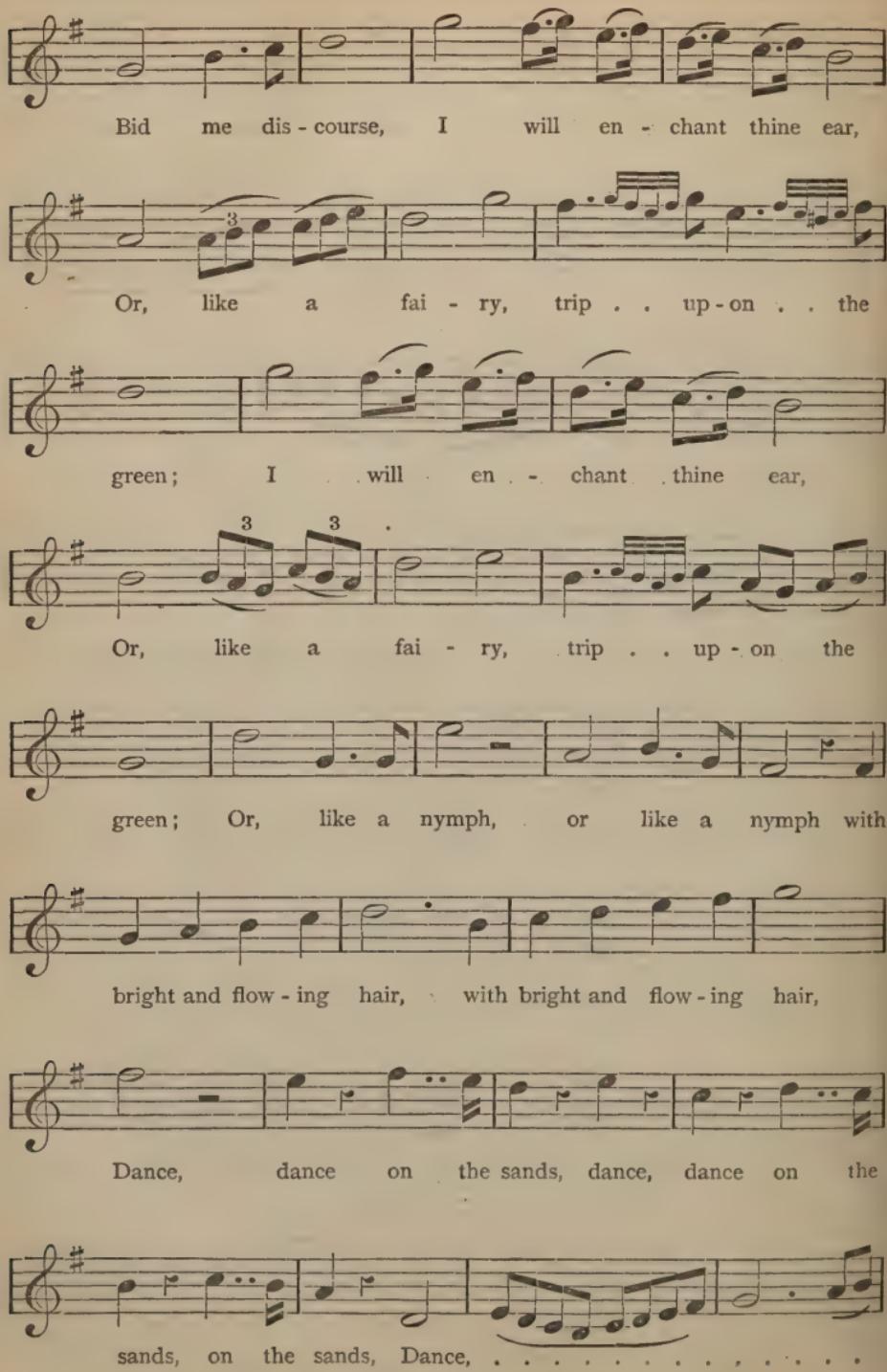
seen, and yet no foot - ing seen.

Bid me dis-course, I will en - chant thine ear,

Or, like a fai - ry trip up - on the green,

scherz.

trip, trip, up - on the green.


 Bid me dis - course, I will en - chant thine ear,
 Or, like a fai - ry, trip . . . up - on . . . the
 green; I will en - chant thine ear,
 Or, like a fai - ry, trip . . . up - on the
 green; Or, like a nymph, or like a nymph with
 bright and flow - ing hair, with bright and flow - ing hair,
 Dance, dance on the sands, dance, dance on the
 sands, on the sands, Dance,

And yet no foot - ing seen, And yet no
 foot - ing seen ; Dance,
 Dance, Dance,

on the sands, and yet no foot - ing seen, and

yet, and yet no foot - ing,

2. ad lib. and yet no foot - ing seen.

Where the Bee sucks.

*Allegretto.*Words from SHAKESPEARE'S *Tempest*.
Music by Dr. ARNE.

Where the bee sucks there lurk I ; In a cow - slip's bell I

lie ; There I couch when owls do cry, when owls do cry, when owls do

cry ; On a bat's back do I fly . . .

Af - ter sun - set mer - ri - ly,

mer - ri - ly; af - ter sun - set mer - ri - ly. Mer - ri - ly,

mer - ri - ly shall I live now, Un - der the blos-som that hangs on the

bough. Mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly, shall I live now, Un - der the

blossom that hangs on the bough, Un - der the blossom that hangs on the bough.

The British Grenadiers.

Con spirito.

Old English Air.

Some talk of A - lex - an - der, And some of Her - cu - les, Of Hec - tor and Ly - san - der, And such great names as these; But of all the world's brave he - roes, There's none that can com - pare, With a tow, row, row, row, row, To the Brit - ish Gren - a - diers.

2. Whene'er we are commanded
To storm the palisades,
Our leaders march with fusees,
And we with hand-grenades.
We throw them from the glacis,
About the en'mies ears,
Sing tow, row, row, row, row,
For the British Grenadiers.
3. Then let us fill a bumper,
And drink a health to those
Who carry caps and pouches
And wear the loop'd clothes;
May they and their commander
Live happy all their years,
With a tow, row, row, row, row,
For the British Grenadiers.

Oh, where do Fairies hide their Heads?

Words by T. H. BAYLY.

Music adapted by Sir H. R. BISHOP.

In moderate time and with a romantic expression.

Oh, where do fai - ries hide their heads, When snow lies on the

hills, When frost has spoiled their mos - sy beds, And

crys - tal - lized their rills? Be -neath the moon they

can - not trip In cir - cles o'er the plain; And

draughts of dew they can - not sip, Till green leaves come a-

gain, Till green leaves come a - gain, Till

green leaves come a - gain. Oh, draughts of dew they

can - not sip, Till green leaves come a - gain.

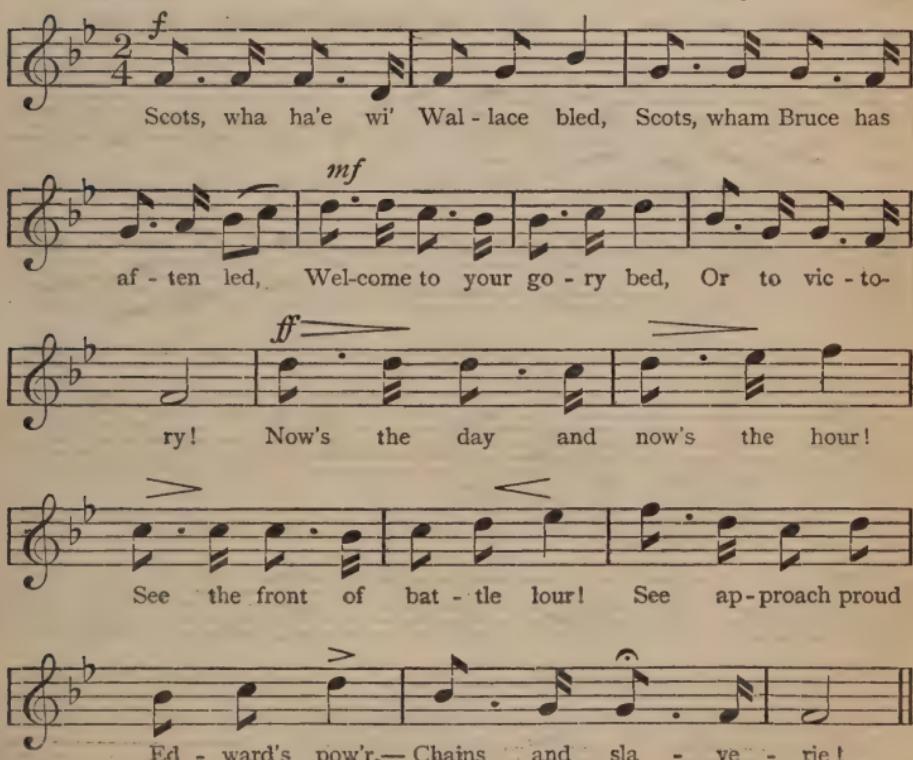
2. Perhaps in small blue diving-bells
They plunge beneath the waves,
Inhabiting the wreathed shells
That lie in coral caves.
Perhaps in red Vesuvius
Carousal they maintain;
And cheer their little spirits thus,
Till green leaves come again.

3. When they return there will be mirth
And music in the air,
And fairy-rings upon the earth,
And mischief everywhere.
The maids, to keep the elves aloof,
Will bar the doors in vain;
No keyhole will be fairy-proof,
When green leaves come again.

Scots, wha ha'e wi' Wallace bled.

Maestoso.

Words by BURNS.
Air, *Hey tutti taftie.*



Scots, wha ha'e wi' Wal-lace bled, Scots, wham Bruce has
af-ten led, Wel-come to your go-ry bed, Or to vic-to-
ry! Now's the day and now's the hour!
See the front of bat-tle lour! See ap-proach proud
Ed-ward's pow'r,— Chains and sla- - ye- - rie!

2. Wha will be a traitor knave,
Wha can fill a coward's grave,
Wha sae base as be a slave,
Let him turn and flee!
Wha for Scotland's king and law,
Freedom's sword will strongly draw,—
Freeman stand, or freeman fa',—
Let him follow me!

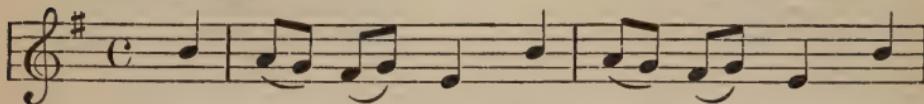
3. By oppression's woes and pains,
By our sons in servile chains,
We will drain our dearest veins,
But they shall be free!
Lay the proud usurper low,
Tyrants fall in ev'ry foe!
Liberty's in ev'ry blow,—
Let us do or die!

The Arethusa.

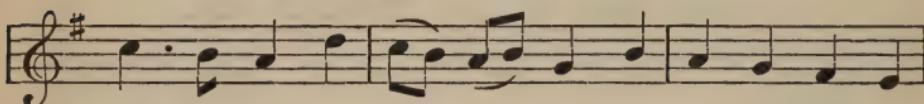
Words by Prince HOARE.

Allegro con spirito.

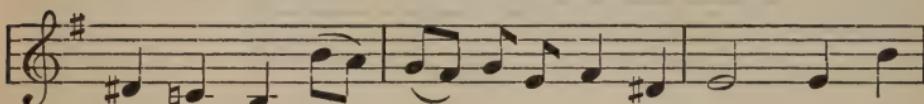
Music by SHIELD.



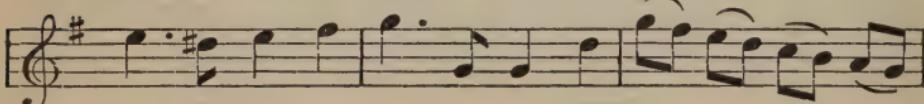
Come all ye jol - ly sail - ors bold, Whose



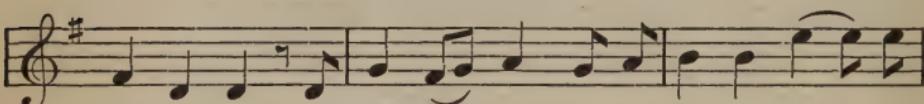
hearts are cast in hon - our's mould, While Brit - ish glo - ry



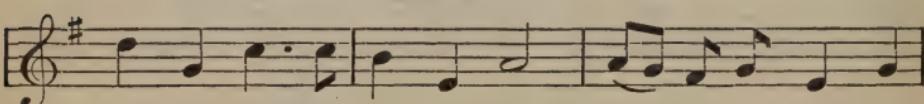
I un - fold, Hur - rah for the A - re - thu - sa! She



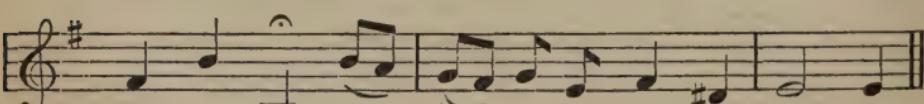
is a fri - gate tight and brave, As ev - er stemm'd the



dash - ing wave; Her men are staunch to their fav' - rite launch. And



when the foe shall meet our fire, Soon - er than strike we'll



all ex - pire, On board of the A - re - thu - sa.

2. 'Twas with the spring-fleet she went out
The English Channel to cruise about,
When four French sail, in show so stout,
Bore down on the Arethusa!

The famed Belle Poule straight ahead did lie,
 The Arethusa seemed to fly,
 Not a sheet or a tack, or a brace did she slack,
 Though the Frenchmen laughed and thought it stuff;
 But they knew not the handful of men so tough
 On board of the Arethusa.

3. The fight was off the Frenchmans' land,
 We drove them back upon their strand,
 For we fought till not a stick would stand
 Of the gallant Arethusa !
 And now we've driv'n the foe ashore,
 Never to fight with Britons more,
 Let each fill a glass to his fav'rite lass,
 A health to the captain and officers true,
 And all that belong to the jovial crew
 On board of the Arethusa.

~~~~~

### The Roast-Beef of Old England.

*Allegretto.*

Words and Music by R. LEVERIDGE.

When migh - ty roast-beef was the Eng - lish-man's food, It en -

no - bled our hearts and en - rich - ed our blood; Our

sol-diers were brave, and our cour-tiers were good;—O the roast-beef of Old

Eng - land! And O for Old Eng - land's roast - beef!

2. Our fathers of old were robust, stout, and strong,  
 And kept open house with good cheer all day long;  
 Which made their plump tenants rejoice in this song,—  
 O the roast-beef of Old England !  
 And O for Old England's roast-beef !

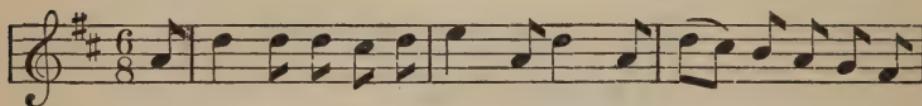
3. When good Queen Elizabeth sat on the throne,  
 Ere coffee, or tea, or such slippers were known,  
 The world was in terror if ere she did frown;—  
 O the roast-beef of Old England !  
 And O for Old England's roast-beef !

## I am a Friar of Orders Gray.

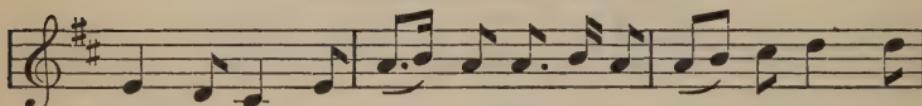
*Con spirito.*

Words by JOHN O'KEEFE.

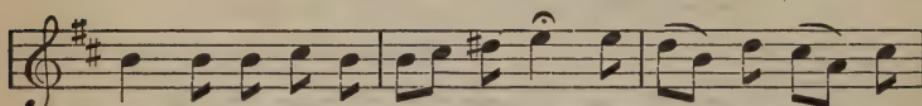
Music by WILLIAM REEVE.



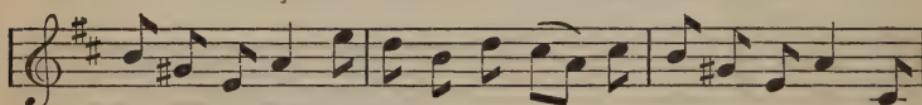
I am a friar of or - ders gray, And down the val-ley I



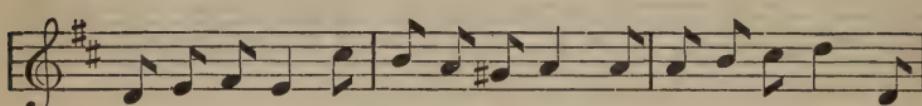
take my way; I pull not black-ber-ry, haw, nor hip, Good



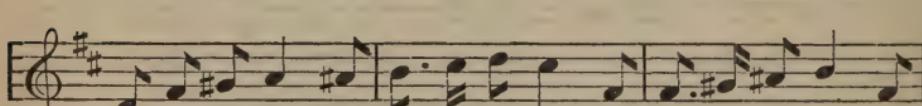
store of ven - i - son fills my scrip; My long bead-roll I



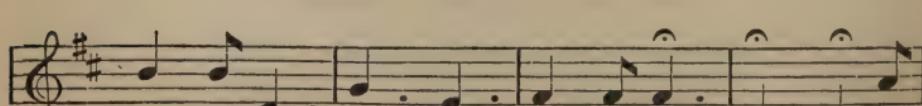
mer - ri - ly chant; Where-ev-er I go, no mo-ne-y I want, Where-



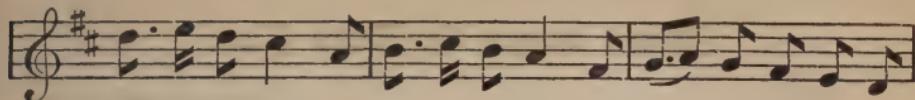
ev - er I go, no mo-ne-y I want; And why I'm so plump, the



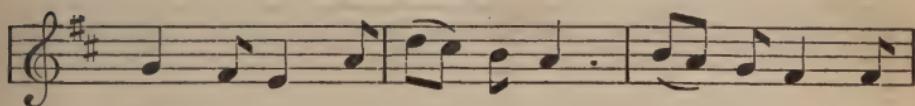
rea - son I'll tell, Who leads a good life is sure to live well, Who



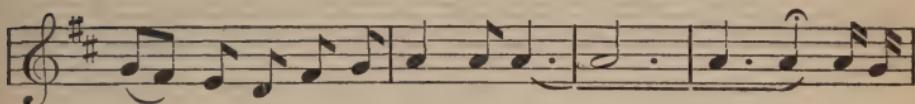
leads a good life is sure to live well. . . What



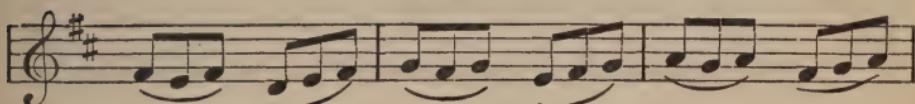
bar - on or squire, or knight of the shire, Lives half so well as a



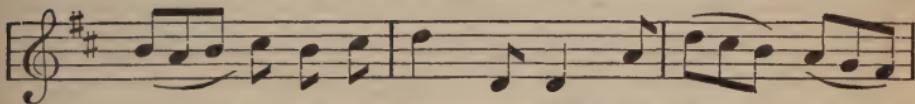
ho - ly friar, Lives half so well, half so well, Lives



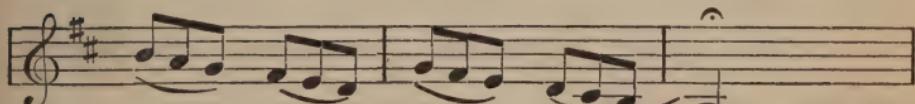
half so well as a ho - ly friar, . . . . . as a



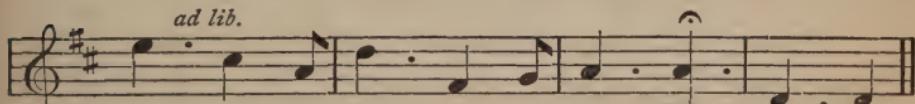
ho - - - - -



ly, a ho - ly friar, a friar . . . . .



. . . . .



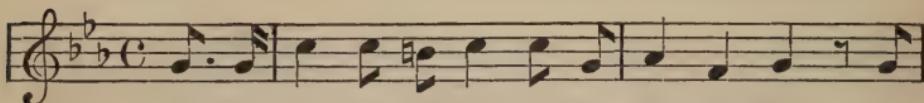
Lives half so well as a ho - ly friar. . . . .

*ad lib.*

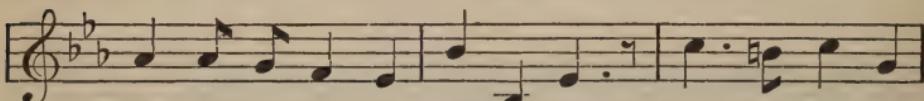
2. Then, after supper, of heav'n I dream—  
But that is fat pullets and clouted cream ;  
Myself by denial I mortify—  
With a good dainty bit of warden-pie ;  
I'm clothed in sackcloth for my sin—  
With old sack-wine I'm lined within ;  
A chirping cup is my matin song,  
And the vesper-bell is my bowl, ding, dong.  
What baron or squire, etc.

## Down among the Dead Men.

Moderato.

Words by JOHN DYER.  
Old English Melody.

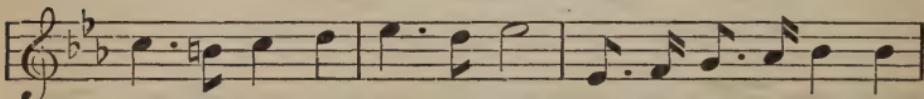
Here's a health to the Queen, and a last-ing peace, To



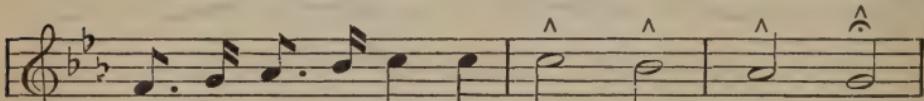
fac-tion an end, to wealth in-crease; Come, let's drink it



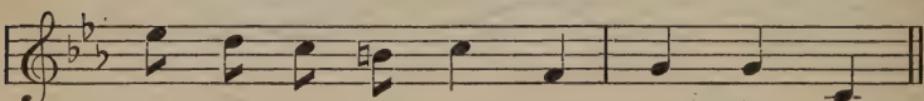
while we have breath, For there's no drink-ing af-ter death. And



he that will this health de-nny, Down a-mong the dead men,



Down a - mong the dead men, Down, down, down, down,



Down a - mong the dead men let him lie.

2. Let charming beauty's health go round,  
In whom celestial joys are found ;  
And may confusion still pursue  
The senseless, woman-hating crew.  
And they that woman's health deny,  
Down among the dead men let them lie.

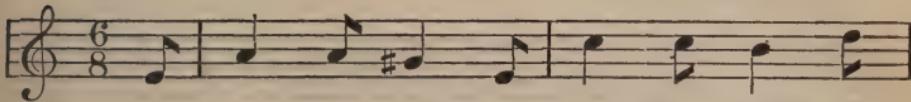
3. In smiling Bacchus' joys I'll roll,  
Deny no pleasure to my soul ;  
Let Bacchus' health round briskly move,  
For Bacchus is a friend to love.  
And he that will this health deny,  
Down among the dead men let him lie.

4. May love and wine their rites maintain,  
And their united pleasures reign ;  
While Bacchus' treasure crowns the board,  
We'll sing the joys that both afford.  
And they that won't with us comply,  
Down among the dead men let them lie.

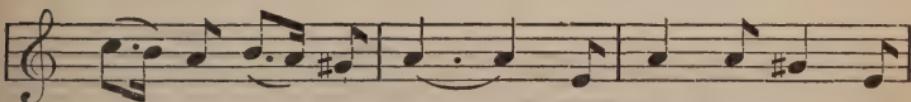
## There was a jolly Miller.

Allegretto.

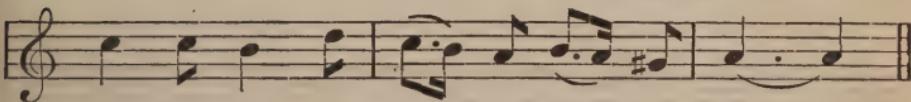
Old English Air.



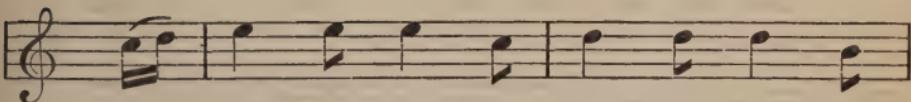
There was a jolly miller once Lived



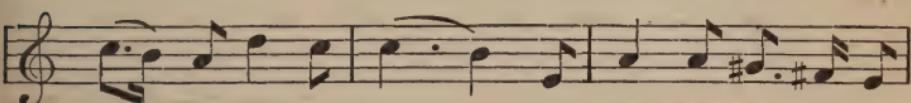
on the riv - er Dee; He worked and sung from



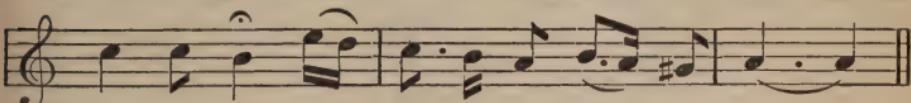
morn till night, No lark more blythe than he.



And this the bur - den of his song For



ev - er used to be: I care for no - bo - dy,



no, not I, If no - bo - dy cares for me.

2. I live by my mill, she is to me

Like parent, child, and wife

I would not change my station

For any other in life.

No lawyer, surgeon, or doctor

E'er had a groat from me; -

And I care for nobody, no, not I,

If nobody cares for me.

## Oh, firm as Oak.

*Moderato ma spiritoso.*

Music by Sir H. R. BISHOP.

Oh, firm as oak, and free from care, The  
 sail - or holds his heart at sea, If she he  
 loves his ca - bin share, And Cu - pid page to  
 Nep - - tune be, If she he loves his  
 ca - bin share, And Cu - pid page to  
 Nep - tune be. Come night's deep noon, and  
 ne'er a moon Nor star a - lost a watch to keep, The

*espress.*

*pp*

*f*

tar can be gay as lands-men in day, With a cheer-ing glass and a  
*ritard.* *dolce.*

smil-ing lass, A cheer-ing glass and a smil-ing lass, While  
*a tempo.*

boon the wind blows, . . . And smooth the tide

flows, And the ship steady goes, . . . Still,

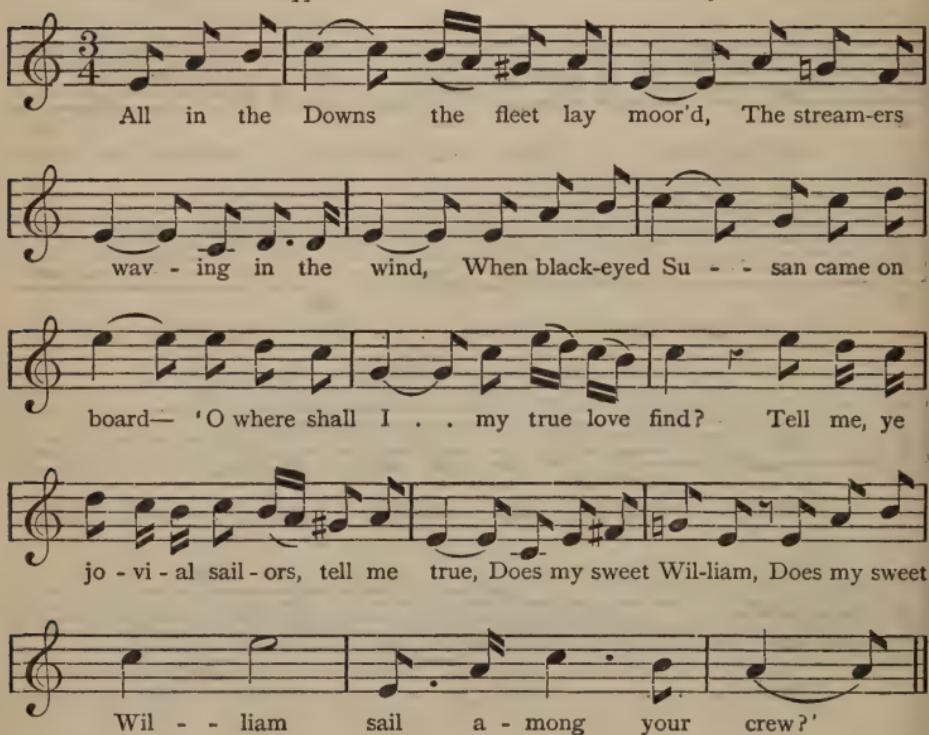
stead-y, . . . steady, . . . steady through the

bound - less deep, . . . Stead - y, . . .

stead - y through the bound - less deep.

2. When wintry gales blow bleak alarms,  
 In turn he mounts the chilly deck ;  
 But, watch relieved, his Susan's charms  
 All thoughts but those of pleasure check.  
 Come night's deep noon, etc.

## Black-eyed Susan.

*Andante ma non troppo.*Words by JOHN GAY.  
Music by R. LEVERIDGE.


All in the Downs the fleet lay moor'd, The stream-ers  
 wav-ing in the wind, When black-eyed Su - - san came on  
 board— 'O where shall I . . . my true love find? Tell me, ye  
 jo - vi - al sail - ors, tell me true, Does my sweet Wil-liam, Does my sweet  
 Wil - - liam sail a - mong your crew?'

2. William was high upon the yard,  
 Rocked by the billows to and fro ;  
 Soon as her well-known voice he heard,  
 He sighed, and cast his eyes below ;  
 The cord slides swiftly through his glowing  
 hands,  
 And quick as lightning on the deck he  
 stands !

3. ' Believe not what the landsmen say,  
 Who tempt with doubts thy constant  
 mind,  
 They'll tell thee, sailors when away  
 In ev'ry port a mistress find ;—  
 Yet yes, believe them when they tell thee  
 so,  
 For thou art present wheresoe'er I go.

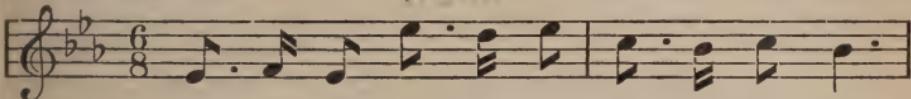
4. ' O Susan, Susan, lovely dear,  
 My vows for ever true remain !  
 Let me kiss off that falling tear,  
 We only part to meet again.  
 Change as ye list, ye winds, my heart  
 shall be  
 The faithful compass that still points to  
 thee.'

5. The boatswain gave the dreadful word,  
 The sails their swelling bosom spread ;  
 No longer must she stay on board ;  
 They kiss—she sighed—he hangs his  
 head.  
 The less'ning boat unwilling rows to land,  
 ' Adieu ! ' she cries, and waves her lily  
 hand.

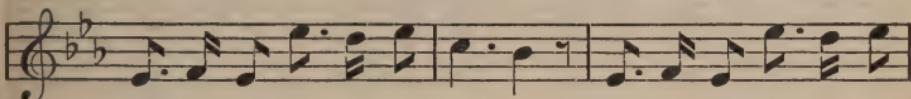
## Here's to the Maiden.

*Allegro moderato.*

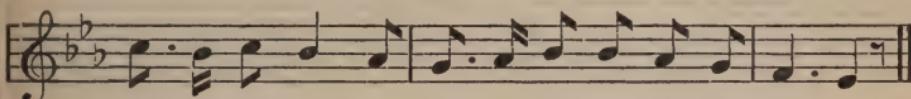
Words by R. B. SHERIDAN.



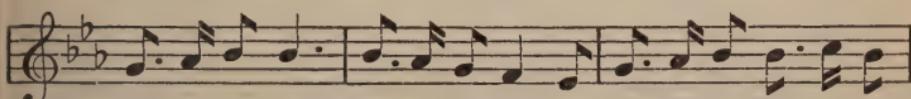
Here's to the maid - en of bash - ful fif - teen,



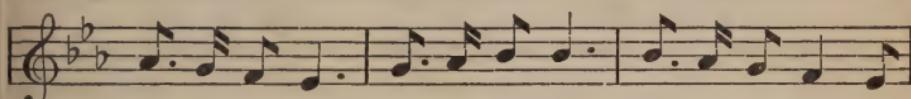
Here's to the wid - ow of fif - ty; Here's to the flaunt-ing ex -



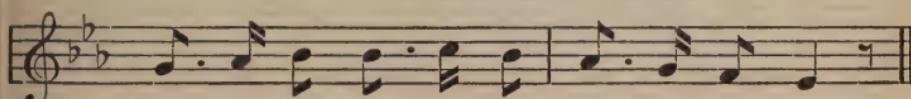
tra - va - gant quean, And here's to the house-wife that's thrif - ty.



Let the toast pass, Drink to the lass; I war - rant she'll prove an ex -



cuse for the glass. Let the toast pass, Drink to the lass; I



war - rant she'll prove an ex - cuse for the glass.

2. Here's to the charmer whose dimples we prize,

Now to the maid who has none, sir;

Here's to the girl with a pair of blue eyes,

And here's to the nymph with but one, sir.

Let the toast pass, etc.

3. Here's to the maid with a bosom of snow,

Now to her that's as brown as a berry;

Here's to the wife with a face full of woe,

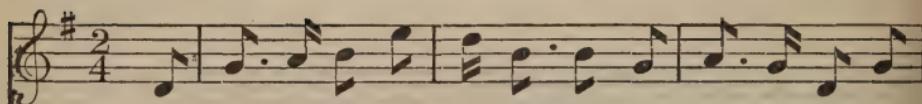
And here's to the damsel that's merry.

Let the toast pass, etc.

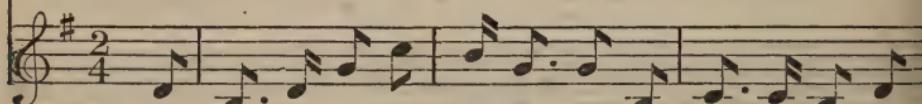
## Lassie, would ye lo'e me?

## DUET.

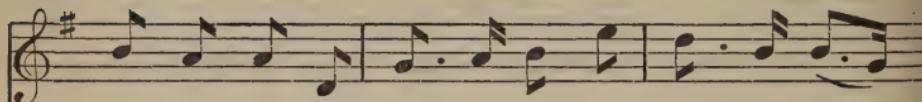
Moderato.

Music by J. W. HOLDER,  
Mus. Bac. Oxon.

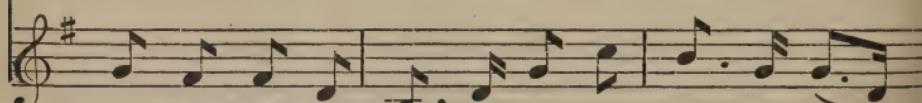
O gin I were a ba-ron's heir, And could I braid wi'



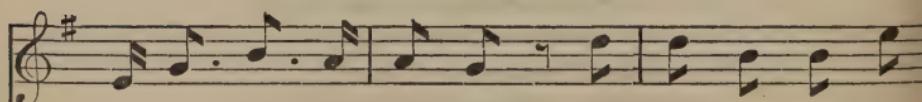
O gin I were a ba-ron's heir, And could I braid wi'



gems your hair, And mak' ye braw as ye are fair,



gems your hair, And mak' ye braw as ye are fair,



Las-sie, would ye lo'e me? And could I tak' ye



Las-sie, would ye lo'e me? And could I tak' ye

to the town, And show ye braw sights mo-ny an ane, And

to the town, And show ye braw sights mo-ny an ane, And

busk ye fine in sil - ken gown, Las-sie, would ye lo'e me?

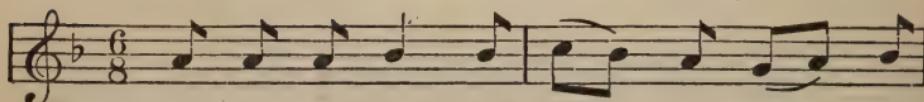
busk ye fine in sil - ken gown, Las-sie, would ye lo'e me?

2. Or should ye be content to prove  
 In lowly life unfading love—  
 A heart that nought on earth could move—  
 Lassie, would ye lo'e me?  
 And ere the lav'rock wing the sky,  
 Say, would ye to the forest hie,  
 And work wi' me sae merrily,—  
 Lassie, would ye lo'e me?

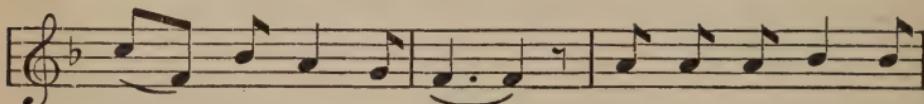
3. And when the braw moon glistens o'er  
 Our wee bit bield and heathery muir,  
 Will ye no' greet that we're sae puir,  
 Lassie, for I lo'e ye!  
 For I ha'e nought to offer ye,  
 Nae gowd frae mine, nae pearl frae sea,  
 Nor am I come o' high degree,  
 Lassie; but I lo'e ye!

## Drink to me only.

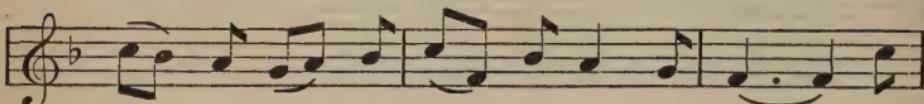
Words by BEN JONSON.

Music ascribed to Captain MELLISH,  
ob. 1817.*Andantino.*

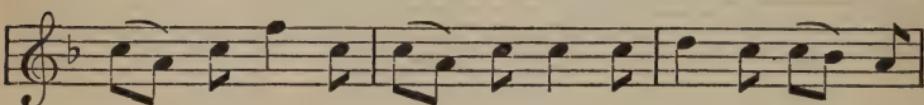
Drink to me on - ly with thine eyes, And



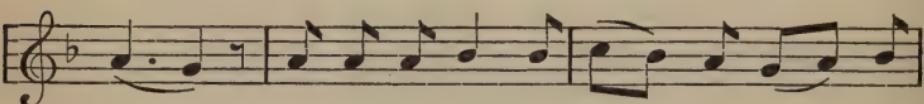
I will pledge with mine; Or leave a kiss with-



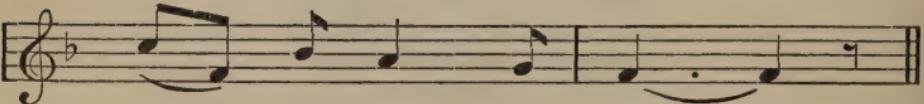
in the cup, And I'll not ask for wine. The



thirst that from the soul doth rise, Doth ask a drink di-



vine; But might I of love's nec - tar sip, I



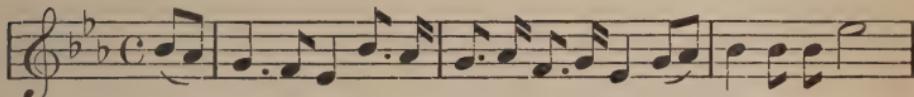
would not change for thine.

2. I sent thee late a rosy wreath,  
Not so much hon'ring thee,  
As giving it a hope that there  
It could not wither'd be.  
But thou thereon didst only breathe,  
And sent'st it back to me;  
Since when it grows, and smells, I swear,  
Not of itself but thee.

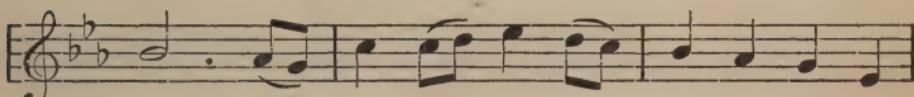
## The Bailiff's Daughter of Islington.

*Allegretto.*

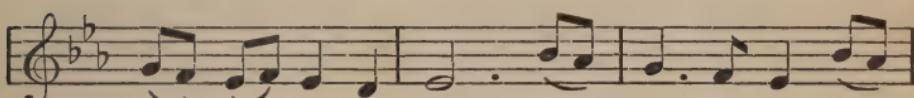
English Melody.



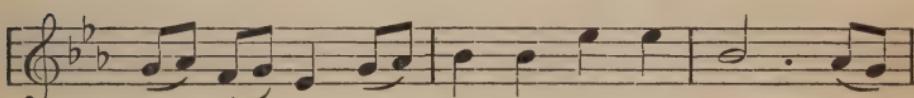
There was a youth, and a well-be-lov-ed youth, And he was a squire's



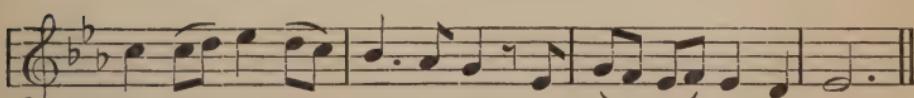
son; He lov'd the bail - iff's daugh - ter dear, That



lived in Is - ling - ton. 2. But when his friends did



un - der - stand His fond and fool - ish mind, They



sent him up to fair Lon-don, An ap-pren - tice for to bind.

3. When sev'n long years had come and  
She put on mean attire, [gone,  
And hied away to London town,  
About him to inquire.

4. And as she went along the road,  
The weather being hot and dry,  
She sat her down on a grassy bank,  
And her true love came riding by.

5. She started up with a colour so red,  
Caught hold of his bridle rein;  
'One penny, one penny, kind sir,' she  
'Will ease me of much pain.' [said,

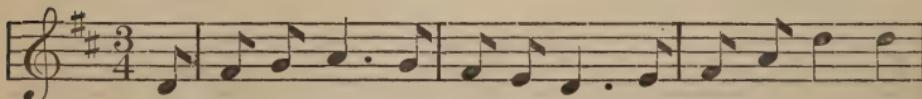
6. 'Before I give you a penny, sweetheart,  
Pray tell me where you were born?'  
'At Islington, kind sir,' said she,  
'Where I have had many a scorn.'

7. 'I prithee, sweetheart, tell to me,  
Oh tell me if you know  
The bailiff's daughter of Islington?'  
'She is dead, sir, long ago.'

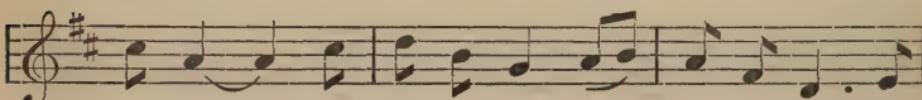
8. 'If she be dead, then take my horse,  
My saddle and bridle also;  
For I will into some far country,  
Where no man shall me know.'

9. 'Oh stay, oh stay, thou goodly youth;  
She standeth by thy side!  
She is here alive, she is not dead,  
And ready to be thy bride.'

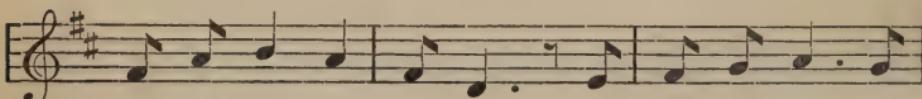
## Barbara Allen.

*Andante.*

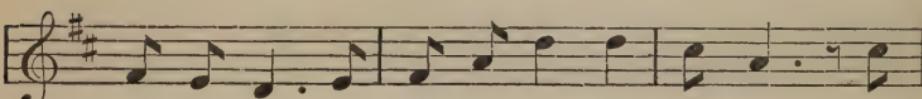
In Scar - let town, where I was born, There was a fair maid



dwell - in', . . . Made ev' - ry youth cry 'Well a - way,'— Her



name was Bar - b'ra Al - len. All in the mer - ry



month of May, When green buds then were swell - in', Young



Jem-my Grove on his death-bed lay, For love of Bar - b'ra Al - len.

2. And death is printed on his face,  
And o'er his heart is stealin';  
There, haste away to comfort him,  
O lovely Barb'ra Allen.  
So slowly, slowly she came up,  
And slowly she came nigh him;  
And all she said, when there she came,  
'Young man, I think you're dying.'
3. When he was dead and laid in grave  
Her heart was struck with sorrow;  
'O mother, mother, make my bed,  
For I shall die to-morrow.'  
'Farewell,' she said, 'ye virgins all;  
And shun the fault I fell in;  
Henceforth take warning by the fall  
Of cruel Barb'ra Allen.'

## The bonnie wee Bairnie that toddled her lane.

*Andantino plaintivo.*

Words by J. A. D.

Music by J. SELIGMANN.

As the black-bird's de - light is to sing frae the tree, As the  
 lambs like to frisk on the green dew - y lea; So the  
 joy o' my heart was to nour - ish and train The  
 bon - nie wee bairn - ie that tod - dled her lane.

2. Wi' her rose-tinted cheeks, and her mirth-loving e'en,  
 She aye looked like a sylph, or a wee fairy-queen,  
 For in grace and in beauty and charms, there was nane  
 To compare wi' my bairnie that toddled her lane.
3. When she sat by my side in her ain elbow-chair,  
 I would look wi' fond pride on her braid brow sae fair,  
 Which but seldom was clouded wi' care or wi' pain,—  
 My bonnie wee bairnie that toddled her lane.
4. When we went out to walk aye sae merry and free,  
 She would rin awa' laughin', and jink round a tree,  
 Or would hide hersel' snug ahint some muckle stane;  
 And when spied would come toddlin', aye toddlin' her lane.
5. On the banks o' the river the flowers she wad pu',  
 Till her wee russet lap wi' their beauties was fu';  
 And then hamewards returnin', sae blithe and sae fain,  
 She wad rin on afore me, aye toddlin' her lane.
6. Though the flowers are still fragrant and bonnie and braw,  
 As in beauty on Nature's green carpet they blaw;  
 Yet far fairer than a' the rich flowers on the plain,  
 Was the bonnie wee bairnie that toddled her lane.
7. Oh that He, who resides in the mansions above,  
 Wad send down His angels on pinions of love,  
 To guide safely the lone ones o'er life's troubled main,  
 Now bereft o' their bairnie that toddled her lane!

## God save the Queen.

*Moderato.*

Third and fourth verses written by JAMES SMITH.

## SOLO.

God save our gra - cious Queen, God save our  
no - ble Queen: God save the Queen.

## CHORUS.

SOPRANO.

God save our gra - cious Queen, God save our no - ble Queen: God save the Queen.

ALTO.

God save our gra - cious Queen, God save our no - ble Queen: God save the Queen.

TENOR.

God save our gra - cious Queen, God save our no - ble Queen: God save the Queen.

BASS.

God save our gra - cious Queen, God save our no - ble Queen: God save the Queen.

## SOLO.

Send her vic - to - ri - ous, Hap - py and glo - ri - ous,  
Long to reign o - ver us: God save the Queen.

## CHORUS.

Send her vic - to - ri - ous, Hap - py and glo - ri - ous,

Send her vic - to - ri - ous, Hap - py and glo - ri - ous,

Send her vic - to - ri - ous, Hap - py and glo - ri - ous,

Send her vic - to - ri - ous, Hap - py and glo - ri - ous,

Long to reign o - - ver us: God save the Queen.

Long to reign o - - ver us: God save the Queen.

Long to reign o - - ver us: God save the Queen.

Long to reign o - - ver us: God save the Queen.

2. Thy choicest gifts in store  
On her be pleased to pour;  
    Long may she reign!  
May she defend our laws,  
And ever give us cause  
To sing with heart and voice,  
    God save the Queen.

3. Hence ev'ry traitor band,  
Far from our native land:  
    God save the Queen.  
Long may her banners fly,  
Proudly supreme on high;  
While happy millions cry—  
    God save the Queen.

4. O Thou, who gracious art,  
Bless England's widowed heart:  
    God save the Queen.  
Long may she rule by right,  
Great in her sov'reign might;  
Stainless her honour bright:  
    God save the Queen.

## The Blue-Bells of Scotland.

*Andante.*Words by JAMES SMITH.  
Music ascribed to Sir H. R. BISHOP.

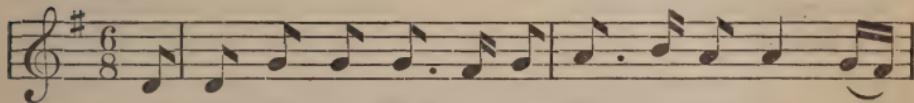
2. When far from her bosom her sons and daughters roam,  
To seek from the stranger a country and a home,  
How oft the tears unbidden flow, as mem'ry fondly dwells  
On the gems of old Scotia, her waving sweet blue-bells.
3. Oh long may they flourish in all their blooming pride,  
On hill, heath, and valley, and hoary mountain-side,  
For nought on Nature's summer robe in loveliness excels;  
The gems of old Scotia, her waving sweet blue-bells.

## OLD VERSION.

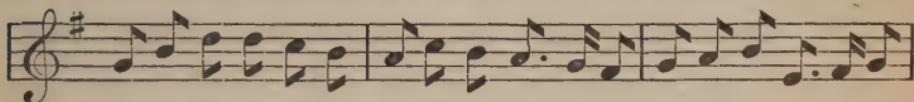
1. Oh where and oh where does your Highland laddie dwell?  
Oh where and oh where does your Highland laddie dwell?  
He dwells in merry Scotland, where the blue-bells sweetly smell;  
And oh, in my heart I love my laddie well.
2. Oh what, lassie, what does your Highland laddie wear?  
Oh what, lassie, what does your Highland laddie wear?  
A scarlet coat and bonnet blue, with bonnie yellow hair;  
And nane in the world can wi' my love compare.
3. Oh where and oh where is your Highland laddie gane?  
Oh where and oh where is your Highland laddie gane?  
He's gane to fight for George our king, and left us all alone;  
For noble and brave's my loyal Highlandman.

## Sprig of Shillelah.

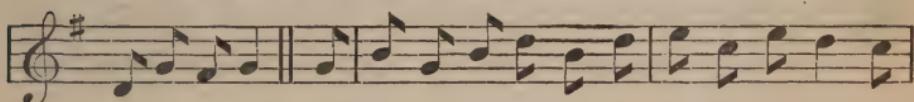
Moderato.

Irish Melody, *The Black Joke*.

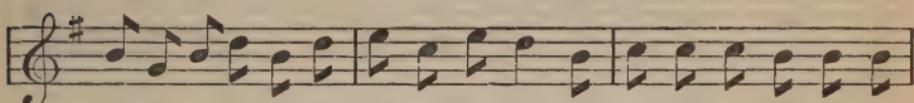
Och, love is the soul of a nate Irish - man, He



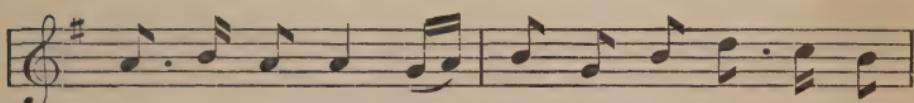
loves all that's love-ly, loves all that he can ; With his sprig of shil - le - lah and



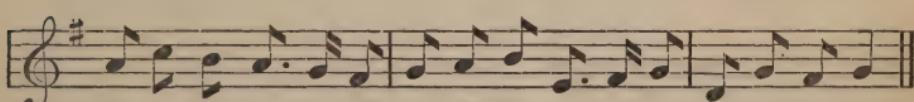
sham-rock so green. His heart is good hu-mour'd, 'tis hon-est and sound, No



ma-lice or hat-red is there to be found ; He courts and he mar - ries, he



drinks and he fights, For love, all for love, for in



that he de-lights ; With his sprig of shil - le - lah and sham-rock so green.

2. Who'e'er had the luck to see Donnybrook fair,  
An Irishman all in his glory was there,  
With his sprig of shillelah and shamrock so green.  
His clothes spick-and-span new, without e'er a speck,  
A neat Barcelona tied round his nice neck;  
He goes to a tent, and he spends half-a-crown,  
He meets with a friend, and for love knocks him down—  
With his sprig of shillelah and shamrock so green.

3. At evening returning, as homewards he goes,  
His heart soft with whiskey, his head soft with blows—  
From a sprig of shillelah and shamrock so green ;  
He meets with his Sheelah, who, blushing a smile,  
Cries, 'Get ye gone, Pat ;' yet consents all the while.  
To the priest soon they go, and nine months after that  
A fine baby cries, 'How d'ye do, father Pat,'  
With your sprig of shillelah and shamrock so green.

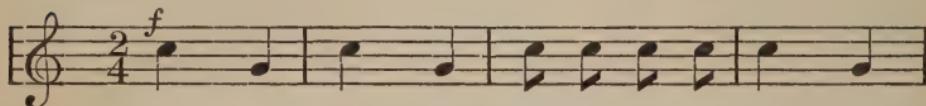
## Out!

Music arranged by S. GÖDBE.

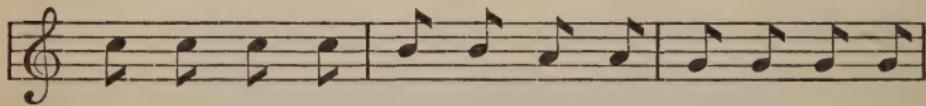
*Allegro.*

Words by THOS. HAYNES BAYLY.

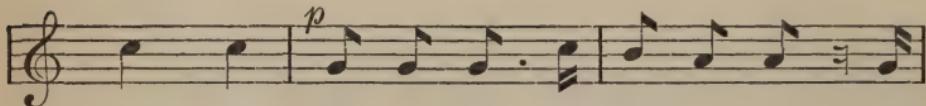
Fifth Verse by J. S.



Out, John! out, John! what are you a - bout, John?



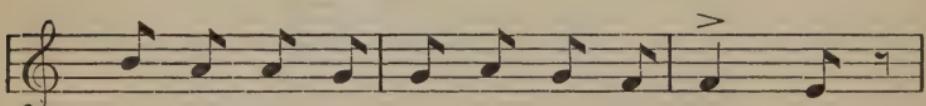
If you don't say out at once, you make the fel - low



doubt, John! Say I'm out, who - ev - er calls; and



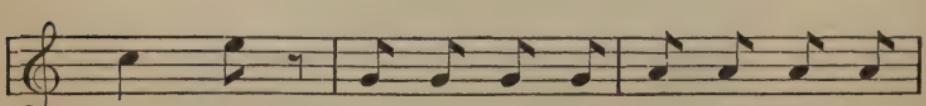
hide my hat and cane, John; Say you've not the



least i - dea when I shall come a - gain, John!



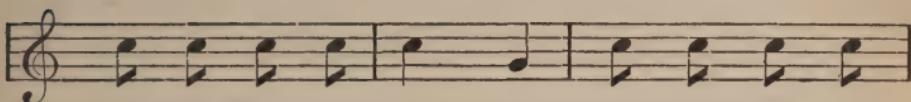
Let the peo - ple leave their bills, but tell them not to



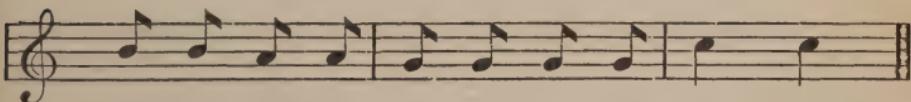
call, John; Say I'm court - ing Miss Ru - pee, and



mean to pay them all, John! Out, John! out, John!



what are you a - bout, John? If you don't say



out at once, you make the fel - low doubt, John!

2. Run, John! run, John! there's another dun, John!  
 If it's Prodgger, bid him call to-morrow week at one, John;  
 If he says he saw me at the window as he knocked, John,  
 Make a face and shake your head, and tell him you are shocked, John;  
 Take your pocket-handkerchief, and put it to your eye, John;  
 Say your master's *not* the man to bid you tell a lie, John!  
 Out, John, etc.

3. Oh, John! go, John! there's Noodle's knock, I know, John!  
 Tell him that all yesterday you sought him high and low, John;  
 Tell him just before he came you saw me mount the hill, John;  
 Say you think I'm *only* gone to pay his little bill, John.  
 Then I think you'd better add, that if I miss to-day, John,  
 You are *sure* I mean to call when next I pass his way, John!  
 Out, John, etc.

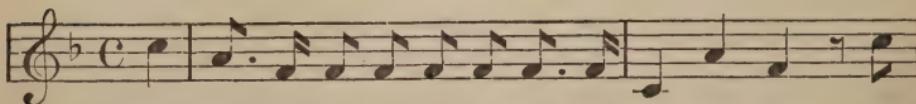
4. Hie, John! fly, John! I will tell you why, John;  
 If there is not Grimshaw at the corner, let me die, John!  
 He will hear of no excuse, I'm sure he'll search the house, John;  
 Peeping into corners hardly fit to hold a mouse, John!  
 Beg he'll take a chair and wait, I know he won't refuse, John;  
 I'll pop through the little door that opens to the mews, John!  
 Out, John, etc.

5. Hear, John, dear John! something for *your* ear, John;  
 Certainly I mean to give you something when I'm *clear*, John  
 Never for a moment has it ever left my mind, John;  
 Handsomely it shall be done whene'er I get a '*find*,' John.  
 On my word of honour, as a thorough man of sense, John;  
 Fortune smiling bountiful, I'll owe you eighteenpence, John!  
 Out, John, etc.

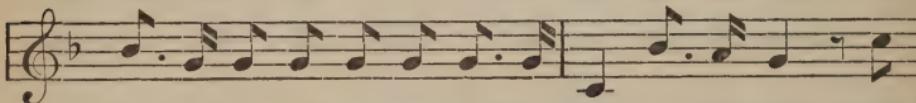
## Hame cam' our Gudeman at E'en.

*Moderato.*

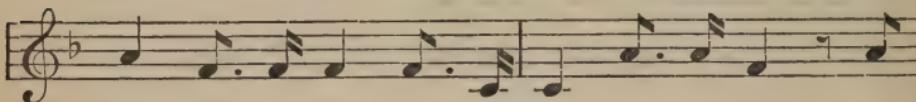
Old Scottish Melody.



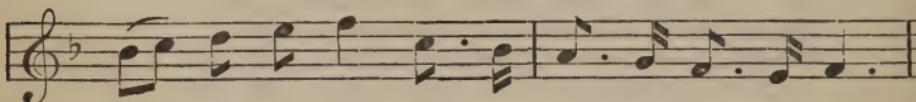
Oh, hame cam' our gude-man at e'en, And hame cam' he; And



there he saw a sad-dle-horse, Where nae horse should be. 'And

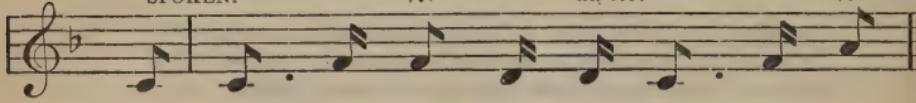


how cam' this horse here, and whase can he be? And

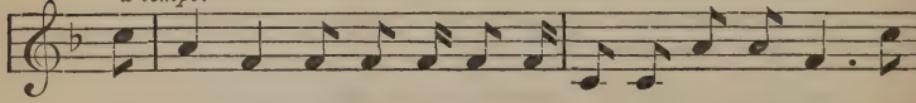


how cam' this horse here, with - out the leave o' me?'

SPOKEN.

*ad lib.*

'A horse?' quo' she. 'Ay, a horse!' quo' he.  
*a tempo.*



'Ye auld, blind, doit-ed bo-dy, and blind-er may ye be; It's



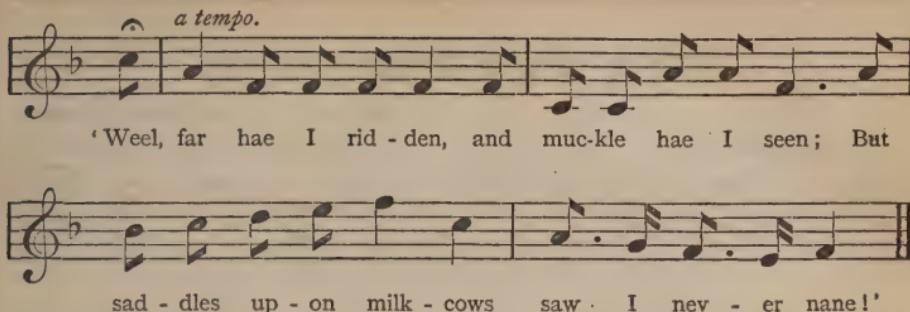
but a bon - nie milk - cow my min-nie<sup>1</sup> sent to me.'

SPOKEN.



'A milk - cow?' quo' he. 'Ay, a milk - cow!' quo' she.

<sup>1</sup> Minnie—mother.



2. Oh, hame cam' our gudeman at e'en, and hame cam' he ;  
 And there he saw a silver sword, where nae sword should be.  
 'And how cam' this sword here, and whase can it be?  
 And how cam' this sword here, without the leave o' me?'  
*'A sword?' quo' she. 'Ay, a sword!' quo' he.*  
 'Ye auld, blind, doited body, and blinder may ye be ;  
 It's but a parritch<sup>1</sup>-spurtle my minnie sent to me.'  
*'A parritch-spurtle?' quo' he. 'Ay, a parritch-spurtle!' quo' she.*  
 'Weel, far hae I ridden, and muckle hae I seen ;  
 'But siller-mounted parritch-spurtles saw I never nane!'

3. Hame cam' our gudeman at e'en, and hame cam' he ;  
 And there he saw a muckle coat, where nae coat should be.  
 'And how cam' this coat here, and whase can it be?  
 And how cam' this coat here, without the leave o' me?'  
*'A coat?' quo' she. 'Ay, a coat!' quo' he.*  
 'Ye auld, blind, dotard carle, and blinder may ye be ;  
 It's but a pair o' blankets my minnie sent to me.'  
*'Blankets!' quo' he. 'Ay, blankets!' quo' she.*  
 'Weel, far hae I ridden, and muckle hae I seen ;  
 But buttons upon blankets saw I never nane!'

4. Hame cam' our gudeman at e'en, and hame cam' he ;  
 He spied a pair o' jack-boots, where nae boots should be  
 'What's this noo, gudewife, what's this I see?  
 How cam' these boots here, without the leave o' me?'  
*'Boots?' quo' she. 'Ay, boots!' quo' he.*  
 'Ye auld, blind, dotard carle, and blinder may ye be ;  
 It's but a pair o' water-stoups the cooper sent to me.'  
*'Water-stoups?' quo' he. 'Ay, water-stoups!' quo' she.*  
 'Weel, far hae I ridden, and muckle hae I seen ;  
 But siller spurs on water-stoups saw I never nane!'

5. Ben the house gaed our gudeman, and ben gaed he ;  
 And there he saw a sturdy man, where nae man should be.  
 'And how cam this man here, and wha can he be?  
 And how cam' this man here, without the leave o' me?'  
*'A man?' quo' she. 'Ay, a man!' quo' he.*  
 'Oh, hooly, hooly, my gudeman, and dinna angered be ;  
 It's just our cousin M'Intosh, come frae the north countrie.'  
*'Cousin M'Intosh?' quo' he. 'Ay, cousin M'Intosh!' quo' she.*  
 'Ye'll hae us hanged, gudewife, I've e'en enough to see ;  
 Ye're hidin' rebels in the house without the leave o' me!'

<sup>1</sup> Parritch—porridge.

## I lo'ed ne'er a Laddie but ane.

Moderato.

First verse by Rev. JOHN CLUNIE.  
The others by HECTOR MACNEILL.

I lo'ed ne'er a lad - die but ane, He  
 lo'ed ne'er a las - sie but me; He's  
 will-ing to mak' me his ain, And his ain I am will-ing to  
 be. He has coft me a roke-lay o' blue, And a  
 pair o' mit-tens o' green; The price was a kiss o' my  
 mou', And I paid him the debt yes - teen.

2. Let ithers brag weel o' their gear,  
 Their land, and their lordly degree;  
 I carena for aught but my dear,  
 For he's ilka thing lordly to me.  
 His words are aye sugared sae sweet,  
 His sense drives ilk fear far awa'.  
 I listen, poor fool! and I greet;  
 Yet how sweet are the tears as they fa'.

3. 'Dear lassie,' he cries wi' a jeer,  
 'Ne'er heed what the auld anes 'll say;  
 Though we've little to brag o', ne'er fear,  
 What's gowd to a heart that is wae?  
 Our laird has baith honours an' wealth,  
 Yet see how he's dwinin' wi' care;  
 Now we, though we've naething but  
 health,  
 Are cantie an' leal evermair.

4. O Marion! the heart that is true  
 Has something mair costly than gear;  
 Ilk e'en it has naething to rue—  
 Ilk morn it has naething to fear.  
 Ye warldlings, gae hoard up your store,  
 An' tremble for fear ought you tine;  
 Guard your treasures wi' lock, bar, and  
 door,  
 While here in my arms I lock mine.'

5. He ends wi' a kiss an' a smile—  
 Waes me, can I tak' it amiss!  
 My laddie's unpractised in guile,  
 He's free aye to daut<sup>1</sup> an' to kiss.  
 Ye lasses wha lo'e to torment  
 Your wooers wi' fause scorn an' strife,  
 Play your pranks—I hae gien my consent,  
 An' this nicht I am Jamie's for life.

<sup>1</sup> Daut—fondle.

## Robin Tamson's Smidd-y.

Allegretto.

Words by ALEX. RODGER.

My mi-ther men't my auld breek's, An' wow, but they were dud-dy,<sup>1</sup> And  
 sent me to get Mal - ly shod At Ro - bin Tam-son's smid-dy. The  
 smid-dy stands be-side the burn That wim-ples thro' the clach-an; I  
 nev - er yet gae by the door, But aye I fa' a lauch-in'.  
 CHORUS.  
 Fal de ral, de ral, la, la la, de ral, de lid - dy; Oh,  
 fal de ral, de ral, de ral, Oh, fal de ral, de lid - dy.

2. For Robin was a walthy carle,  
 An' had a'e bonnie dochter;  
 Yet ne'er wad let her tak' a man,  
 Though mony lads had sought her.  
 An' what think ye o' my exploit?  
 The time oor mare was shoein',  
 I slippit up beside the lass,  
 An' briskly fell a wooin'.

3. An' aye she e'd my auld breek's,  
 The time that we sat crackin'.  
 Quo' I, 'My lass, ne'er mind the clouts;  
 I've new anes for the makin'.  
 But gin ye'll just come hame wi' me,  
 An' lea' the carle your faither,  
 Ye'se get my breek's to keep in trim,  
 Mysel', an' a' thegither.'

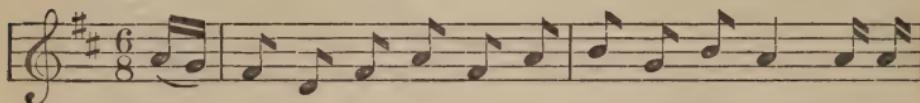
4. 'Deed, lad,' quo' she, 'your offer's fair,  
 I really think I'll tak' it;  
 Sae pray awa', get oot the mare,  
 We'll baith slip on the back o't.

For gin I wait my faither's time,  
 I'll wait till I be fifty;  
 But na—I'll marry in my prime,  
 An' mak' a wife maist thrifty.'

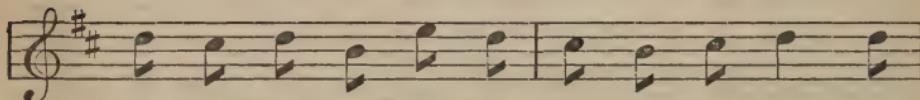
5. Wow, Robin was an angry man,  
 At tynin'<sup>2</sup> o' his dochter;  
 Through a' the kintra-side he ran,  
 An' far an' near he sought her.  
 But when he cam' to oor fire-end,  
 An' fand us baith thegither;  
 Quo' I, 'Guid man, I've ta'en your bairn,  
 An' ye may tak' my mither.'

6. Auld Robin girned,<sup>3</sup> an' sheuk his pow,  
 'Guid sooth!' quo' he, 'you're merry;  
 But I'll just tak' ye at your word,  
 An' end this hurry-burry.'  
 Sae Robin an' oor auld wife  
 Agreed to creep thegither;  
 Noo I hae Robin Tamson's pet,  
 An' Robin has my mither!

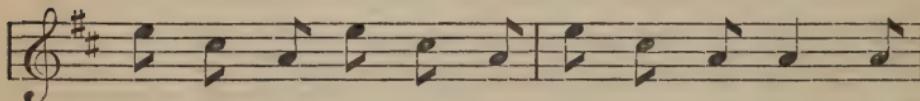
<sup>1</sup> Duddy—ragged.<sup>2</sup> Tynin'—losing.<sup>3</sup> Girned—frowned.

M-hm.<sup>1</sup>*Allegretto.*

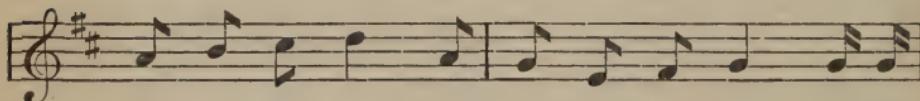
Ye've heard how the de'il as he wauchl'd through Leith, Wi' a



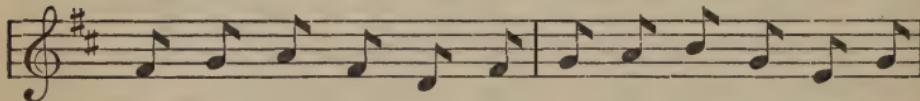
wife in ilk ox-ter,<sup>2</sup> an' ane in his teeth,—When



some ane bawl'd out, 'Will ye tak' mine the morn?'—He



wag-ged his tail, and cock-ed his horn; But he



on-ly said, 'M-hm,' That use-fu' word 'M-hm;' Wi'



sic a big mouth-fu', he -could-na say 'Ay.'

2. When I was a callant lang syne at the schule,  
 The maister aye ca'd me a dunce and a fule.  
 For a' that he said I could ne'er understand,  
 Save when he cried, 'Jamie, haud oot your hand!'  
 Then I gloomed and said, 'M-hm,'  
 I glunched and said, 'M-hm,'  
 I wasna that proud but owre dour to say 'Ay.'

<sup>1</sup> The above title to be pronounced with the mouth closed.

<sup>2</sup> In ilk oxter—under each arm.

3. A'e day a queer word, as lang-nebbit's himsel',  
 He vowed he would thrash me if I wadna spell.  
 Quo' I, 'Mr. Quill,' wi' a kind o' a swither,  
 'I'll spell you the word if you spell me anither—  
 Let's hear you spell "M-hm,"  
 That common word "M-hm,"  
 That auld Scotch word "M-hm," ye ken it means "Ay."

4. Had ye seen how he glowred<sup>1</sup> and scratched his auld pate,  
 And shouted, 'Ye villain, get out o' my gate!  
 Get aff to your seat, you're the plague o' the schule;  
 The deil o' me kens if ye're maist rogue or fule.'  
 But I only said, 'M-hm,'  
 That common word 'M-hm,'  
 That auld-farrant word that stan's for an 'Ay.'

5. And when a brisk wooer I courted my Jean,  
 O' Avon's braw lasses the pride and the queen;  
 When 'neath my grey plaidie, wi' heart beatin' fain,  
 I speired<sup>2</sup> in a whisper if she'd be my ain,—  
 She blushed and said, 'M-hm'—  
 She smiled and said, 'M-hm'—  
 A thousand times sweeter and dearer than 'Ay.'

6. But noo I'm a dad, wi' a house o' my ain,  
 A dainty bit wifie, and mair than ae wean.  
 But the warst o't is this—when a question I speir,  
 They put on a look sae auld-farrant and queer,  
 But only say 'M-hm,'  
 That vulgar word 'M-hm,'  
 That daft-like<sup>3</sup> word 'M-hm,' they winna say 'Ay.'

7. Sae I've gi'en owre the 'M-hm,' it's no a nice word;  
 When printed on paper it's perfect absurd.  
 So, if ye're owre lazy tae open your maw,  
 Jist haud ye your tongue, and say naething ava;  
 But never say 'M-hm,'  
 That daft-like word 'M-hm'—  
 A thousand times mair vulgar than even braid 'Ay.'

<sup>1</sup> Glowred—stared.

<sup>2</sup> Speired—inquired.

<sup>3</sup> Daft—foolish.

## The Groves of Blarney.

*Moderato.**mf*

Words by MILLIKEN.

The groves of Blarney they are so charming, All by the pur-ling of sweet si-lent brooks; Being bank'd with po-sies that spon-tan-eous grow there, Plant-ed in or-der by the sweet rock close. 'Tis there the dai-sy and the sweet car-na-tion, The bloom-ing pink and the rose so fair, . . . The daf-fy-down-dil-ly, be-side the li-ly: Flow-ers that scent the sweet fra-grant air.

2. 'Tis Lady Jeffreys that owns this station,  
 Like Alexander or Queen Helen fair ;  
 There's no commander throughout the nation,  
 For emulation can with her compare.  
 She has castles round her that no nine-pounder  
 Could dare to plunder her place of strength ;  
 But Oliver Cromwell he did her pummel,  
 And made a breach in her battlement.

3. There's gravel walks there for speculation,  
 And conversation in sweet solitude ;  
 'Tis there the lover may hear the dove, or  
 The gentle plover in the afternoon.  
 And if a young lady should be so engaging  
 As to walk alone in those shady bowers,  
 'Tis there her courtier he may transport her  
 In some dark fort or under-ground ;

4. For 'tis there's the cave where no daylight enters,  
 But bats and badgers are for ever bred ;  
 Being mossed by nature, that makes it sweeter  
 Than a coach and six, or a feather-bed.  
 'Tis there's the lake that is stored with perches  
 And comely eels in the verdant mud,  
 Besides the leeches, and the groves of beeches  
 All standing in order to guard the flood.

5. 'Tis there's the kitchen hangs many a flitch in,  
 With the maids a stitching on the stair ;  
 The bread and biscy, the beer and whiskey,  
 Would make you frisky, if you were there.  
 'Tis there you'd see Peg Murphy's daughter  
 A washing *pratees*, forenten the door ;  
 With Roger Cleary, and Father Healy,—  
 All blood relations to Lord Donoughmore.

6. There's statues gracing this noble place in,  
 All heathen goddesses so fair,—  
 Bold Neptune, Plutarch, and Nicodemus,  
 All standing naked in the open air.  
 So now to finish this narration,  
 Which my poor geni could not entwine ;  
 But were I Homer, or Nebuchadnezzar,  
 In every feature I would make it shine !

## Ben Battle.

Vivace.

Words by THOMAS HOOD.  
Music by J. BLEWITT.

Ben Bat - tle was a sol - - dier bold, And

used to war's a - larms; But a can - non - ball took

off his legs, So he laid down his arms!

Now, as they bore him off the field, Said

he, 'Let o - others shoot; For here I leave my

se - cond leg, And the For - ty - Se - cond Foot.'

2. The army surgeons made him limbs;  
 Said he, 'They're only pegs !  
 But there's as wooden members quite,  
 As represent my legs.'  
 Now, Ben he loved a pretty maid,  
 Her name was Nelly Grey ;  
 So he went to pay her his *devoirs*,  
 When he'd *devour'd* his pay !

3. But when he called on Nelly Grey,  
 She made him quite a scoff ;  
 And when she saw his wooden legs,  
 Began to *take them off* !

'O Nelly Grey ! O Nelly Grey !  
 Is this your love so warm ?  
 The love that loves a scarlet coat  
 Should be more *uniform* !'

4. Said she, ' I loved a soldier once,  
 For he was blithe and brave ;  
 But I will never have a man  
 With both legs in the grave.  
 Before you had those timber toes,  
 Your love I did allow ;  
 But then, you know, you *stand upon*  
*Another footing now* ! '

5 'O Nelly Grey ! O Nelly Grey !  
 For all your jeering speeches ;  
 At duty's call I left my *legs*  
 In Badajos's *breaches* !'  
 'Why then,' said she, ' you've lost the *feet*  
*Of legs* in war's alarms ;  
 And now you cannot wear your shoes  
 Upon your *feats of arms* !'

6. 'O false and fickle Nelly Grey !  
 To you a long farewell ;  
 For though you'll be my *death*, alas !  
 You will not be my *Nell* !'  
 Now, when he went from Nelly Grey,  
 His heart so heavy got,  
 And life had such a burden grown,  
 It made him take a *knot* ;

7. So round his melancholy neck  
 A rope he did entwine,  
 And, for the second time in life,  
*Enlisted in the Line* !  
 One end he tied around a beam,  
 And then removed his pegs ;  
 And, as his *legs were off*, of course  
 He soon was *off his legs*.

8. And there he hung till he was dead—  
 As any nail in town ;  
 For though distress had *cut him up*,  
 It could not *cut him down* !  
 A dozen men sat on his corpse,  
 To find out why he died ;  
 And they buried Ben in four cross-roads,  
 With a *stake* in his inside.

## Muirland Willie.

Lively.

Words probably by JAMES V. of Scotland.

Oh, heark-en an' I will tell ye hoo Young Muir-land Wil-lie cam'  
 here to woo; Tho' he could nei - ther say nor do, The  
 truth I tell to you. But aye he cries, 'What  
 e'er be - tide, Mag - gie I'se hae to be my bride,' Sing - ing  
 fal da ral al, fal al da ral al, fal al da ral al, da ral la.

2. On his gray yader<sup>x</sup> as he did ride,  
 Wi' dirk and pistol by his side,  
 He pricked her on wi' meikle pride,  
 Wi' meikle mirth an' glee,  
 Out o'er yon moss, out o'er yon muir,  
 Till he cam' to her daddie's door,  
 Singing fal da ral, etc.

3. 'Gudeman,' quoth he, 'be ye within?  
 I've come your dochter's love to win,  
 I carena for makin' meikle din;  
 What answer gi'e ye me?'  
 'Noo, wooer,' quoth he, 'wad ye licht doon,<sup>2</sup>  
 I'll gi'e ye my dochter's love to win,'  
 Singing fal da ral, etc.

4. 'Noo, wooer, sin' ye are lichtit doon,  
 Whaur do ye won, or in what toon?  
 I think my dochter winna gloom  
 On sic a lad as ye.'  
 The wooer he steep't up the house,  
 An' wow, but he was wondrous crouse,<sup>3</sup>  
 Singing fal da ral, etc.

5. The maid put on her kirtle broon,  
 She was the brawest in a' the toon,  
 I wat on him she did na gloom,  
 But blinkit bonnilie.  
 The lover he stended up in haste,  
 An' gript her hard about the waist,  
 Singing fal da ral, etc.

6. The maiden blushed and binged fu' law,  
 She hadnna will to say him na,  
 But to her daddie she left it a',  
 As they twa could agree.  
 The lover gied her the tither kiss,  
 Syne ran to her daddie, and tell'd him this,  
 Singing fal da ral, etc.

7. The bridal day it cam' to pass,  
 Wi' mony a blithesome lad and lass;  
 But siccana day there never was,  
 Sic mirth was never seen.  
 This winsome couple straikit hands,  
 Mess John tied up the marriage-bands,  
 Singing fal da ral, etc.

<sup>x</sup> Yade—pony.

<sup>2</sup> Licht doon—alight.

<sup>3</sup> Crouse—proud.

## Oh, whistle and I'll come to you, my Lad.

Lively.

Words by BURNS.  
Music by JOHN BRUCE.

Oh, whis-tle and I'll come to you, my lad, Oh, whis-tle and I'll come to you, my lad ; Tho' fai-ther an' mi-ther an' a'should gae mad, Oh, whis-tle and I'll come to you, my lad. But wa - ri - ly tent' when ye come to meet me, An' come na un-less the back-yett<sup>2</sup> be a - jee; <sup>3</sup> Syne up the back stile, and let nae-bo-dy see, An' come as ye were na com-in' to me, An' come as ye were na com-in' to me.

2. Oh, whistle and I'll come to you, my lad,  
Oh, whistle and I'll come to you, my lad ;  
Though faither an' mither an' a'should gae mad,  
Oh, whistle and I'll come to you, my lad.  
At kirk or at market, where'er ye meet me,  
Gang by me as though that ye cared na a flee ;  
But steal me a blink o' your bonny black e'e,  
Yet look as ye were na lookin' at me.

3. Oh, whistle and I'll come to you, my lad,  
Oh, whistle and I'll come to you, my lad ;  
Though faither an' mither an' a'should gae mad,  
Oh, whistle and I'll come to you, my lad.  
Aye vow and protest that ye care na for me,  
An' whiles ye may lightly my beauty a wee ;  
But court na anither, though jokin' ye be,  
For fear that she wile your fancy frae me.

<sup>1</sup> Tent—hood.<sup>2</sup> Back-yett—back-door.<sup>3</sup> Ajee—ajar.

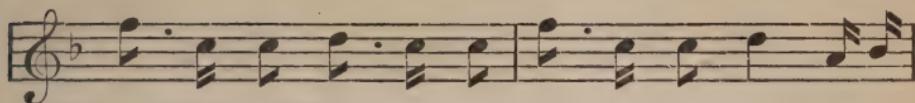
## The Married Man's Lament.

*Allegretto.*

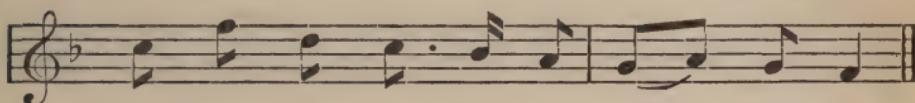
Words by ROBERT NICOLL.

I ance was a wan - ter as hap - py's a bee, I  
 med - dled wi' nane, and nane med - dled wi' me; I  
 whiles had a crack o'er a cog o' gude yill,<sup>1</sup> Whiles a  
 bic - ker o' swats, whiles a heart - eas - in' gill. An' I  
 aye had a groat if I had na' a pound, On this  
 earth there was nane meik - le hap - pi - er found; But my  
 auld mi - ther de'ed in the year auch - ty - nine, An' I  
 ne'er ha'e had peace in the warl'd sin' syne; My

<sup>1</sup> Yill—ale.



auld mi - ther de'ed in the year auch - ty - nine, An' I



ne'er ha'e had peace in the warld sin' syne.

2. Fu' sound may she sleep—a douce woman was she,  
 Wi' her wheel, an' her cat, an' her cuppie o' tea ;  
 My ingle she keepit as trig as a preen,<sup>1</sup>  
 An' she ne'er speered sic questions as, Where ha'e ye been ?  
 As, What were ye doin' ? or, Wha was ye wi' ?  
 We were happy thegither, my mither and me ;  
 But my auld, etc.

3. When mither was gane, for a while I was wae ;  
 But a young chap was I, an' a wife I wad hae.  
 A wife I sune got, an' I aye hae her yet,  
 An' the folk think thegither we unca weel fit ;  
 But my ain mind hae I, though I daurna speak o't,  
 For mair than her gallop I like my ain trot.  
 But my auld, etc.

4. When I wi' a crony am takin' a drap,  
 She'll yaummer,<sup>2</sup> and ca' me an auld, drucken chap ;  
 If an hour I bide oot, loud she greets an' she yowls,<sup>3</sup>  
 And bans<sup>4</sup> a' guid fellows, baith bodies and souls.  
 And yet what a care she has o' her gudeman,  
 Ye wad think I was doited—I canna but ban.  
 But my auld, etc.

5. Noo, my gilpie<sup>5</sup> young dochters are lookin' for men,  
 And I'll be a grandsire ere ever I ken ;  
 The laddies are thinkin' o' rulin' the roast,  
 For their faither, puir body, 's as deaf as a post ;  
 But he sees their upsettin', sae crouse an' sae bauld :  
 Oh, why did I marry, and wherefore grow auld.  
 Oh, my auld, etc.

<sup>1</sup> Preen—pin.

<sup>4</sup> Bans—curses.

<sup>2</sup> Yaummer—scold.

<sup>5</sup> Gilpie—half-grown.

<sup>3</sup> Yowls—screams.

## My Wife's a winsome wee Thing.

*Andante.*Words by ROBERT JAMIESON.  
Music by BEETHOVEN.

My wife's a win - some wee thing, A

bon - nie, blythe-some, wee thing, My dear, my con - stant

wee thing, And ev - er mair shall be.

It warms my heart to view her, I

can - na choose but lo'e her ; And,

oh ! weel may I trow her, How dear - ly she lo'es

me, How dear - ly she lo'es me.

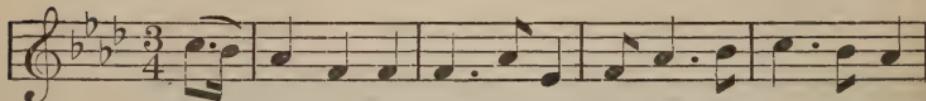
2. For though her face sae fair be, As  
 nane could ev - er mair be, And though her wit sae  
 rare - be, As sel - dom we do see; Her  
 beau - ty ne'er had gained me, Her  
 wit had ne'er en - chained me, Nor baith sae lang re-  
 tained me, But for her love to me.

3. When wealth and pride disowned me,  
 All views were dark around me,  
 And sad and low she found me,  
     As friendless worth could be.  
 When other hope gaed frae me,  
 Her pity kind did stay me,  
 And love for love she ga'e me,  
     And that's the love for me.
4. And till this heart is cauld, I  
 That charm o' life will hauld by,  
 And though my wife grow auld, my  
     Leal love aye young shall be.  
 For she's my winsome wee thing,  
 My canty, blythesome wee thing,  
 My tender, constant wee thing,  
     And ever mair shall be.

## Tam Glen.

Moderato.

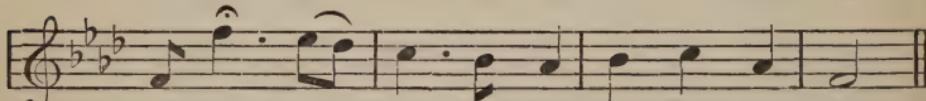
Words by BURNS.



My heart is a - break - in', dear tit - tie,<sup>1</sup> Some coun - sel un -



to me come len'; To an - ger them a' is a



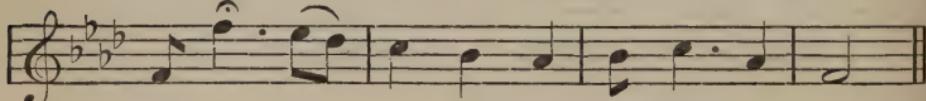
pi - ty, But what will I do wi' Tam Glen.



I'm think - in', wi' sic a braw fel - low, In poor - tith I



micht mak' a fen';<sup>2</sup> What care I in rich - es to



wal - low, If I maun - na mar - ry Tam Glen?

2. There's Lowrie, the laird o' Drumeller,  
'Guid day to ye,' coof, he comes ben;  
He brags an' he blaws o' his siller,—  
But when will he dance like Tam Glen?  
My mither does constantly deave<sup>3</sup> me,  
An' bids me beware o' young men;  
They flatter, she says, to deceive me—  
But wha can think sae o' Tam Glen?

3. My daddie says, gin I'll forsake him,  
He'll gie me guid hunner merks ten;  
But if it's ordained I maun tak' him,  
Oh, wha will I get but Tam Glen?

Yestreen, at the valentine's dealin',  
My heart to my mou' gied a sten',<sup>4</sup>  
For thrice I drew ane without failin',  
And thrice it was written—Tam Glen.

4. The last Hallowe'en I was waukin',  
My droukit sark sleeve, as ye ken;  
His likeness cam' up the house staukin',  
An' the very grey breek o' Tam Glen.  
Come, counsel, dear tittie! don't tarry;  
I'll gie ye my bonnie black hen,  
Gif ye will advise me to marry  
The lad I lo'e dearly—Tam Glen.

<sup>1</sup> Tittie—sister.

<sup>2</sup> Mak' a fen'—manage.

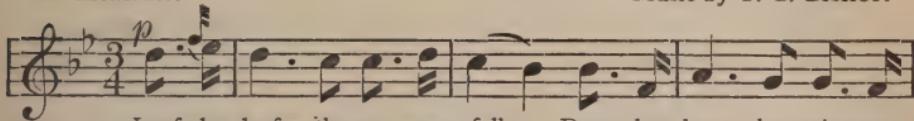
<sup>3</sup> Deave—deafen.

<sup>4</sup> Sten'—bound.

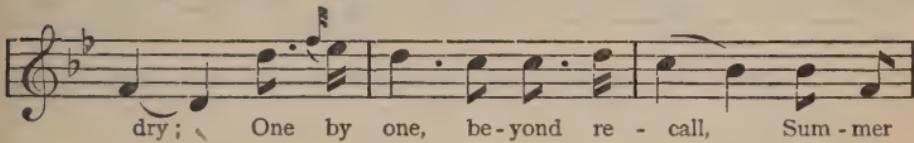
## Leaf by Leaf the Roses fall.

Moderato.

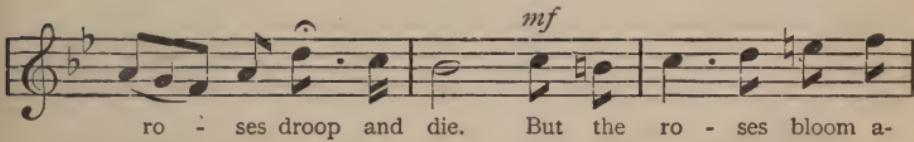
Music by T. B. BISHOP.



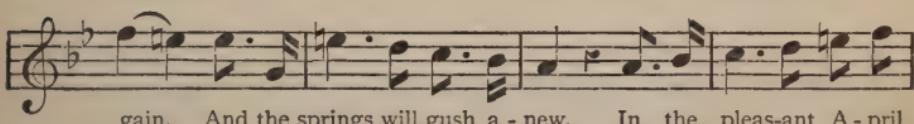
Leaf by leaf the ro - ses fall, Drop by drop the springs run



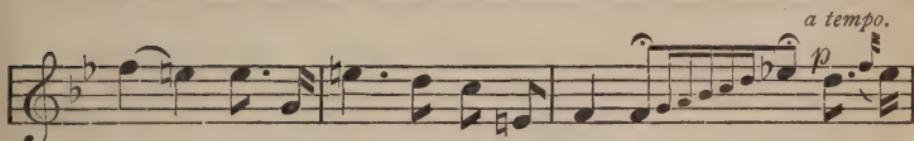
dry; One by one, be - yond re - call, Sum - mer



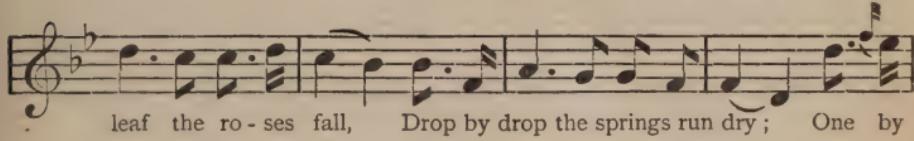
ro - ses droop and die. But the ro - ses bloom a-



gain, And the springs will gush a - new, In the pleas-ant A - pril

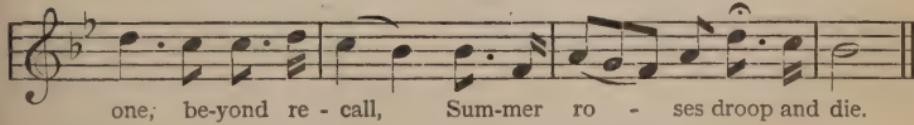


rain, And the sum - mer rain and dew. Ah! . . . . leaf by



leaf the ro - ses fall, Drop by drop the springs run dry; One by

rall.



one; be - yond re - call, Sum-mer ro - ses droop and die.

2. So, in hours of deepest gloom,  
When the springs of gladness fail,  
And the roses in their bloom  
Droop like maidens wan and pale,  
We shall find some hope that lies,  
Like a silent gem apart,  
Hidden far from careless eyes  
In the garden of the heart.  
Ah! leaf by leaf, etc.

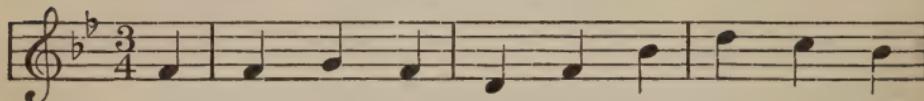
3. Some sweet hope to gladness wed,  
That will spring afresh and new,  
When grief's winter shall have fled,  
Giving place to rain and dew.  
Some sweet hope that breathes of spring,  
Through the weary, weary time,  
Budding for its blossoming  
In the spirit's glorious clime.  
Ah! leaf by leaf, etc.

## Afton Water.

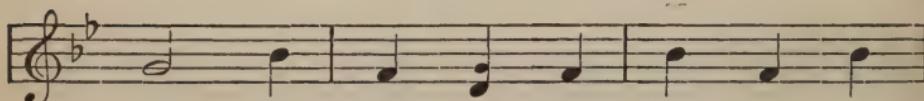
Words by BURNS.

*Andante con espressione.*

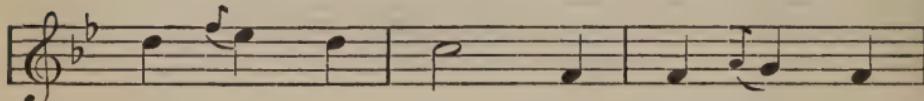
Music by JOHN FULCHER.



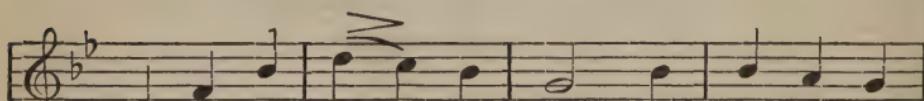
Flow gen - tly, sweet Af - ton, a - mong thy green



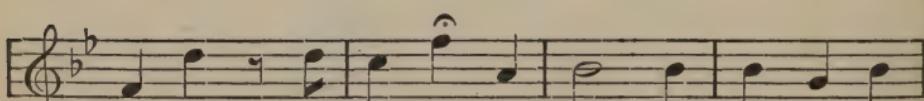
braes; Flow gen - tly, I'll sing thee a



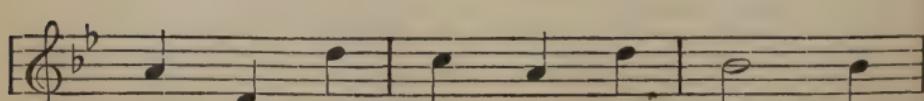
song in thy praise: My Ma - ry's a -



sleep by thy murmur' - ring stream; Flow gen - tly, sweet



Af - ton, dis - turb not her dream. Thou stock-dove, whose



e - cho re - sounds through the glen; Ye

wild whis - tling black - birds, in yon thorn - y

den; Thou green - crest - ed lap - wing, thy

scream - ing for - bear; I charge you, dis-

turb not my slumb' - ring fair.

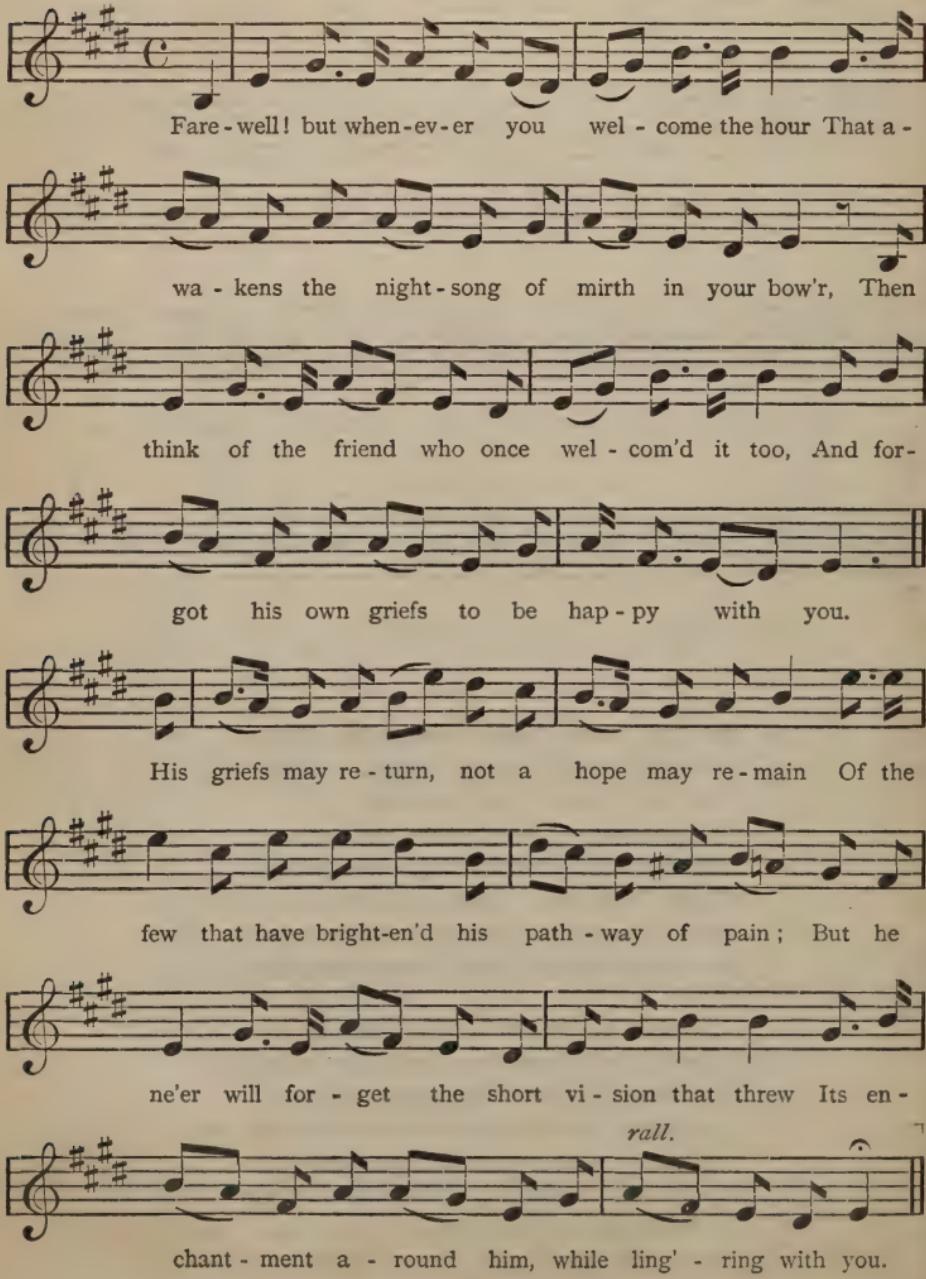
2. How lofty, sweet Afton, thy neighb'ring hills,  
 Far marked with the courses of clear winding rills ;  
 There daily I wander, as noon rises high,  
 My flocks and my Mary's sweet cot in my eye.  
 How pleasant thy banks and green valleys below,  
 Where wild in the woodlands the primroses blow ;  
 There oft, as mild ev'ning creeps over the lea,  
 The sweet-scented birk shades my Mary and me.

3. Thy crystal stream, Afton, how lovely it glides,  
 And winds by the cot where my Mary resides ;  
 How wanton thy waters her snowy feet lave,  
 As gathering sweet flow'rets she stems thy clear wave.  
 Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes ;  
 Flow gently, sweet river, the theme of my lays :  
 My Mary's asleep by thy murmur'ring stream ;  
 Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream.

## Farewell! but whenever you welcome the Hour.

*Andantino.*

Words by THOMAS MOORE.


 Fare - well! but when - ev - er you wel - come the hour That a -  
 wa - kens the night - song of mirth in your bow'r, Then  
 think of the friend who once wel - com'd it too, And for -  
 got his own griefs to be hap - py with you.  
 His griefs may re - turn, not a hope may re - main Of the  
 few that have bright-en'd his path - way of pain; But he  
 ne'er will for - get the short vi - sion that threw Its en -  
 chant - ment a - round him, while ling' - ring with you.

rall.

2. And still on that ev'ning, when pleasure fills up  
 To the highest top-sparkle each heart and each cup,  
 Where'er my path lies, be it gloomy or bright,  
 My soul, happy friends ! shall be with you that night,—  
 Shall join in your revels, your sports, and your wiles,  
 And return to me beaming all o'er with your smiles !  
 Too blest, if it tells me that, 'mid the gay cheer,  
 Some kind voice had murmured, 'I wish he were here.'

3. Let Fate do her worst, these are relics of joy,  
 Bright dreams of the past which she cannot destroy—  
 Which came in the night-time of sorrow and care,  
 And bring back the features which joy used to wear.  
 Long, long be my heart with such memories filled !  
 Like the vase, in which roses have once been distilled—  
 You may break, you may ruin the vase, if you will,  
 But the scent of the roses will hang round it still !

~~~~~

There grows a bonnie Brier-Bush.

Moderato.

Words by JAMES SMITH.

There grows a bonnie bri-er-bush in our kail-yard, And

sweet's the bal-my fra-grance o't in our kail-yard; 'Mang
poco rall.

a' the fair-est flow'rs I've seen, there's nane can be com-par'd Wi' the
a tempo.

bon-nie, bon-nie bri-er-bush in our kail-yard.

2. Oh, dear to me the youthfu' days it often brings to min'—
 The cheerie an' the blythesome days o' sweet langsyne ;
 For there I saw the lassie wha inspired my fond regard,
 By the bonnie, bonnie brier-bush in our kail-yard.

3. When aft at gloamin's trystin' hour I met my rosy queen—
 My bonnie winsome Jeanie, wi' her sparklin' hazel e'en—
 Oh, wha could tell the joys o' love we twa sae fondly shared,
 By the bonnie, bonnie brier-bush in our kail-yard ?

4. Oh, leeze me on the brier-bush in our kail-yard,
 Oh, bless the bonnie brier-bush in our kail-yard ;
 'Mang a' the fairest flowers I've seen, there's nane can be compared
 Wi' the bonnie, bonnie brier-bush in our kail-yard.

I have plucked the fairest Flower.

*Andante quasi allegretto.*Words by THOMAS MORTON.
Music by ALEXANDER LEE.

2. But to raise in beauty's frame
The burning blush of shame,
Or bid the tear to start,
Far be it from my heart :
Such base attempts I scorn,
To honour I was born.

Then, gentle maidens, spare
The heart you thus ensnare ;
Or the willow I must wear,
With a sad heigho !

The May Queen.

Words by TENNYSON.

Allegretto con vivace.

Music by W. R. DEMPSTER.

The musical score consists of five staves of music in common time with a key signature of one sharp. The vocal line follows the lyrics:

You must wake and call me ear - ly, Call me ear - ly, mo - ther
 dear; To - mor - row 'ill be the hap - piest time Of
 all the glad New - Year— Of all the glad New-Year, mo-ther, The
 mad - dest, mer - ri - est day; For I'm to be Queen o' the
 May, mo - ther, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

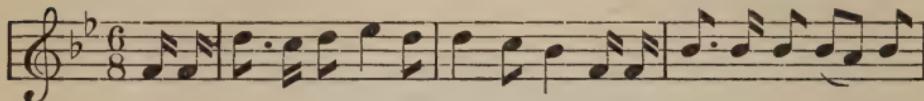
2. I sleep so sound all night, mother,
 'That I shall never wake
 If you do not call me loud
 When day begins to break.
 But I must gather knots of flowers,
 And buds and garlands gay ;
 For I'm to be, etc.

3. The night winds come and go, mother,
 Upon the meadow grass ;
 And the happy stars above them seem
 To brighten as they pass.
 There will not be a drop of rain
 All the live long day ;
 For I'm to be, etc.

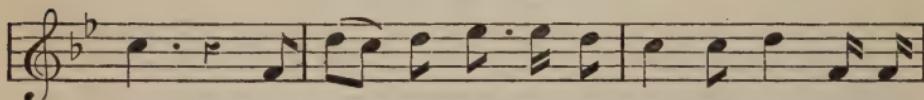
4. The valley all so green, mother,
 Will be so fresh and still ;
 The cowslip and the crowfoot
 Are over all the hill.
 The rivulet in the flowery dale
 Will merrily dance and play ;
 For I'm to be, etc.

5. You must wake and call me early,
 Call me early, mother dear ;
 To-morrow 'ill be the happiest time
 Of all the glad New-Year—
 Of all the glad New-Year, mother,
 The maddest, merriest day ;
 For I'm to be, etc.

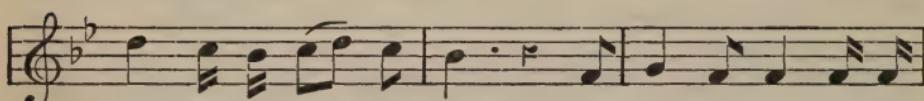
The Carrier Dove.

*Andante con espressione.*Words and Music by
THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY.

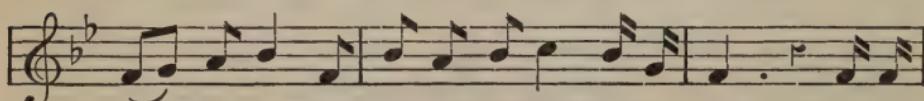
Fly a - way to my na-tiveland, sweet dove! Fly a-way to my na - tive



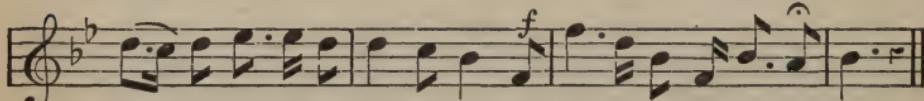
land; And bear these lines to my la - dy - love, That I've



trac'd with a fee - ble hand. She mar - vels much at my



long de - lay; A ru - mour of death she has heard, Or she



thinks, per-haps, that I false - ly stray; Then fly to her bower, sweet bird.

2. Oh, fly to her bower, and say the chain
Of the tyrant is o'er me now—
That I never shall mount my steed again,
With the helmet upon my brow.
No friend to my lattice a solace brings,
Except when thy voice is heard,
As you beat the bars with your snowy wings ;
Then fly to her bower, sweet bird.

3. I shall miss thy visit at dawn, sweet dove,
I shall miss thy visit at eve ;
But bring me a line from my lady-love,
And then I shall cease to grieve.
I can bear in a dungeon to waste my youth,
I can fall by the conqueror's sword ;
But I cannot endure she should doubt my truth,
Then fly to her bower, sweet bird.

Be mine, dear Maid.

Allegretto moderato.

Music by Sir H. R. BISHOP.

Be mine, dear maid; this faith - ful heart Can nev - er prove un -
 true; 'Twere eas - ier far from life to part, Than
 cease to live for you! Then turn thee not a -
 way, my love, Oh! turn thee not a - way; For by the light of
 truth I swear, To love thee night and day, love! To
 love thee night and day, love, To love thee night and day; To
 love thee! to love thee! To love thee night and day, love! To
 love thee night and day, love! To love thee night and day, love!

2. The lark shall first forget to sing,
 When morn unfolds the east,
 Ere I, by change or coldness, wring
 Thy fond confiding breast!
 Then turn thee, etc.

The Bonnie House o' Airlie.

Andantino.

It fell on a day, and a bonnie sum-mer day, When the
 corn grew green and yel - low, That there fell out a
 great dis - pute, Be - tween Ar - gyle and
 Air - lie. The Duke o' Mon-trose has writ-ten to Ar-gyle, To
 come in the morn - ing ear - ly, An' lead in his men, by the
 back o' Dun-keld, To plun - der the bon-nie house o' Air - lie.

2. The lady looked o'er her window so hie,
 An' oh but she looked weary !
 And there she espied the great Argyle
 Come to plunder the bonnie house o'
 Airlie.
 'Come down, come down, Lady Mar-
 garet,' he says—
 'Come down and kiss me fairly ;
 Or before the morning clear daylight
 I'll no leave a stan'in' stane in Airlie.'

3. 'I wadna kiss thee, great Argyle,
 I wadna kiss thee, fairly ;
 I wadna kiss thee, great Argyle,
 Gin you shouldna leave a stān'in'
 stane in Airlie.'
 He has ta'en her by the middle sae sma',
 Says, 'Lady, where is your drury?'
 'It's up an' doun the bonnie burn side,
 Amang the plantin' o' Airlie.'

4. They sought it up, they sought it doun,
 They sought it late an' early,
 An' fand it in the bonnie balm-tree
 That shines on the bowlin'-green o'
 Airlie.
 He has ta'en her by the left shouther,
 An' oh but she grat sairly !
 An' led her doun to yon green bank,
 Till he plundered the bonnie house o'
 Airlie.

5. 'Oh, it's I ha'e seven braws sons,' she says,
 'An' the youngest ne'er saw his daddie;
 An' although I had as mony mae,
 I wad gie them a' to Charlie.
 But gin my guid lord had been at hame,
 As this night he is wi' Charlie,
 There durstna a Campbell in a' the west
 Ha'e plundered the bonnie house o'
 Airlie.'

All things love thee.

Allegro moderato.

Music by C. E. HORN.

Gen-tle waves up-on the deep, Mur-mur soft when thou dost sleep; Lit-tle birds up-on the tree, Sing their sweet-est songs for thee, their sweet-est songs for thee; Cool-ing gales, with voi-ces low, In the tree-tops gen-tly blow. When thou dost in slum-bers lie, All things love thee, so do I. When thou dost in slum-bers lie, All things love thee, so do I. All things love thee, All things love thee, All things love thee, so do I.

2. When thou wak'st, the sea will pour
 Treasures for thee to the shore;
 And the earth, in plant and tree,
 Bring forth fruit and flowers for thee.
 Whilst the glorious stars above,
 Shine on thee like trusting love.
 When thou dost, etc.

And ye shall walk in Silk Attire.

Andantino espressivo.

Words of first verse by Miss S. BLAMIRE.

And ye shall walk in silk at-tire, And sil-ler ha'e to

spare, Gin' ye'll con-sent to be his bride, Nor

think on Don-ald mair. Oh! who would buy a

sil-ken gown With a poor bro-ken heart? And

what's to me a sil-ler crown, If from my love I

part? And ye shall walk in silk at-tire, And

sil-ler ha'e to spare, Gin ye'll con-sent to

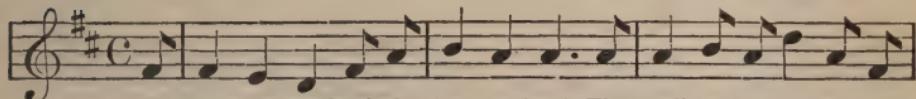
be his bride, Nor think on Don-ald mair.

2. I wadna walk in silk attire,
Nor braid wi' gems my hair,
Gin he whose faith is pledg'd wi' mine,
Were wrang'd and grievin' sair.

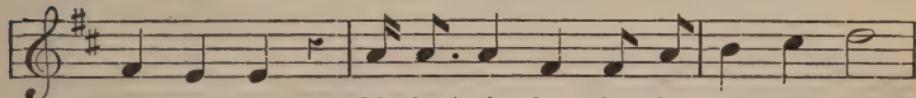
From infancy he lo'ed me still,
And still my heart shall prove
How weel it can these vows fulfil
Which first repaid his love.
I wadna walk, etc.

¹ Gin—if.

The Better Land.

*Andante.*Words by Mrs. HEMANS.
Music by JOHN THOMSON.

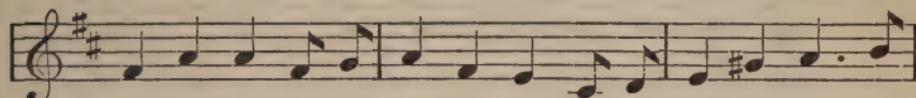
'I hear thee speak of the bet-ter land, Thou call-est its chil-dren a'



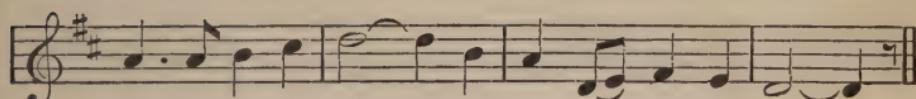
hap - py band ; Mo-ther ! oh, where is that ra - diant shore?



Shall we not seek it and weep no more? Is it where the flow'r of the



or-an-ge blows, And the fire-flies glance thro' the myr - tle boughs?' 'Not



there, not there, my child ! Not there, not there, my child !'

2. 'Is it where the feathery palm-trees rise,
And the date grows ripe under sunny skies?
Or midst the green islands of glitt'ring seas,
Where fragrant forests perfume the breeze,
And strange bright birds on their starry wings
Bear the rich hues of all glorious things?
'Not there, not there, my child !'

3. 'Is it far away in some region old,
Where the rivers wander o'er sands of gold?—
Where the burning rays of the ruby shine,
And the dia-mond lights up the secret mine,
And the pearl gleams forth from the coral strand?—
Is it there, sweet mother! that better land?
'Not there, not there, my child !'

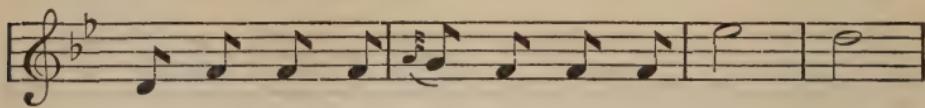
4. 'Eye hath not seen it, my gentle boy !
Ear hath not heard its deep songs of joy ;
Dreams cannot picture a world so fair—
Sorrow and death may not enter there ;
Time doth not breathe on its fadeless bloom,
For beyond the clouds, and beyond the tomb,
'Tis there, 'tis there, my child !'

Pretty Fairy.

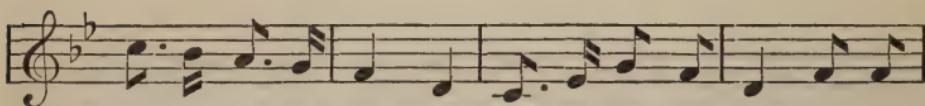
Allegretto scherzando.

Words and Music by
Miss MARY LINWOOD.

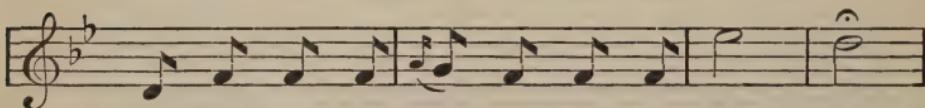
Music score for 'Pretty Fairies' in F major, 2/4 time. The score consists of six staves of music with corresponding lyrics. The title 'Pretty Fairies' is at the top, with 'Pretty' on the first staff and 'Fairies' on the second. The lyrics are: 'Pretty fairies, pretty fairies, oft I view thee. Danc-ing in the moon-beams o'er the lil-ies pale; Pretty fairies, thou art gone when I pur-sue thee, Lost with-in the blue-bells down in the vale. Could'st thou lend me thy light wings, I would fly where Lin-dor sings To the wa-ters mute, the breath-ing flute, or har-mo-ny of strings. If his song were not of'.



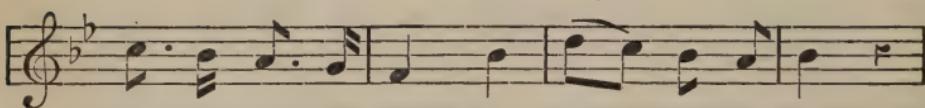
fai - ry, pret - ty fai - ry, oft I view thee



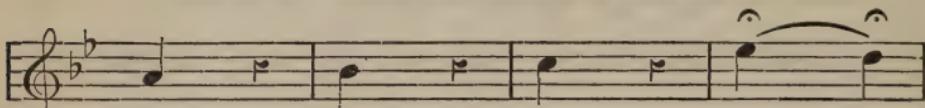
Danc-ing in the moon-beams o'er the lil - ies pale; Pret - ty



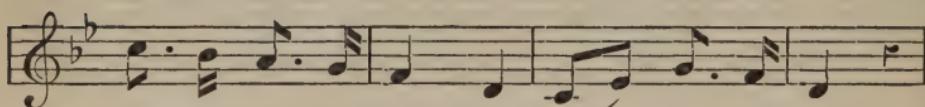
fai - ry, thou art gone when I pur - sue thee,



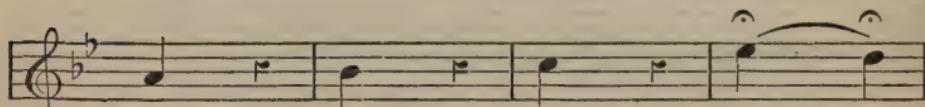
Lost with - in the blue - bells down in the vale.



Lost, lost, lost, lost, . . .

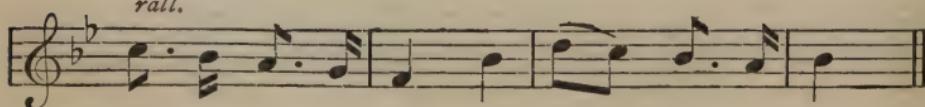


Lost with - in the blue - bells down in the vale;



Lost, lost, lost, lost, . . .

rall.



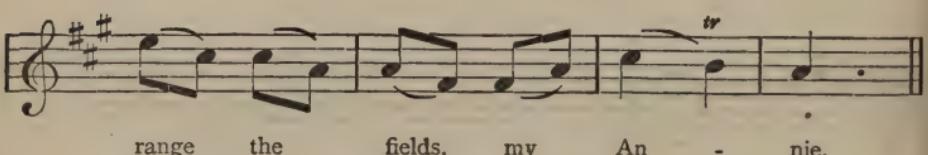
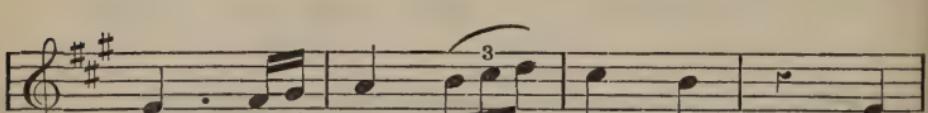
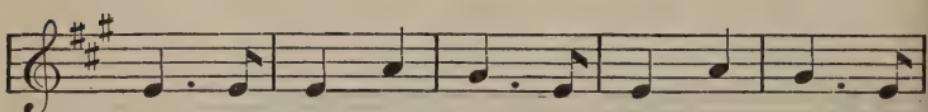
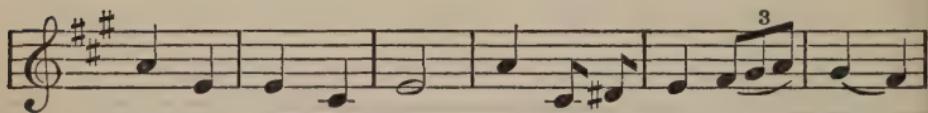
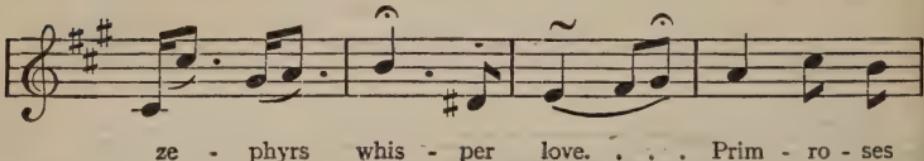
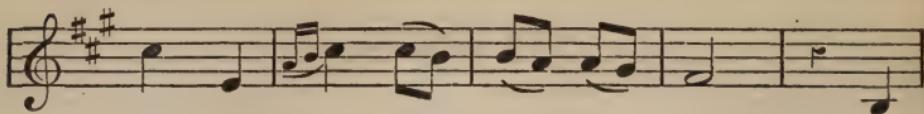
Lost with - in the blue - bells down in the vale.

My Annie.

Moderato.

THOMAS LINLEY.

Prim - ro - ses deck the bank's green side, Cow - slips en -
 rich the val - ley, The black - bird war - bles
 to his bride; Let's range the fields, my An - nie;
 Let's range the fields, my An - nie.
 The de - vious path our steps shall bring To yon - der
 hap - py grove, To yon - der hap - py
 grove, Where night - in - gales me - lo - dious



bind that mo - dest brow of thine; Thy

love shall ban - ish ev' - ry fear, And crown thee

god - dess of the year, And crown thee god - dess

of . . . the year. Prim - ro - ses deck the

bank's green side, Cow - slips en - rich the

val - - ley, The black - bird war - bles to his

bride; Let's range the fields, my An - nie;

Let's range the fields, my An - - - nie.

Life is a River.

Words by CHAS. JEFFERY'S.

Moderato.

Music by S. NELSON.

Oh, Life is a riv - er, and Man is the
 boat That o - ver its sur - face is
 des - tin'd to float; And Joy is a
 car - go so eas - i - ly stor'd, That
 he is a fool who takes Sor - row on
 board. We all have a taste of the
 ups and the downs, As For - tune dis-

Sheet music for 'The Girl I Left Behind Me' with lyrics. The music is in common time and consists of four staves of music with corresponding lyrics. The first staff starts with a treble clef, the second with an alto clef, the third with a bass clef, and the fourth with a soprano clef. The lyrics are as follows:

pens - es her smiles and her frowns; But . . .

may we not hope, if she's frown - ing to -

day, That to - mor - row she'll lend us the

light of her ray? That to - mor - row she'll

ritard.

lend us the light of her ray?

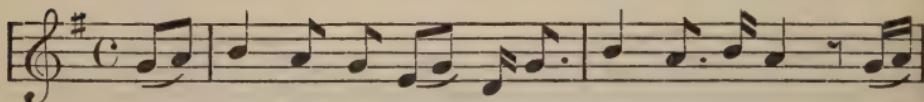
2. I would not that man without caution should steer
From the quicksands, the rocks that encircle him here :
Be Honour his compass, the Magnet his breast ;
Let him stand to Truth's course, and to Fate leave the rest.
There's plenty of sunshine ; then why choose the shade ?—
Half the clouds that come o'er us, our own fears have made,
Then go right a-head, and there's Joy's smiling bay ;—
Why run from our course to meet trouble half-way ?

3. Would Summer be prized for its fruit and its flowers,
If Winter ne'er followed with storm—winds and showers ;
And does not the brightest of pleasures appear
Still brighter when chequered by moments of care ?
I ask not for gold ;—are there virtues in wealth
So dear to the heart as contentment and health ?
Oh ! give me but these, nought can add to my store,
Without them, though riches are mine, I am poor.

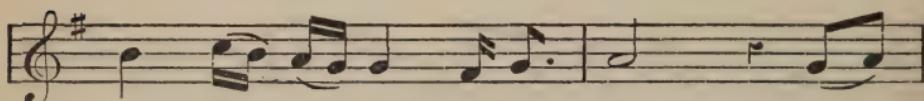
The Woods o' Dunmore.

Moderato.

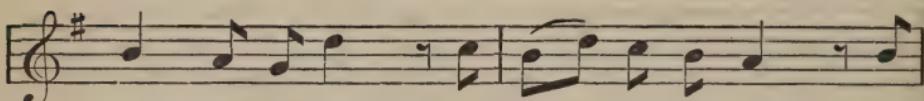
Music by JAMES JAAP.



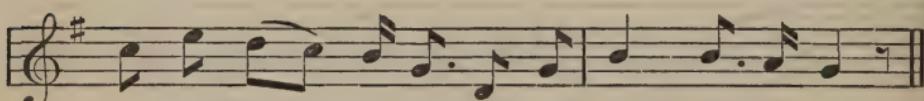
This lane heart is thine, las-sie, charm-ing and fair! This



fond heart is thine, las-sie dear; Nae



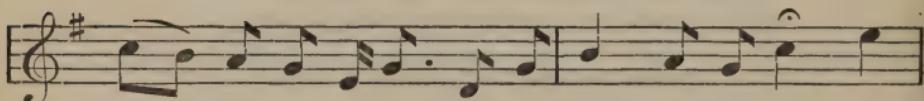
world's gear ha'e I, nae ox - en nor kye, I've



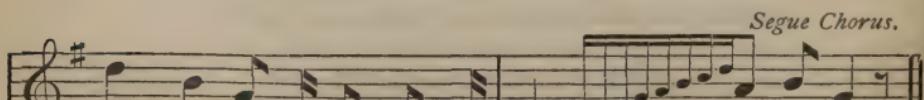
nae-thing, dear las-sie, save a pure heart to gie.



Yet din-na say me na, but come, come, a - wa', An'



wan - der, dear las-sie, 'mang the woods o' Dun-more, An'



wan - der, dear las-sie, 'mang the woods o Dun-more.

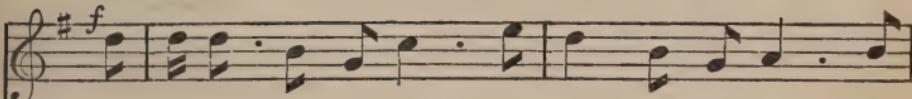
Segue Chorus.

2. Oh, sweet is thy voice, lassie, charming and fair!
 Enchanting thy smile, lassie dear ;
 I'll toil aye for thee, for ae blink o' thine e'e
 Is pleasure mair sweet than siller to me.
 Yet dinna say me na, etc.

3. Oh, come to my arms, lassie, charming and fair !
 Awa', wild alarms, lassie dear ;
 This fond heart an' thine like ivy shall twine ;
 I'll lo'e thee, dear lassie, till the day that I dee.
 Yet dinna say me na, etc.

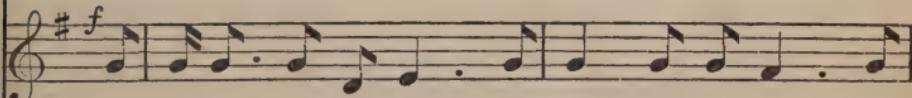
CHORUS.

SOPRANO.



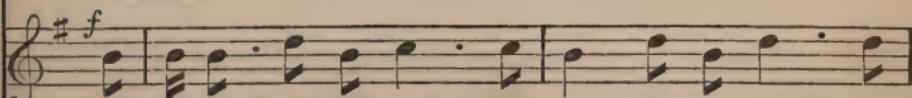
Yet din-na say me na, but come, come a - wa', An'

ALTO.



Yet din-na say me na, but come, come a - wa', An'

TENOR.

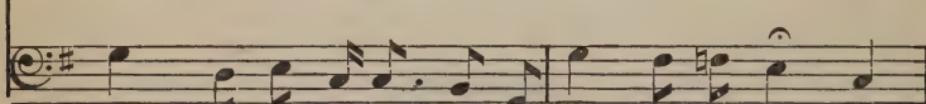
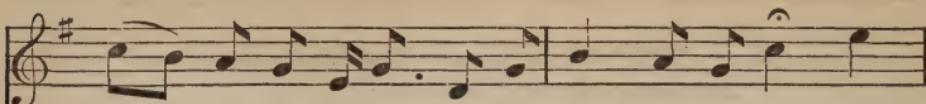
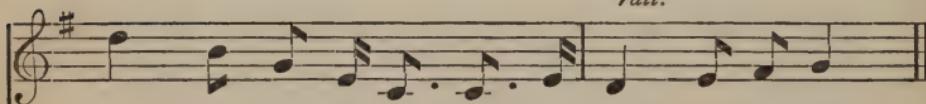
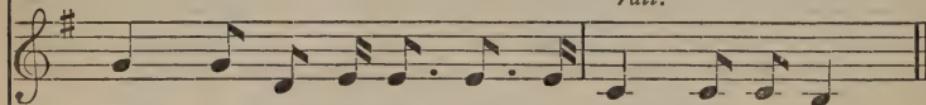
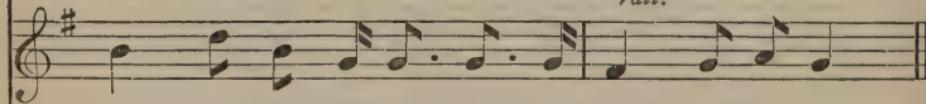
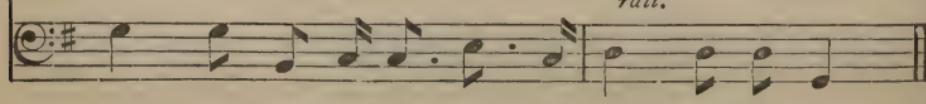


Yet din-na say me na, but come, come a - wa', An'

BASS



Yet din-na say me na, but come, come, a - wa', An'

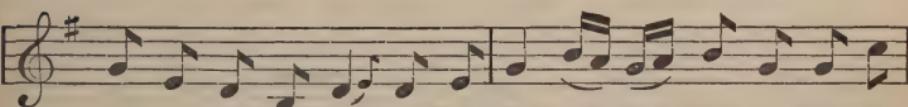
*rall.**rall.**rall.**rall.*

I'd mourn the Hopes that leave me.

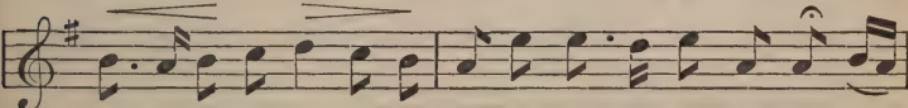
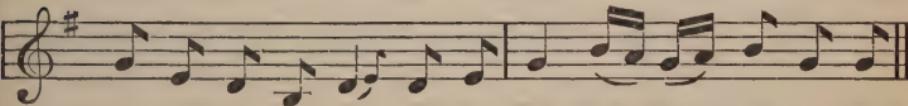
Andantino.

Words by MOORE.
Air, *The Rose Tree*.

I'd mourn the hopes that leave me, If thy smile had left me too; I'd



weep when friends de-ceive me, If thou wert, like them, un-true. But

while I've thee be-fore me, With heart so warm, and eyes so bright, No
ral - len - tan - do.

clouds can lin - ger o'er me—That smile turns them all to light.

2. 'Tis not in fate to harm me,
While fate leaves thy love to me;
'Tis not in joy to charm me,
Unless joy be shared with thee.
One minute's dream about thee
Were worth a long, an endless year
Of waking bliss without thee,
My own love, my only dear!

3. And though the hope be gone, love,
That long sparkled o'er our way,
Oh, we shall journey on, love,
More safely without its ray.
Far better light shall win me
Along the path I've yet to roam:
The mind that burns within me,
And pure smiles from thee at home.

4. Thus, when the lamp that lighted
The traveller, at first goes out,
He feels awhile benighted,
And looks round in fear and doubt;
But soon, the prospect clearing,
By cloudless starlight on he treads,
And thinks no lamp so cheering
As that light which Heaven sheds.

Bonnie Mary Hay.

Moderato, con espressione.

Words by A. CRAWFORD.

Music by R. A. SMITH.

Bon-nie Ma-ry Hay, I will lo'e thee yet, For thine
e'e is the slae,¹ and thy hair is the jet;
The snaw is thy skin, and the rose is thy cheek; Oh!
bon - nie Ma - ry Hay, I will lo'e thee yet.

2. Bonnie Mary Hay, will ye gang wi' me,
When the sun is in the west, to the hawthorn-tree—
To the hawthorn-tree, in the bonnie berry den?
And I'll tell ye, Mary, how I'll lo'e ye, then.
3. Bonnie Mary Hay, it's holiday to me
When thou art sae couthie, kind-hearted, and free,
There's nae clouds in the lift, nor storms in the sky,
My bonnie Mary Hay, when thou art nigh.
4. Bonnie Mary Hay, thou maunna say me nay ;
But come to the bower, by the hawthorn-brae—
But come to the bower, and I'll tell ye a' that's true,
How, Mary, I can ne'er lo'e ane but you.

¹ Slae—sloe.

The Boatie Rows.

Words by JOHN EWEN.

Moderato.

O weel may the boatie row, And bet-ter may she
 speed; O weel may the boatie row That
 wins the bairn-ie's bread. The boatie rows, the
 boatie rows, The boatie rows fu' weel; And
 muc-kle luck at-tend the boat, The mer-lin,¹ and the creel.

2. I cuist² my line in Largo Bay,
 And fishes I caught nine;
 There's three to boil, and three to fry,
 And three to bait the line.
 The boatie rows, the boatie rows,
 The boatie rows indeed;
 And happy be the lot o' a'
 That wish the boatie speed.

3. When Sawnie, Jock, an' Janettie,
 Are up and gottenlear,³
 They'll help to gar the boatie row,
 An' lichten a' our care.
 The boatie rows, the boatie rows,
 The boatie rows fu' weel;
 And lichtsome be her heart that bears
 The merlin and the creel.

4. An' when wi' age we are worn doon,
 An' hirplin' round the door,
 They'll row to keep us dry an' warm,
 As we did them before.
 The boatie rows, the boatie rows,
 That wins the bairnies' bread;
 And happy be the lot o' a'
 That wish the boatie speed.

¹ Merlin—a basket.² Cuist—cast.³ Lear—learning.

Roslin Castle.

Words by RICHARD HEWIT.

Andantino.

Scotch melody.

'Twas in the sea - son of the year When
 all things gay and sweet ap - pear, That
 Co - lin, with the morn - ing ray, A -
 rose and sung his ru - ral lay: Of
 Nan - ny's charms the shew - herd sung, The
 hills and dales with Nan - ny . . . rung; And
 Ros - lin Cas - tle heard the swain, And
 ral - - len - - tan - - do.
 e - - cho'd back the cheer - ful strain.

2. Awake, sweet Muse! the breathing spring
With rapture warms; awake and sing—
Awake and join the vocal throng,
And hail the morning with a song.
To Nanny raise the cheerful lay,
Oh, bid her hark and come away;
In sweetest smiles herself adorn,
And add new graces to the morn.

3. Oh, hark! my love, on every spray
Each feathered warbler tunes his lay;
'Tis beauty fires the ravished throng,
And love inspires the melting song!
Then let the raptured notes arise!
For beauty darts from Nanny's eyes;
And love my rising bosom warms,
And fills my soul with sweet alarms!

4. Oh, come, my love, thy Colin's lay
With rapture calls! Oh, come away—
Come while the Muse this wreath shall twine
Around that modest brow of thine.
Oh, hither haste! and with thee bring
That beauty blooming like the spring;
Those graces that divinely shine,
And charm this ravished heart of mine!



Braw, braw Lads.

Andante.

Words by BURNS.

Braw, braw lads, on Yar-row braes, Ye wan-der through the
 bloom-ing hea-ther; But Yar - row braes, nor Et - trick shaws, Can
 match the lads o' Ga - la wa - ter. Braw, braw lads.

ritard.

<>

2. But there is ane, a secret ane,
Aboon them a' I lo'e him better;
An' I'll be his, an' he'll be mine,
The bonnie lad o' Gala water.
Braw, braw lads.

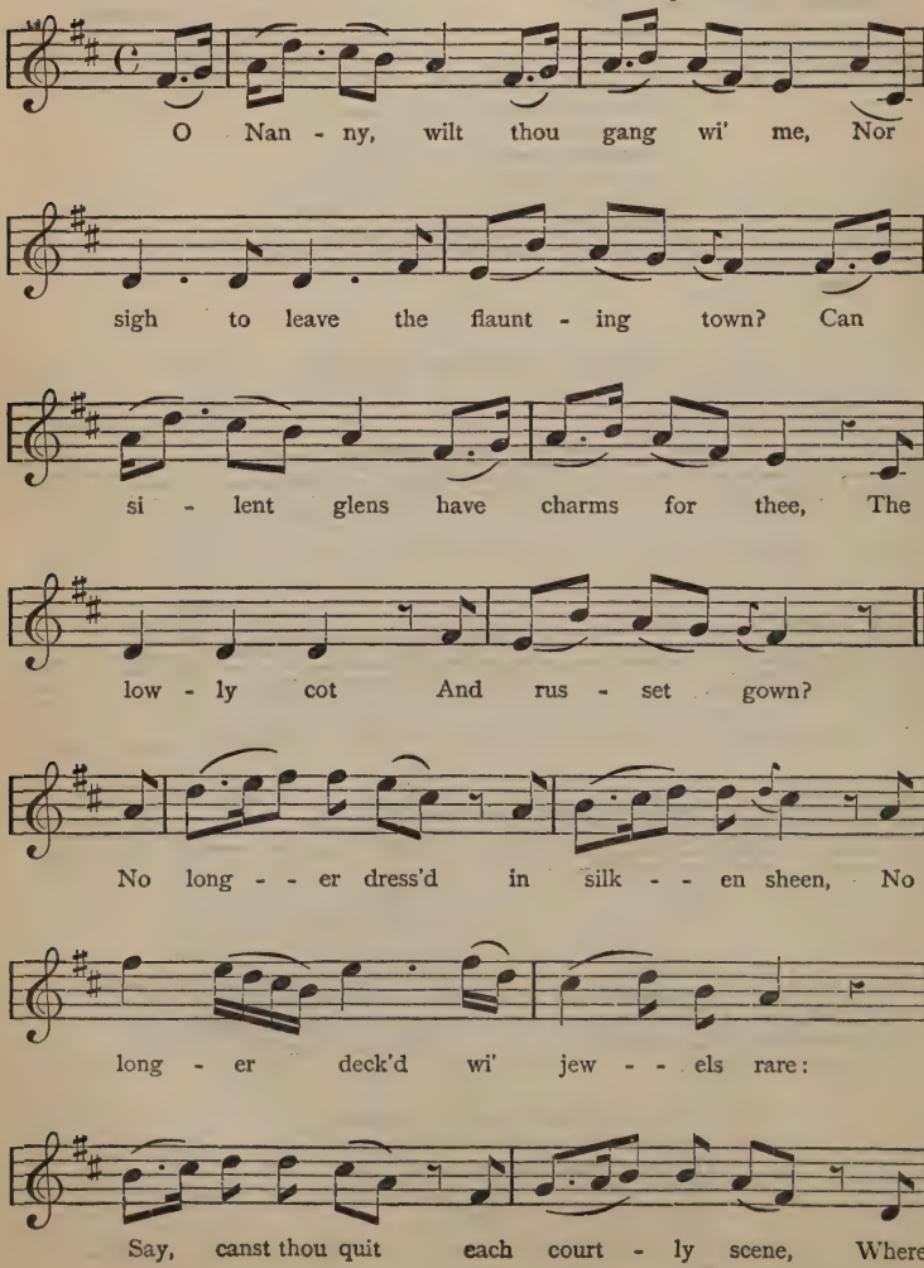
3. Although his daddie was nae laird,
An' though I ha'e na meikle tocher;¹
Yet, rich in kindest, truest love,
We'll tent our flocks by Gala water.
Braw, braw lads.

4. It ne'er was wealth, it ne'er was wealth,
That cost contentment, peace, or pleasure;
The bands and bliss o' mutual love,
Oh, that's the chiefest world's treasure!
Braw, braw lads.

¹ Tocher—dowry.

O Nanny, wilt thou gang wi' me?

*Andante.*Words by Bishop THOS. PERCY.
Music by THOS. CARTER.


 O Nan - ny, wilt thou gang wi' me, Nor
 sigh to leave the flaunt - ing town? Can
 si - lent glens have charms for thee, The
 low - ly cot And rus - set gown?
 No long - - er dress'd in silk - - en sheen, No
 long - er deck'd wi' jew - - els rare:
 Say, canst thou quit each court - ly scene, Where

thou wert fair - - est of the fair?

Say, canst thou quit each court - ly scene, Where

thou wert fair - - est of the fair? Where

thou wert fair-est, Where thou wert fair-est, Where

thou wert fair - est of the fair?

2. O Nanny, when thou'rt far away,
 Wilt thou not cast a wish behind?
 Say, canst thou face the scorching ray,
 Nor shrink before the wintry wind?
 Oh, can that soft and gentle mien,
 Extremes of hardships learn to bear?
 Nor sad regret each courtly scene,
 Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

3. And when at last thy love shall die,
 Wilt thou receive his parting breath?
 Wilt thou repress each struggling sigh,
 And cheer with smiles the bed of death?
 And wilt thou o'er his breathless clay
 Strew flowers, and drop the tender tear?
 Nor then regret these scenes so gay,
 Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

Meet me by Moonlight alone.

Andante allegretto.

Music by J. AUGUSTINE WADE.

Meet me by moon-light a - lone, . . . And then I will

tell you a tale, Must be told by the moon - light a-

alone, In the grove at the end of the vale. You must

pro-mise to come, for I said . . . I would show the night-flow-ers their

queen; Nay, turn not a - way that sweet head, 'Tis the

love - li - est ev - er was seen! Oh! meet me by

rall.

moon-light a - lone, Meet me by moon-light a - lone.

2. Daylight may do for the gay,
 The thoughtless, the heartless, the free;
 But there's something about the moon's ray
 That is sweeter to you and to me.
 Oh, remember be sure to be there;
 For, though dearly the moonlight I prize,
 I care not for all in the air,
 If I want the sweet light of your eyes!
 So, meet me by moonlight alone.

Oh, after many roving Years.

Moderato.

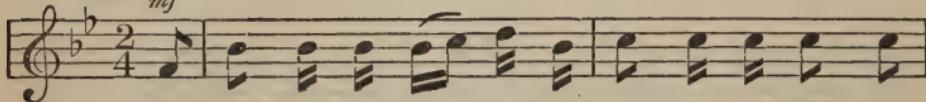
Words by T. HAYNES BAYLY.
Music by C. E. HORN.

Oh, af - ter ma - ny rov-ing years, How sweet it is to come To the
 dwell-ing-place of ear - ly youth, Our first, our dear - est home.
 To turn a - way our wea - ry eyes From proud am - bi - tion's
 tow - ers; And wan - der in the sum - mer fields, A -
 mong the trees and flow - ers. Oh, af - ter ma - ny
 rov - ing years, How sweet it is to come To the
 dwell-ing-place of ear - ly youth, Our first, our dear-est home.

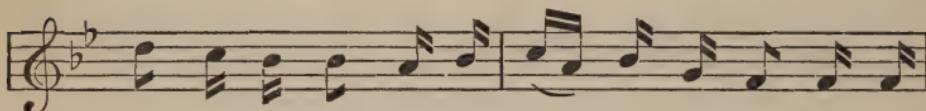
2. But I am changed since last I gazed
 On yonder tranquil scene,
 And sat beneath the old witch-elm
 That shades the village green;
 And watched my boat upon the brook,
 As 'twere a regal galley;
 And sighed not for a joy on earth,
 Beyond the happy valley.
 Oh, after many roving years etc.

3. I wish I could recall again
 That bright and blameless joy;
 And summon to my weary heart
 The feelings of a boy.
 But I look on scenes of past delight,
 Without my wonted pleasure,
 As a miser on the bed of death,
 Looks coldly on his treasure.
 Yet, after many roving years, etc.

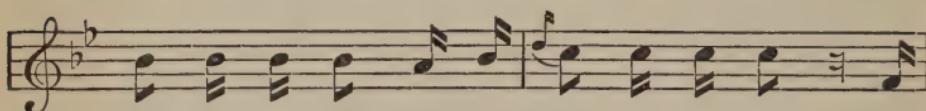
The Woodpecker.

*Moderato.**mf*Words by THOMAS MOORE.
Music by MICHAEL KELLY.

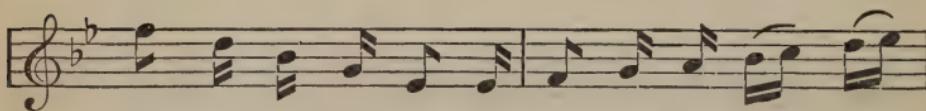
I knew, by the smoke that so grace - ful - ly curl'd A-



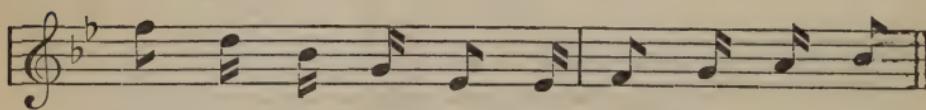
bove the green elms, that a cot - tage was near; And I



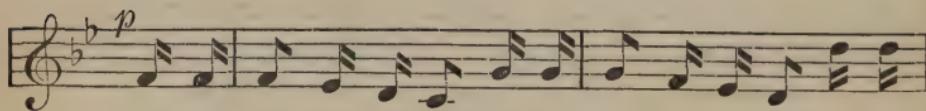
said, If there's peace to be found in the world, A



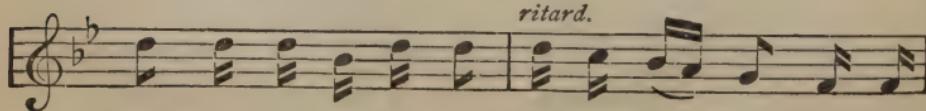
heart that was hum - ble might hope for it here, A



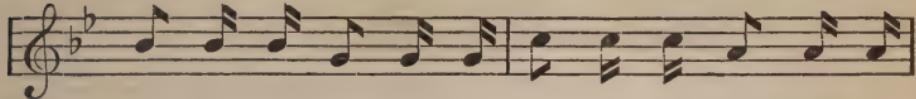
heart that was hum - ble might hope for it here.



Ev' - ry leaf was at rest, and I heard not a sound But the

ritard.

wood - peck - er tap - ping the hol - low beech - tree, Ev' - ry

a tempo.

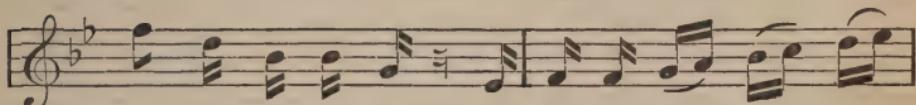
leaf was at rest, and I heard not a sound, Ev' - ry



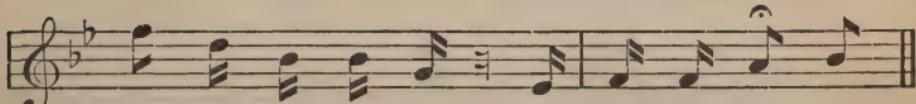
leaf was at rest, and I heard not a sound But the



wood - peck - er tap - ping the hol - low beech - tree, But the



wood - peck - er tap - ping the hol - low beech - tree, The



2. And here in this lone little wood, I exclaimed,
 With a maid that was lovely to soul and to eye,
 Who would blush when I praised her, and weep if I blamed,
 How blest could I live, and how calm could I die.
 Every leaf, etc.

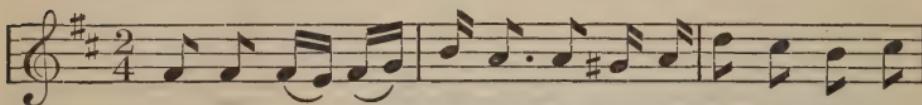
3. By the shade of yon sumach, whose red berry dips
 In the gush of the fountain, how sweet to recline;
 And to know that I sighed upon innocent lips,
 Which ne'er had been sighed on by any but mine.
 Every leaf, etc.

Meet me in the Willow Glen.

Words by Mrs. CORNWELL B. WILSON.

Andante quasi allegretto.

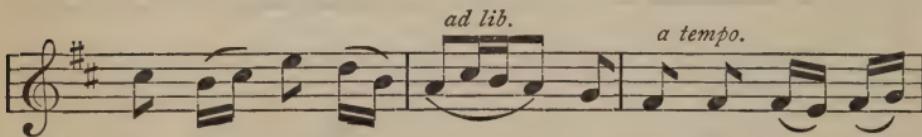
Music by A. LEE.



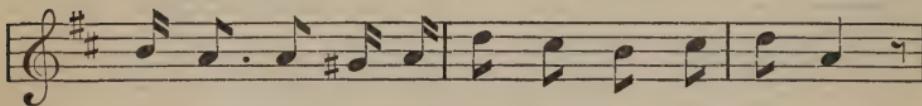
Meet me in the wil-low glen, When the sil-ver moon is



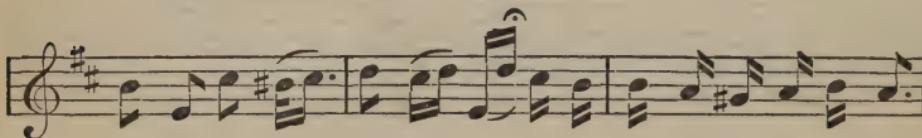
beam-ing; Songs of love I'll sing thee then, When



all the world is dream-ing. Meet me in the



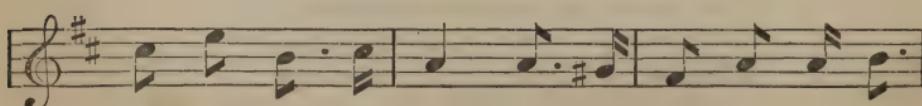
wil-low glen, When the sil-ver moon is beam-ing;



Songs of love I'll sing thee then, If you'll meet me in the wil-low



glen. No pry-ing eye shall come, love, No



strang-er foot be seen; And the dis-tant vil-lage

hum, love, Shall e - cho through the glen, The
 bu - sy vil - lage hum, love, Shall e - cho, shall
 e - cho, shall e - cho through the glen.

a tempo.

Meet me in the wil - low glen, When the sil - ver moon is
 beam-ing; Songs of love I'll sing thee then, If you'll
 meet me, meet me in the wil - low glen.

2. To melodious mandolins,
 My songs I'll softly blend, love;
 While to thee my melody,
 A soothing balm shall lend, love.
 To melodious mandolins
 My songs I'll softly blend, love;
 While to thee my melody,
 A soothing balm shall lend.
 No prying eye, etc.

Love has Eyes.

Allegretto moderato.
*scherzoso.*Words by C. DIBDIN.
Music by Sir H. R. BISHOP.

Love's blind, they say; Oh, nev-er! nay. Can words Love's

grace im - part? ... The fan - cy weak, The tongue may speak,

But eyes a - lone the heart. In one soft look what lan-guage

lies—Oh yes, be - lieve me, Love has eyes. Oh, Love has eyes, ...

Love has eyes, Oh, Love has eyes, Oh yes, be - lieve me,

Love has eyes. Oh yes, be - lieve me, Oh yes, be - lieve me,

Oh yes, be - lieve me, Love has eyes. ...

2. Love's wing'd, they cry;
Oh, never! I
No pinions have to soar.
Deceivers rove,
But never Love,—
Attached, he roves no more.
Can he have wings who never flies?
And yet, believe me, Love has eyes.
Oh, Love has eyes, etc.

Oh, radiant smiles the Morn!

(THE RISING OF THE LARK.)

*Allegretto.*Words by JAMES SMITH.
Welsh Melody.

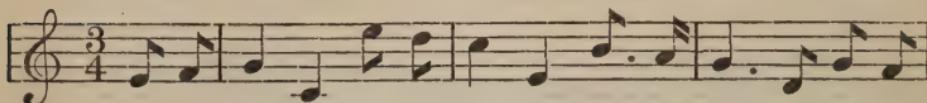
Oh, ra-diant smiles the morn! A - far the hunts-man's sil - ver horn Re-
 sounds o'er hill and plain. On wav-ing leaf - y tree The
 black-bird pours his mel - o - dy, In rap-ture-swell-ing strain. Then
 come, sweet maid, di - vine - ly fair, And roam 'mid scenes of beau - ty rare -
 Bloom-ing grove, and wood-land wild, Sweet syl-van dell, and flow' - ry lea ; All
 Na-ture spreads her charms to thee, Her fair - est, dear - est child !

2. Now o'er the daisied lawn
 Thou comest, fair as summer dawn ;
 Thine eyes with gladness shine.
 Oh, happiness to rove
 With thee, my bosom's only love,
 Thy lily hand in mine.
 Swiftly flies the raptured time,
 In ros'y morning's golden prime ;
 Soft the balmy zephyr sighs,
 Sweet flow'rets blooming all around ;
 While thou appear'st, in beauty crowned,
 A seraph from the skies.

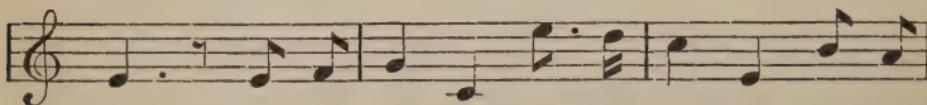
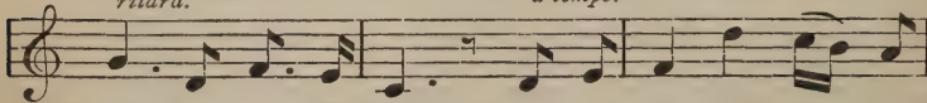
The Gipsy's Warning.

Andantino expressivo.

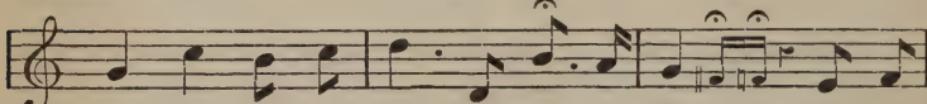
Music by HENRY A. COARD.



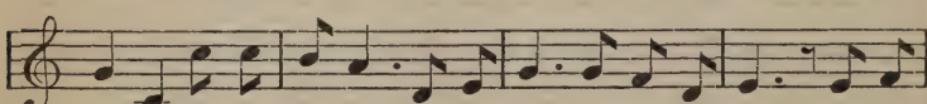
Do not trust him, gentle lady, Though his voice be low and

sweet; Heed not him who kneels be - fore thee, Gen - tly
ritard. *a tempo.*

plead - ing at thy feet. Now thy life is in its



morn - ing, Cloud not this thy hap - py lot; Lis - ten



to the gip-sy's warn-ing: Gen - tle la - dy, trust him not; Lis - ten.

ritard.

to the gip-sy's warn-ing: Gen - tle la - dy, trust him not.

2. Do not turn so coldly from me;
I would only guard thy youth
From his stern and with'ring power,
I would only tell thee truth.
I would shield thee from all danger,
Save thee from the tempter's snare:
Lady, shun that dark-eyed stranger,
I have warned thee—now beware.

3. Lady, once there lived a maiden,
Pure and bright, and like thee fair;
But he woo'd, and woo'd, and won her,
Filled her gentle heart with care.
Then he heeded not her weeping,
Nor cared he her life to save;
Soon she perished, now she's sleeping
In the cold and silent grave.

4. Keep thy gold, I do not wish it!
Lady, I have prayed for this—
For the hour when I might foil him,
Rob him of expected bliss.
Gentle lady, do not wonder
At my words, so cold and wild:
Lady, in that green grave yonder
Lies the gipsy's only child!

Teach, oh! teach me to forget.

Words by T. HAYNES BAYLY.
German Air.*Moderately slow.*

Friends de - part, and mem' - - ry takes them To her

ca - verns pure and deep ; And a forc'd smile on - ly

wakes them From the sha - dows where they

sleep. Who shall school the heart's af - fec - tion? Who shall

ban - ish its re - gret? If you blame my deep de-

jec - tion, Teach, oh! teach me to for - get.

Teach, oh! teach me to forget.

2. Bear me not to festive bowers,
 'Twas with them I sat there last ;
 Weave me not spring's early flowers,
 They'll remind me of the past !
 Music seems like mournful wailing,
 In the halls where we have met ;
 Mirth's gay call is unavailing :
 Teach, oh ! teach me to forget.

3. One who hopelessly remembers,
 Cannot bear a dawning light ;
 He could rather watch the embers
 Of a love that once was bright.
 Who shall school the heart's affection ?
 Who shall banish its regret ?
 If you blame my deep dejection,
 Teach, oh ! teach me to forget.

Oh, say not Woman's Heart is bought.

Andante.

Music by JOHN WHITTAKER.

Music score for 'Oh, say not Woman's Heart is bought.' The score consists of eight staves of music in G clef, 2/4 time, and B-flat key signature. The lyrics are integrated into the musical lines. The vocal line starts with 'Oh, say not wo - man's heart is bought With', followed by 'vain and emp - ty trea - sure; Oh,' then 'say not wo - man's heart is caught By', 'ev' - ry i - - dle plea - sure.', 'When first her gen - tle bo - som knows Love's', 'flame, it wan - ders nev - er; Deep', 'in her heart the pas - sion glows, Deep', and finally 'in her heart the pas - sion glows, She'.

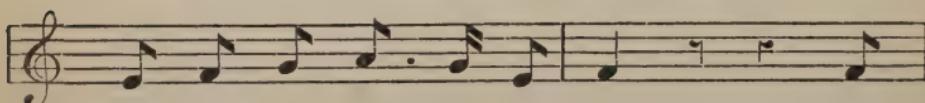
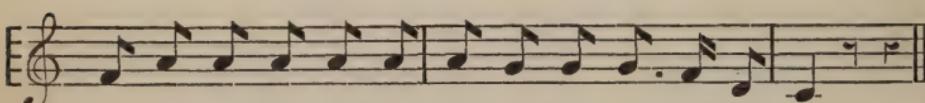
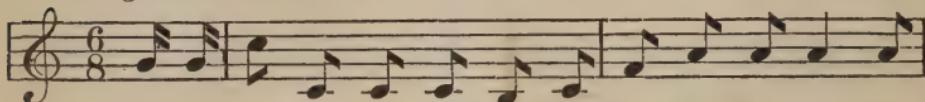
Oh, say not wo - man's heart is bought With
 vain and emp - ty trea - sure; Oh,
 say not wo - man's heart is caught By
 ev' - ry i - - dle plea - sure.
 When first her gen - tle bo - som knows Love's
 flame, it wan - ders nev - er; Deep
 in her heart the pas - sion glows, Deep
 in her heart the pas - sion glows, She

Musical score for the song "She loves, and loves for ever!". The score consists of five staves of music in common time, with a key signature of one flat. The vocal line is as follows:

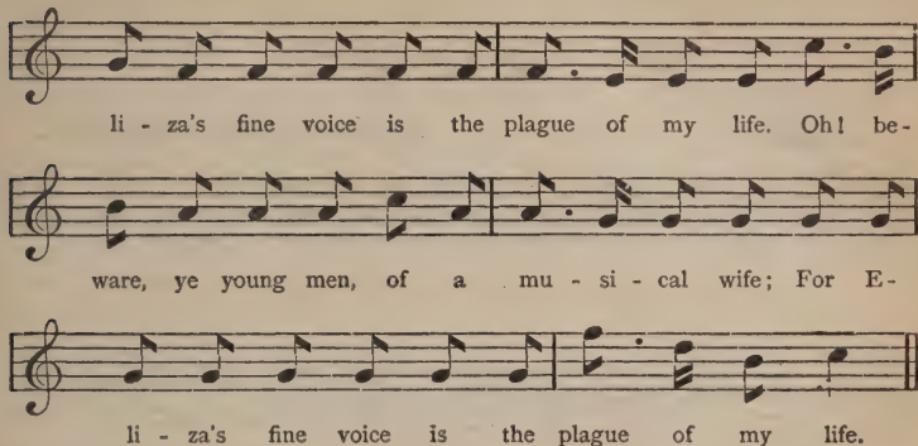
loves, and loves for ev - er! She
 loves, . . . and loves for ev - er! She
 loves, and loves for ev - er! She
 loves, and loves for ev - er! Deep
 in her heart the pas - sion glows, She
 loves, and loves for ev - er!

The music includes several grace notes and slurs. The third staff ends with a repeat sign. The fourth staff begins with a dynamic marking "cres." and ends with a dynamic marking "p".

2. Oh, say not woman's false as fair,
 That, like the bee, she ranges
 Still seeking flow'rs more sweet and rare,
 As fickle fancy changes.
 Ah no! the love that first can warm
 Will leave the bosom never;
 No second passion e'er can charm,
 She loves, and loves for ever! etc.

The Musical Wife.¹*Allegretto moderato.*

¹ This song is inserted by the kind permission of Mr. C. LONSDALE, 26 Old Bond Street, London, the proprietor of the copyright, from whom copies, with pianoforte accompaniments, may be had.



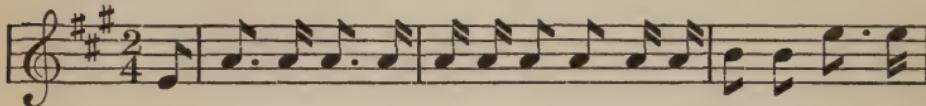
2. 'Eliza, my love, I've a letter to write ;
 Pray cease for a moment, my dear.'
 'Good heavens !' she cries, 'you forget that to-night
 Campobello and West will be here.
 Lord William has promised to bring his guitar,
 Captain Warble will play on his flute ;
 So I'm trying a second to *Young Lochinvar*,
 Which Miss Scott will perform on her lute.'
 Oh ! beware, ye young men, etc.

3. Last week in the Commons, on Tuesday's debate,
 We never divided till three,
 When, tired and exhausted, I hurried home late—
 How I longed for a cup of green tea.
 But, alas ! neither tea nor repose could I get,
 Campanini and Nilsson were there,
 And my wife was performing a fav'rite quartett ;
 So I went to the Club in despair.
 Oh ! beware, ye young men, etc.

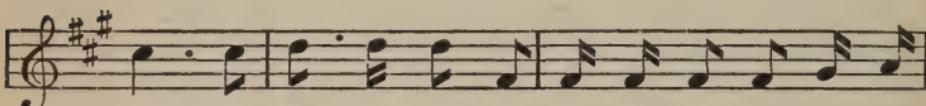
4. A bishopric vacant, the minister wrote
 To offer my brother the see ;
 I was out—so the messenger carried his note
 To Eliza while singing a glee.
 But surrounded, alas ! by her musical choir,
 My wife could not think of my brother ;
 So the Premier's despatch was tossed into the fire,
 And the see—it was given to another.
 Oh ! beware ye young men, etc.

5. Yet they tell me, alas ! that I ought to be blest
 In a wife with so perfect an ear ;
 Deaf husbands ! oh, knew ye the blessings of rest,
 Ye would ne'er be so anxious to hear.
 I, alas ! have discovered my folly too late ;
 Take warning by me whilst you can,
 When you hear a fine voice—oh, remember my fate,
 I'm a wretched unfortunate man.
 Oh ! beware, ye young men, etc.

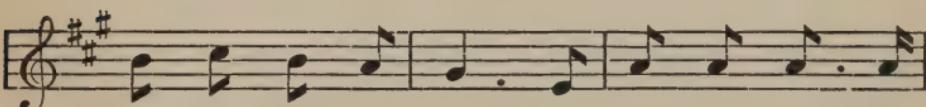
Get up and bar the Door.

*Allegretto.*Words from *Herd's Collection*, 1776.

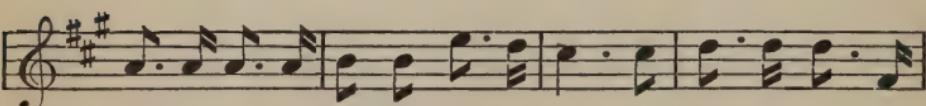
It fell a-bout the Mar-tin-mas time, An' a gay time it was



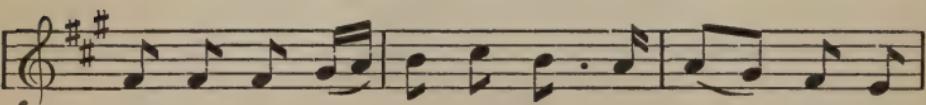
then, When oor gude-wife had pud-dins to mak', An' she



boil'd them in the pan. The wind blew cauld frae



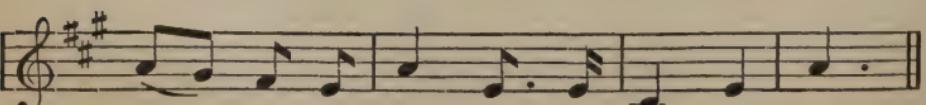
north to south, An' blew in - to the floor; Quoth oor gude-man to



oor gude-wife, 'Get up and bar the door.' For the



bar - rin' o' oor door, weel, weel,



weel, For the bar - rin' o' oor door, weel.

2. 'My haun' is in my husswyfskip,¹
 Gudeman, as ye may see ;
 An' it shouldna be barr'd this hunner yéar,
 It's no' be barr'd for me.'
 They made a paction 'tween them twa,
 They made it firm and sure—
 Whaever spak' the foremost word
 Should rise and bar the door.
 For the barrin', etc.

3. Then by there cam' twa gentlemen
 At twelve o'clock at nicht,
 An' they could neither see house nor ha',
 Nor coal nor candle licht.
 'Noo whether is this a rich man's house?
 Or whether is it a puir?'
 But never a word wad ane o' them speak,
 For barrin' o' the door.
 For the barrin', etc.

4. An' first they ate the white puddins,
 An' then they ate the black ;
 Tho' muckle thocht the gudewife to hersel',
 Yet ne'er a word she spak'.
 Then said the ane unto the ither,
 'Here, man, tak' ye my knife ;
 Do ye tak' aff the auld man's beard,
 An' I'll kiss the gudewife.'
 For the barrin', etc.

5. 'But there's nae water in the house,
 An' what shall we do then ?'
 'What ails ye at the puddin' bree
 That boils into the pan ?'
 Oh, up then started our gudeman,
 An' an angry man was he—
 'Will ye kiss my wife before my e'en,
 An' scaud² me wi' puddin' bree ?'
 For the barrin', etc.

6. Then up an' startit our gudewife,
 Gied three skips ower the floor—
 'Gudeman, ye've spoke the foremost word ;
 Pit them oot, an' bar the door !'
 Then up an' startit our gudewife,
 Gied three skips ower the floor—
 'Gudeman, ye've spoke the foremost word ;
 Pit them oot, an' bar the door !'
 For the barrin', etc.

¹ Husswyfskip—a packet containing thimble, needles, thread, etc.

² Scaud—scald.

Old King Cole.

Allegro moderato.

Words by W. HUNNEMAN.

Old King Cole was a mer - ry old soul, And a mer - ry old soul was

he; He called for his pipe, and he called for his glass, And he

called for his fid - dlers three. There was Pa - ga - ni - ni and

Spag - nio - let - ti, And, to make up three, Mor - ri; For

King Cole he was fond of a tri - o, Fond of a tri - o was

he. For old King Cole was a mer - ry old soul, And a

mer - ry old soul was he; He called for his pipe, and he

called for his glass, And he called for his fid - dlers three.

2. Old King Cole, though a merry old soul,
 Neither read nor write could he ;
 For to read and write 'twere useless quite,
 When he kept a secretary.
 So his mark for 'Rex' was a single 'X,'
 And his drink was ditto double ;
 For he scorned the fitters of four and twenty letters,
 And it saved him a vast deal of trouble.
 For old King Cole, etc.

3. Old King Cole was a musical soul,
 So he called for his fiddlers three,
 And served 'em out a dozen pounds of best German resin,
 And they played him a symphony.
 Spagnioletti and Mori, they played an *Oratori* ;
 While the great Paganini
 Played *God save the King* on a single string,
 And he went twelve octaves high !
 For old King Cole, etc.

4. On old King Cole's left cheek was a mole,
 So he called for his secretary,
 And he bade him look in a fortune-telling book,
 And read him his destiny.
 And his secretary said, when his fate he had read,
 And cast his nativity,
 A mole on the face boded something would take place.
 But not what that something might be.
 For old King Cole, etc.

5. Old King Cole he scratched his poll,
 And resigned to his fate was he ;
 And he said, 'It is our will that our pipe and glass you fill,
 And call for our fiddlers three.'
 So Paganini took Viotti in G,
 And his concerto played he ;
 But at page forty-four, King Cole began to snore,
 So they parted company.
 For old King Cole, etc.

6. Old King Cole drank so much alcohol
 That he reeked like the worm of a still,
 And while lighting his pipe he set himself alight,
 And he blew up like a gunpowder-mill.
 And these are the whole of the records of King Cole,
 From the Cotton Library :
 If you like you can see 'em at the British Museum,
 In Russell Street, Bloomsbury.
 For old King Cole, etc.

Our May had an e'e to a Man.

With spirit.

Words by WM. CROSS.

Our May had an e'e to a man, Nae
 less than the new - ly - plac'd preach-er, An' we
 plot - ted a den - ty¹ bit plan For
 trap-pin' our spir - it - ual teach-er. Oh, we were sly,
 sly! . . . Oh, we were sly an' sleek-it!² But
 ne'er say a her - rin' is dry, Un-
 til it is reest - ed an' reek - it.³

¹ Denty—dainty.² Sleekit—smooth tongued.³ Reested and reekit—roasted and smoked.

2. We treated young Maister M'Gock,
We plied him wi' tea an' wi' toddy ;
An' we praised ev'ry word that he spoke,
Till we put him maist oot o' the body.
Oh, we were, etc.

3. An' then we grew a' unca guid¹—
Made lang faces aye in due season,
When to feed us wi' spiritual food
Young Mr. M'Gock took occasion.
Oh, we were, etc.

4. Frae the kirk we were never awa',
Except when frae hame he was helpin';
An' then May, an' often us a',
Gaed far and near after him skelpin'.²
Oh, we were, etc.

5. We said aye—which oor neebors thocht
droll—
That to hear him gang thro' wi' a
sermon
Was, tho' a wee dry on the whole,
As refreshin' as dews on Mount Her-
mon. Oh, we were, etc.

6. But to come to the hert o' the nit³—
The denty bit plan that we plotted
Was, to get a subscription afit,
An' a watch to the minister voted.
Oh, we were, etc.

12. He put the gold watch in his fab,⁸
An' proudly he said he would wear it ;
An', after some flatterin' gab,⁹
Tauld May he was gaun' to be mairrit.
Oh, we were sly, sly ! oh, we were sly and sleekit !
But Mr. M'Gock was nae gowk, wi' oor denty bit plan to be cleekit.¹⁰

13. May cam' hame wi' her heart at her mouth,
And became frae that hour a Dissenter ;
An' noo she's renewin' her youth,
Wi' some hopes o' the Free Kirk precentor.
Oh, but she's sly, sly ! oh, but she's sly and sleekit !
An' cleverly opens ae door, as sune as anither ane's steekit.¹¹

7. The young women-folk o' the kirk
By turns lent a hand in collectin' ;
But May took the feck⁴ o' the work,
An' the trouble the rest o' directin'.
Oh, we were, etc.

8. A gran' watch was gotten belyve,⁵
An' May, wi' sma priggin',⁶ consentit
To be ane o' a party o' five,
To gang to the manse an' present it.
Oh, we were, etc.

9. We a' gied a word o' advice
To May in a deep consultation,
To ha'e something to say unca nice,
An' to speak for the hale deputation.
Oh, we were, etc.

10. Takin' present an' speech baith in
hand,
May delivered a bonnie palaver,
To let Mr. M'Gock understand
Hoo zealous she was in his favour.
Oh, we were, etc.

11. She said that the gift was to prove
That his female friends valued him
highly,
But it couldna' express a' their *love*!
An' she glinted her e'e⁷ at him slyly.
Oh, we were, etc.

¹ Unca guid—particularly good.

² Skelpin'—tripping.

³ Hert o' the nit—kernel of the nut.

⁴ Feck—greater part.

⁵ Belyve—presently.

⁶ Priggin'—insisting.

⁷ Glinted her e'e—glanced her eye.

⁸ Fab—fob.

⁹ Gab—talk.

¹⁰ Cleekit—hooked.

¹¹ Steekit—closed.

The Boys of Kilkenny.

Moderato.

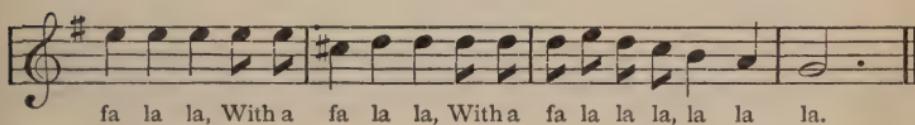
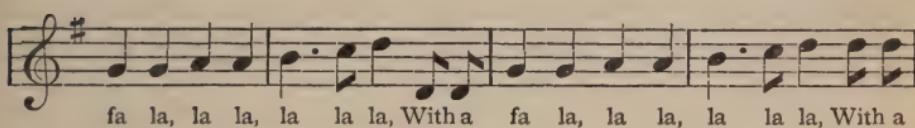
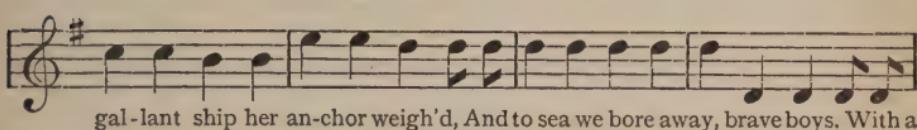
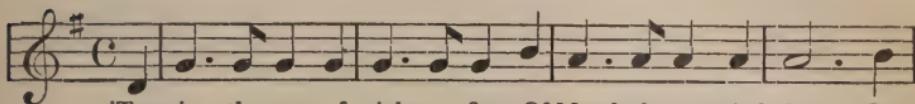
Irish Melody.

2. Kilkenny's a pretty town, and shines where it stands;
And the more I think on it, the more my heart warms,
For if I was in Kilkenny, I'd think myself at home;
For it's there I'd get sweethearts, but here I get none.
Oh! musha, etc.
3. Through the town of Kilkenny there runs a clear strame,
In the town of Kilkenny there lives a pretty dame,
Oh! her cheeks are like roses, her mouth jist the same—
Like a dish of fresh strawberries smothered in crame.
Oh! musha, etc.
4. Her eyes are as black as Kilkenny's black coal,
Which through my poor bosom have burnt a big hole;
Her mind, like its river, is mild, clear, and pure;
But her heart is more hard than its marble, I'm sure.
Oh! musha, etc.

The Whale.

Allegretto.

Music adapted from Dr. CALLCOTT.



2. Blowhard it was our captain's name,
Our ship the Lion bold;
And we were bound to the northern
coast,
To face the frost and cold, brave boys.
With a fa la, etc.

3. And when we came to that cold countrie,
Where the white snow always lies;
Where the storms, and the cold, and the
big whales blow,
And the daylight never dies, brave boys.
With a fa la, etc.

4. Our mate upon the mainmast stood,
With a spying-glass in hand—
'A whale! a whale! a whale!' he cries,
'And she spouts at ev'ry span, brave
boys.'
With a fa la, etc.

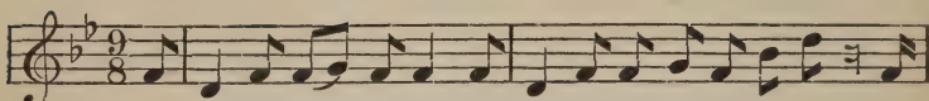
5. Our captain on the deck he ran,
And a clever little man was he—
'Overhaul, overhaul, let your maintack
fall,
And launch your boats to sea, brave
boys.'
With a fa la, etc.

6. We struck that fish, and off she went
With a flourish of her tail;
But ah and alas! we lost one man,
And we did not catch that whale,
brave boys.
With a fa la, etc.

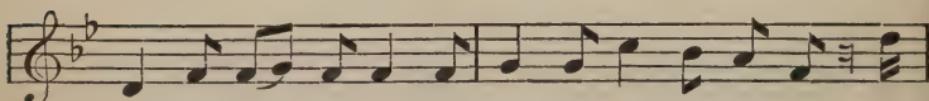
7. 'Twas when the news to our captain
came,
He called up all his crew,
And for losing of his 'prentice boy
He down his colours drew, brave boys.
With a fa la, etc.

8. 'Alas! my men, be not dismayed
For the losing of one man;
For Providence will have its way,
Let a man do what he can, brave boys.
With a fa la, etc.

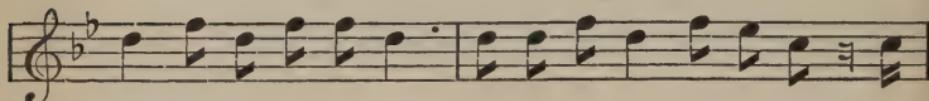
Barney Brallaghan's Courtship.

*Moderato.*Words by T. HUDSON.
Music by J. BLEWITT.

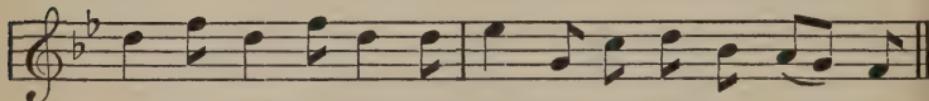
'Twas on a wind-y night, At two o'clock in the morn-ing, An



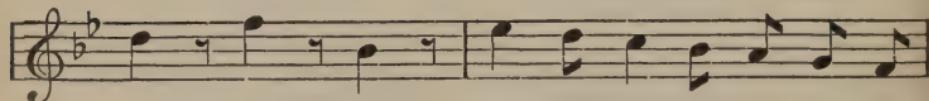
I - rish lad so tight (All wind and wea-ther scorn-ing), At



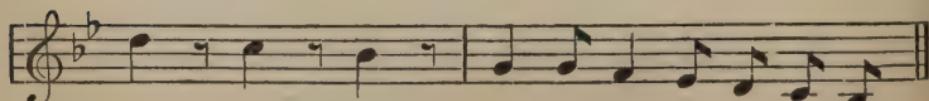
Ju - dy Cal-lagh-an's gate, Sit - ting up - on the pal - ing, His



love tale did re - late, And this was part of his wail - ing.



On - ly say You'll have Mis - ter Bral - la - ghan;



Don't say nay, Charm-ing Ju - dy Cal - la - ghan.

2. Ah! list to what I say :
 Charms you've got like Venus ;
 Own your love you may,
 There's only a wall between us.
 You lie fast asleep,
 Snug in bed and snoring ;
 Round the house I creep,
 Your hard heart imploring.
 Only say, etc.

3. I've got an old tom-cat,
 Thro' one eye he's staring ;
 I've got a Sunday hat,
 Little the worse for wearing.
 I've got some gooseberry wine,
 The trees had got no riper on ;
 I've got a fiddle fine,
 Which only wants a piper on.
 Only say, etc.

4. I've got an acre of ground,
 I've got it set wid pratees ;
 I've got of baccy a pound,
 And got some tea for the ladies.
 I've got the ring to wed,
 Some whisky to make us gaily,
 A mattress, feather-bed,
 And a handsome new shillaley.
 Only say, etc.

5. You've got a charming eye,
 You've got some spelling and reading,
 You've got, and so have I,
 A taste for genteel breeding.
 You're rich and fair and young,
 As ev'rybody's knowing ;
 You've got a decent tongue
 Whene'er its set a-going.
 Only say, etc.

6. For a wife till death
 I am willing to take ye ;
 But och, I waste my breath,
 I'm hoarse in trying to wake ye.
 'Tis just beginning to rain,
 So I'll get under cover ;
 I'll come to-morrow again,
 And be your constant lover.
 Only say, etc.

I wonder wha'll be my Man.

Moderato.

Words by EDWARD POLIN.
Tune, *The Brechin Weaver*.

A' kinds o' lads an' men I see, The young-est an' the auld-est; The
 fair, the dark, the big, the wee, The blat- est¹ an' the bauld-est; An'
 mo-ny a laugh-ing can-ty² ane, An' mo-ny a coax-in', sly man;—Hech
 sirs, 'mang a' the lads that rin, I won-der wha'll be my man. I
 won - der wha'll be my man, be my man, be my man; 'Mang
 a' the lads that noo I see, I won - der wha'll be my man.

2. I wonder whaur he is the noo,
 I-wonder gin³ he's near me;
 An' whaur we'll meet at first, an' hoo;
 An' when he'll come to speir me.
 I wonder gin he kens the braes,
 The bonnie braes whaur I ran;
 Was't there he leev'd his laddie days?—
 I wonder wha'll be my man.
 I wonder, etc.

3. Oh gudesake! hoo I wish to ken
 The man that I'm to marry—
 The ane amang sae mony men:—
 I wish I kent a fairy,

Or onybody that can see
 A far'er gate than I can;—
 I wonder wha the chiel's⁴ to be—
 I wonder wha'll be my man,
 I wonder, etc.

4. But losh, na! only hear to me,
 It's neither wise nor bonnie
 In asking wha the lad may be—
 I'll maybe ne'er get ony.
 But if for me indeed there's ane,
 I think he's but a shy man,
 To keep me cryin' late an' sune,
 I wonder wha'll be my man.
 I wonder, etc.

¹ Blatest—shyest.² Canty—merry.³ Gin—if.⁴ Chiel—fellow.

The Laird o' Cockpen.

*Allegretto moderato.*Words by Lady NAIRNE,
Air, *When she cam ben she bobbit.*

The Laird o' Cock-pen he's prood an' he's great, His
 mind is ta'en up wi' the things o' the state; He want-ed a wife his
 braw house to keep, But fa-vour wi' woo-in' was fashious¹ to seek.

2. Doun by the dyke-side a lady did dwell,
 At his table-head he thocht she'd look well—
 MacCleish's ae dochter o' Claversha-lee,
 A penniless lass, wi' a lang pedigree.
3. His wig was weel pouthered,² an' as guid as new,
 His waistcoat was white, his coat it was blue;
 He put on a ring, a sword, an' cocked hat;
 An' wha could refuse the Laird wi' a that?
4. He took the grey mare, an' rode cannillie,
 An' rapped at the yett o' Claversha-lee;
 'Gae tell Mistress Jean to come speedily ben,
 She's wanted to speak wi' the Laird o' Cockpen.'
5. Mistress Jean she was makin' the elder-flower wine—
 'An' what brings the Laird at sic a like time?
 She put aff her apron an' on her silk gown,
 Her mutch³ wi' red ribbons, an' gaed awa' down.
6. An' when she cam' ben, he bowed fu' low,
 An' what was his errand he soon let her know;
 Amazed was the Laird when the Lady said 'Na,'
 An' wi' a laigh curtsie⁴ she turned awa'.
7. Dumbfounded was he, but nae sigh did he gie,
 He mounted his mare, an' rade cannillie;
 An' after he thocht, as he gaed through the glen,
 She's daft to refuse the Laird o' Cockpen.
8. An' noo that the Laird his exit had made,
 Mistress Jean she reflected on what she had said—
 Oh, for aye I'll get better, it's waur I'll get ten;
 I was daft to refuse the Laird o' Cockpen.
9. Neist time that the Laird and the Lady were seen,
 They were gaun arm in arm to the kirk on the green;
 Noo she sits in the ha' like a crouse tappit hen,
 But as yet there's nae chickens appeared in Cockpen.

¹ Fashious—troublesome.² Pouthered—powdered.³ Mutch—cap.⁴ Laigh curtsie—low courtesy.

John Grumlie.

Allegretto.

John Grum-lie swore by the light o' the moon, And the green leaves on the
 tree, That he could do more work in a day, Than his
 wife could do in three. His wife rose up in the
 morn - ing, Wi' cares and trou - bles e - now— 'John
 Grum - lie, bide at hame, John, And I'll go haud the
 plow.' Sing - ing fal de lal lal, de ral lal, fal
 lal, lal lal la. John Grum - lie bide at
 hame, John, And I'll go haud the plow.

2. 'First ye maun dress your children fair,
 An' put them a' in their gear ;
 And ye maun turn the maut, John,
 Or else ye'll spoil the beer.
 An' ye maun reel the tweel, John,
 That I span yesterday ;
 And ye maun ca' in the hens, John,
 Else they'll a' lay away.'
 Singing, etc.

3. Oh, he did dress his children fair,
 And put them a' in their gear ;
 But he forgot to turn the maut,
 And so he spoiled the beer.
 And he sang aloud as he reeled the tweel
 That his wife span yesterday ;
 But he forgot to ca' in the hens,
 An' the hens a' laid away.
 Singing, etc.

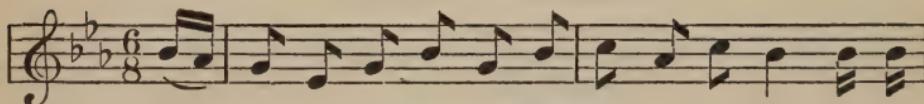
4. The hawket crummie loot down nae milk ;
 He kirned, nor butter gat ;
 And a' gaed wrang, and nougnt gaed right ;
 He danced wi' rage and grat.
 Then up he ran to the head o' the knowe,¹
 Wi' mony a wave and shout ;
 She heard him as she heard him not,
 And steered the stots about.
 Singing, etc.

5. John Grumlie's wife cam' hame at e'en,
 An' lauched as she'd been mad,
 When she saw the house in siccana plicht,²
 An' John sae glum³ an' sad.
 Quo' he, 'I gie up my housewifeskep,
 I'll be nae mair gudewife.'
 'Indeed,' quo' she, 'I'm weel content ;
 Ye may keep it the rest o' your life.'
 Singing, etc.

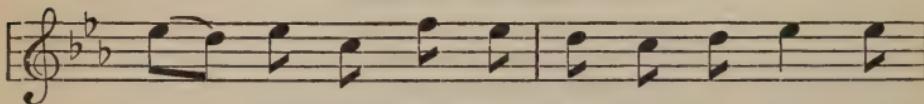
6. 'The deil be in that!' quo' surly John ;
 I'll dae as I've dune before.'
 Wi' that the gudewife took up a stool rung,⁴
 An' John made aff to the door ;—
 'Stop, stop, gudewife, I'll haud my tongue,
 I ken I'm sair to blame ;
 But henceforth I maun mind the plow,
 An' ye maun bide⁵ at hame.'
 Singing, etc.

¹ Knowe—knoll.⁴ Stool rung—thick stick.² Siccana plicht—such a plight.⁵ Bide—stay.³ Glum—sulky.

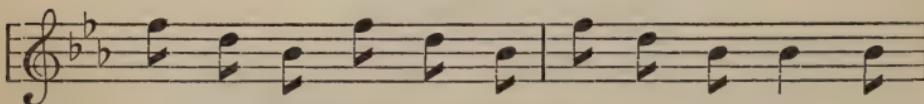
The Bonnie Wee Window.

Allegretto.

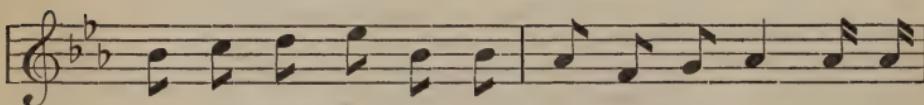
There was a young lass, an' her name it was Nell, In a



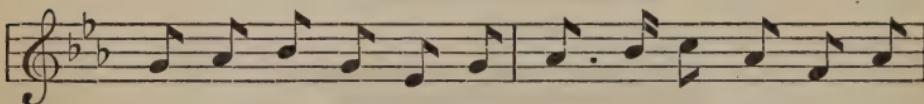
snug wee house wi' her gran - nie did dwell; The



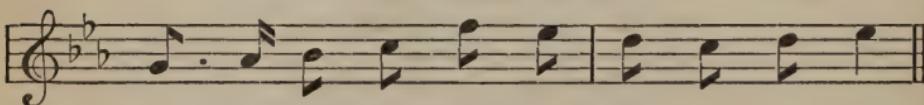
house was but wee, but the win - dow was less— It



had but four lo - zens,¹ an' a ne want - it gless.² 'Twas a



bon - nie wee win - dow, a hand - some wee win - dow, The



bon - niest wee win - dow that ev - er I saw.

2. Though the lozen was broke, they a use for't did fin',
To pit onything oot an' tak' onything in;
But to Nell in especial, to her it was dear,
For her lovers at nicht cam' a-coortin' her here.
'Twas a bonnie wee window, etc.

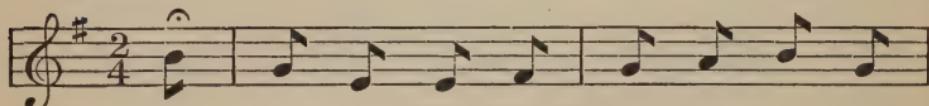
3. It happened ae nicht, Grannie went to her bed,
And Johnnie, the blitheſt young lad that Nell had,
Cam' o'er the hills his true love to see,
And under the window richt planted got he.
'Twas a bonnie wee window, etc.

4. These twa lovers hadna got muckle said,
When Grannie cries oot, ' Nelly, come to your bed.'
'I'm coming, dear Grannie,' young Nelly did say,
'So fare-ye-weel, Johnnie, but come back the next day.
'Twas a bonnie wee window, etc.
5. 'Oh lassie, dear lassie, dinna tak' it amiss,
Before ye gang awa', ye maun grant me a kiss.'
And to get a bit kiss, Johnnie rammed¹ his head through,—
For what wadna love mak' a fond lover do?
'Twas a bonnie wee window, etc.
6. Only ae kiss got Johnnie, and sweet was the smack ;
But for his dear life could he get his head back.
He ruggit, he tuggit,² he bawled and he cursed ;
While Nell's sides wi' laughter were like for to burst.
'Twas a bonnie wee window, etc.
7. Grannie hearing the noise, jumped out on the floor,
And seizing the poker, she made for the door,
And on puir Johnnie's back such a thump she laid on,
Anither like that would have broke his back-bone.
'Twas a bonnie wee window, etc.
8. Johnnie, reekin'³ wi' heat, and smartin' wi' pain,
Kept ruggin' an' tuggin' wi' nicht an' wi' main,
Till the lintels gied way, and the window did break ;
But oh ! the best half o't stuck fast to his neck.
'Twas a bonnie wee window, etc.
9. As soon as the window in ruins did lie,
Auld Grannie let out such a horrible cry,
That alarmed a' the neighbours, lad, lass, man, and wife ;
And caused poor Johnnie to rin for his life.
'Twas a bonnie wee window, etc.
10. O'er hill and o'er dale he pursued his way hame,
Like a bear that was hunted, ne'er lookin' behin' ;
And the neighbours they followed wi' clamour and squeals,
And some of them hunted their dogs at his heels.
'Twas a bonnie wee window, etc.
11. But when he got hame, wi' a hatchet soon he
Frae his wooden cravat quickly set himself free ;
And out o' fair spite, and to please his desire,
He burned baith the wood and the gless in the fire.
'Twas a bonnie wee window, etc.
12. Next morn he arose at the break o' daylicht,
And sent for a joiner to mak' a things richt ;
But he vowed that the deil nicht hae him for his ain,
If he e'er kissed a lass through a window again—
Be she ever sae bonnie or ever sae braw,
Or the handsomest lassie that ever he saw.

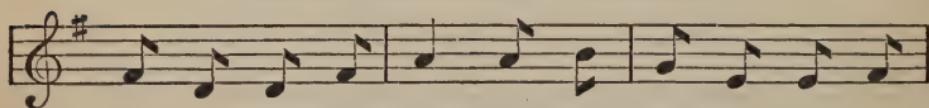
¹ Rammed—thrust.
³ Reekin'—smoking.

² He ruggit, he tuggit—he struggled, he tugged.

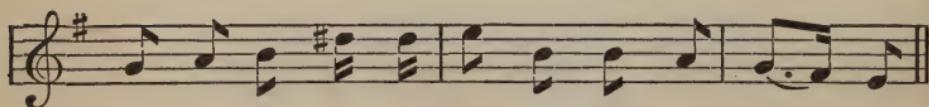
Saint Patrick was a Gentleman.

Moderato.

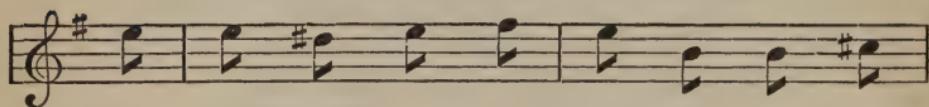
Saint Pat - rick was a gen - tle - man, He



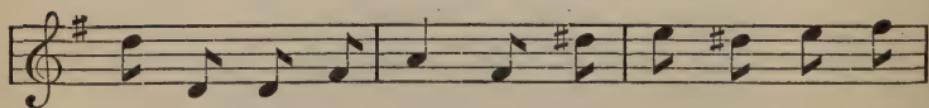
came of de - cent peo - ple, In Dub - lin town he



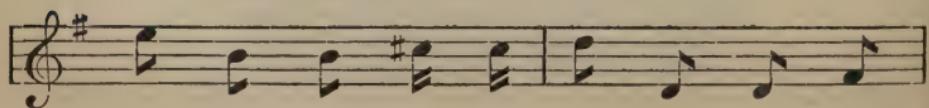
built a church, And up - on it put a stee - ple.



His fa - ther was a Cal - la - ghan, His



mo - ther was a Bra - dy, His aunt was an O -



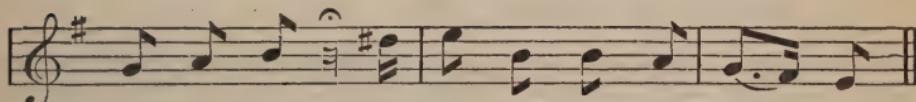
Shaugh - nes - sy, And his un - cle was a



Gra - dy. Then suc - cess to bold Saint Pat - rick's fist, He



was a saint so clev - er; He gave the snakes and



toads a twist, And ban - ish'd them for ev - er!

2. There's not a mile in Ireland's isle where the dirty vermin musters,
Where'er he put his dear forefoot, he murdered them in clusters.
The toads went hop, the frogs went plop, slapdash into the water;
And the beasts committed suicide, to save themselves from slaughter!

Then success, etc.

3. Nine hundred thousand vipers blue, he charmed with sweet discourses,
And dined on them at Killaloo, in soups and second courses;
When blind worms crawling on the grass disgusted all the nation,
He gave them a rise, and opened their eyes to a sense of their situation.

Then success, etc.

4. No wonder that our Irish boys should be so free and frisky,
For Saint Patrick taught them first the joys of tippling with the whiskey;
No wonder that the Saint himself to taste it should be willing,
For his mother kept a shebeen shop in the town of Enniskillen.

Then success, etc.

5. The Wicklow hills are very high, and so's the hill of Howth, sir;
But there's a hill much higher still—ay' ! higher than them both, sir.
"Twas on the top of this high hill, Saint Patrick preached the sarment,
He drove the frogs into the bogs, and bothered all the varment !

Then success, etc.

We're a' John Tamson's Bairns.

Allegretto.

Words by JOSEPH ROY, Esq.
Music by J. F. HARDY.

John Tam - son was a mer - ry auld carle, An'
dwelt be - side the Dee; He
was a laird baith rich and good, An'
mo - ny a farm had he, An'
mo - ny a ser - vant man an' maid, Whaum
he met twice a year, An'
at the head o' the ta - ble he sat, While they
sang wi' richt guid cheer, 'Oh! we're

a' John Tamson's bairns, . . . We're',
 a' John Tamson's bairns. There'll',
 ne - ver be peace in the world a - gain, Till we',
 hear them sing - in' wi' micht an' wi' main, 'We're',
 a' John Tamson's bairns.'

2. Since Adam fell frae Eden's bow'r,
 An' put things sair ajee,¹
 There's aye some weakness to look ower,
 An' folly to forgi'e.
 An' John wad sit, an' sing, an' laugh,
 An' just before he'd gang,
 He'd gie advice an' blessings guid,
 While roof an' rafters rang—
 'Oh, we're a' John Tamson's bairns,' etc.

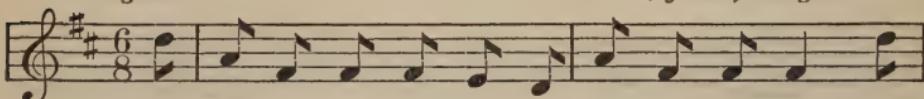
3. Then here's to you, an' here's to mysel'—
 Lang life, sound hearts, an' glee;
 An' if you be weel as I wish ye a',
 Guid faith, you'll happy be.
 Then let us dae what guid we can,—
 Though the best are whiles to blame,—
 An' despite o' riches, rank, or power,
 Losh ! man, we're a' the same.
 'Oh, we're a' John Tamson's bairns,' etc.

¹ Sair ajee—sorely wrong.

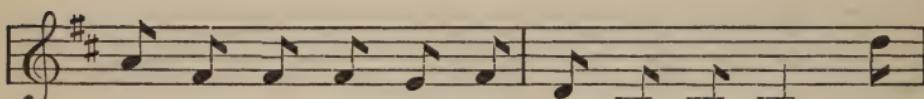
Come under my Plaidie.

Allegretto.

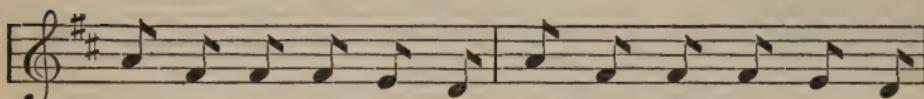
Words by HECTOR MACNEILL.

Air, *Johnny Macgill.*

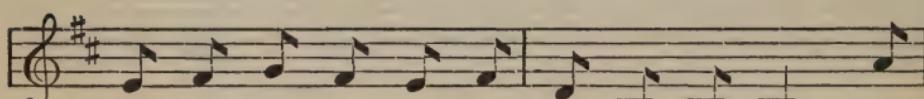
'Come un - der my plaid-ie, the nicht's gaun to fa'; Come



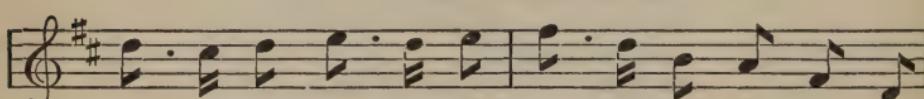
in frae the cauld blast, the drift, an' the snaw. Come



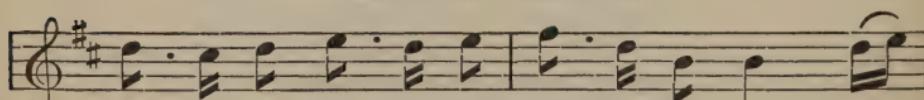
un - der my plaid-ie, an' sit doon be - side me; There's



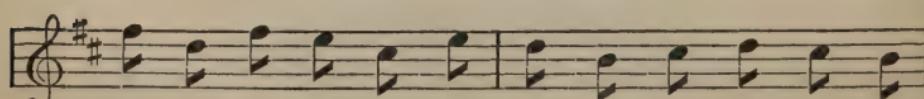
room in't, dear las - sie, be - lieve me, for twa. Come



un - der my plaid - ie, an' sit doon be - side me; I'll

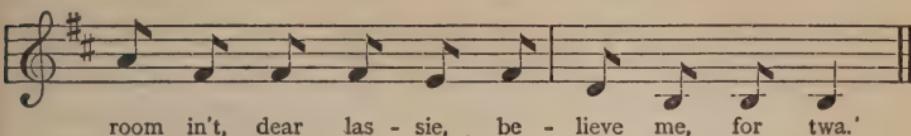


hap^x ye frae ev' - ry cauld blast that can blaw. Come



un - der my plaid - ie, an' sit doon be - side me; There's

^x Hap—cover.



2. 'Gae 'wa wi' yer plaidie ! auld Donald, gae 'wa ;
 I fear na the cauld blast, the drift, nor the snaw.
 Gae 'wa wi' yer plaidie ! I'll no sit beside ye ;
 Ye might be my gutcher,¹—auld Donald, gae 'wa.
 I'm gaun to meet Johnnie, he's young an' he's bonnie ;
 He's been at Meg's bridal, fu' trig² an' fu' braw.
 Nane dances sae lichtly, sae gracefu', sae tichtly ;
 His cheek's like the new rose, his broo's like the snaw.'

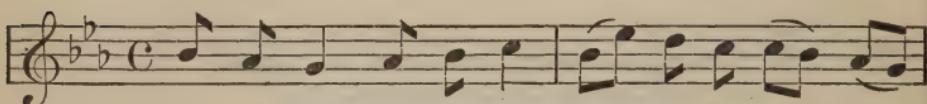
3. 'Dear Marion, let that flee stick fast to the wa',
 Your Jock's but a gowk,³ and has naething ava—
 The hale o' his pack he has now on his back ;
 He's thretty, and I am but threescore and twa.
 Be frank now and kindly, I'll busk ye aye finely,
 To kirk or to market they'll few gang sae braw ;
 A bien⁴ house to bide in, a chaise for to ride in,
 An' flunkies⁵ to tend ye as aft as ye ca'.'

4. 'My faither aye tauld me, my mither an' a',
 Ye'd mak' a guid husband, and keep me aye braw ;
 It's true I lo'e Johnnie, he's young and he's bonnie,
 But waes me, I ken, he has naething ava.
 I ha'e little tocher,⁶ ye've made a guid offer,
 I'm now mair than twenty, my time is but sma' ;
 Sae gi'e me your plaidie, I'll creep in beside ye,
 I thought ye'd been aulder than threescore and twa.'

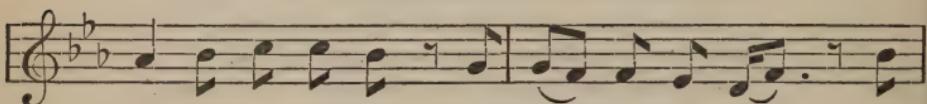
5. She crap⁷ in ayont⁸ him, beside the stane wa',
 Whaur Johnnie was list'nin' and heard her tell a' ;
 The day was appointed—his proud heart it dunted,⁹
 And strak 'gainst his side as if bursting in twa.
 He wandered hafne weary, the nicht it was dreary,
 And thowless he tint his gate¹⁰ 'mang the deep snaw ;
 The howlet was screamin', while Johnnie cried, 'Women
 Wad marry auld Nick, if he'd keep them aye braw.'

¹ Gutcher—grandsire.² Trig—smart.³ Gowk—fool.⁴ Bien—comfortable.⁵ Flunkies—livery servants.⁶ Tocher—dowry.⁷ Crap—crept.⁸ Ayont—beyond.⁹ Dunted—beat violently.¹⁰ Tint his gate—lost his way.

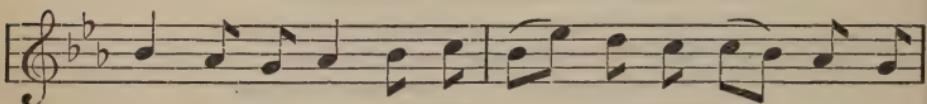
Through the Wood.

*Scherzando allegretto.*Words by W. H. BELLAMY.
Music by CHARLES E. HORN.

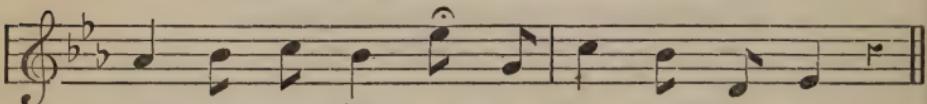
Through the wood, through the wood, fol - low and find me,



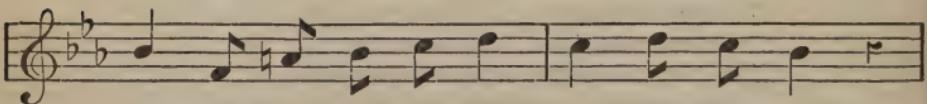
Search ev' - ry hol - low - and din - gle and dell; I



leave not the print of a foot - step be - hind me, So



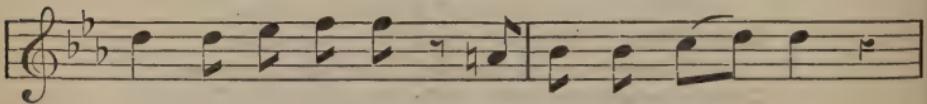
they that would see me must seek for me well.



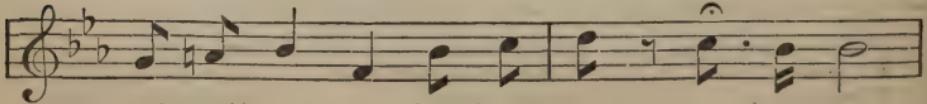
Look in the li - ly - bell, ruf - fle the rose,



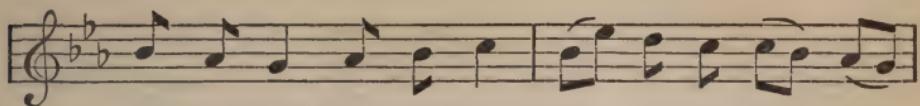
Un - der the leaves of the vi - o - let peep:



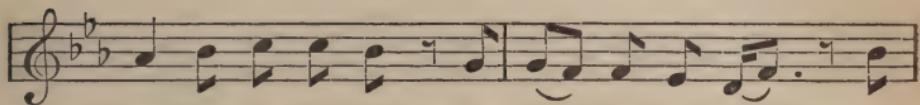
Lull'd by a ze - phyr ... in cra - dles like / those,



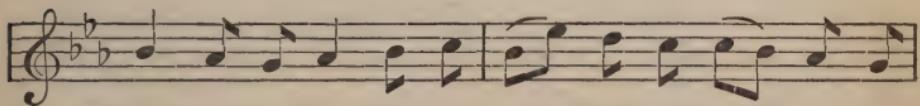
All the day long you may catch me a - sleep.



Through the wood, through the wood, fol - low and find me,



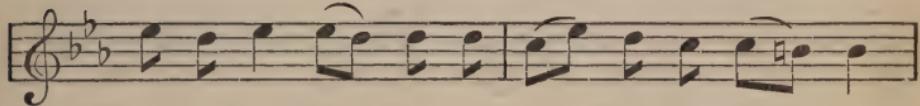
Search ev' - ry hol - low and din - gle and dell; I



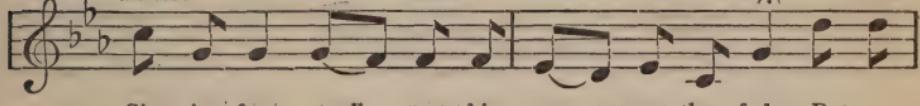
leave not the print of a foot - step be - hind me, So



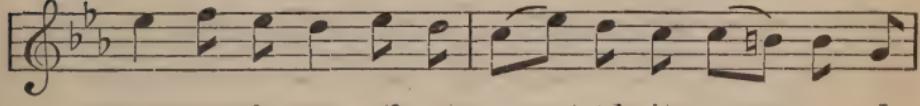
they that would see me must look for me well.



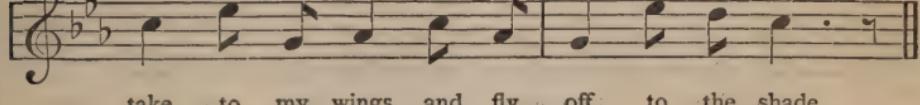
When the red sun sets at eve you may hear me,
ad lib. *ritard.*



Sing-ing fare - well to his rays as they fade; But as

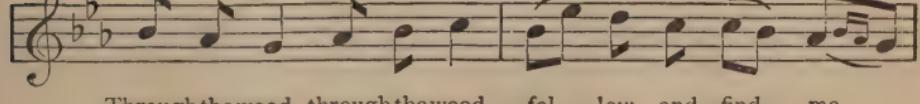


soon as the step of a mor - tal is near me, I
ad lib.

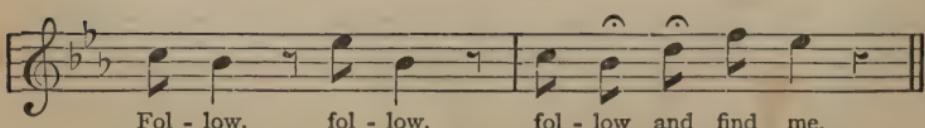
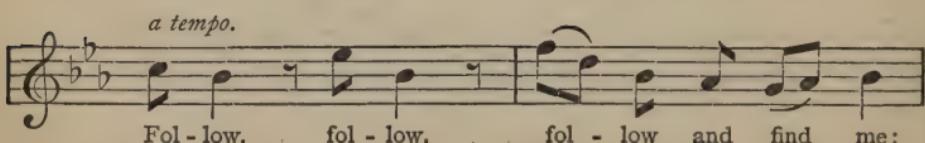
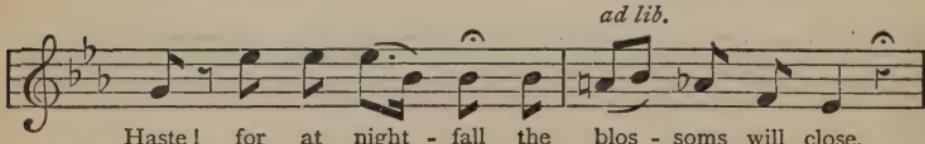
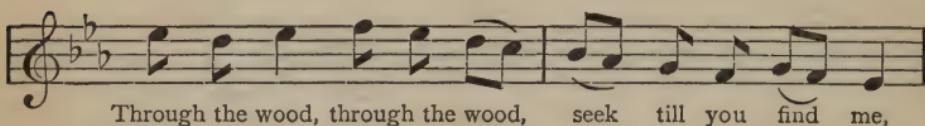
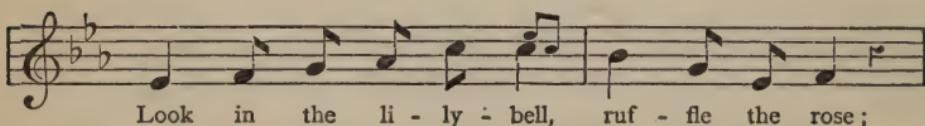
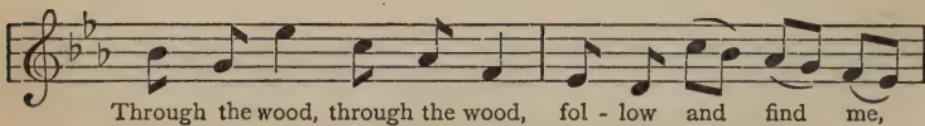
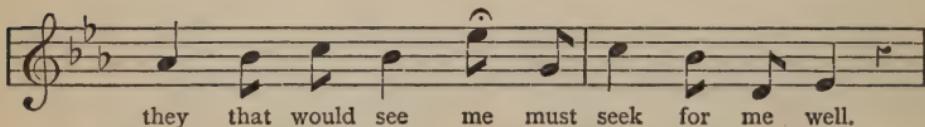
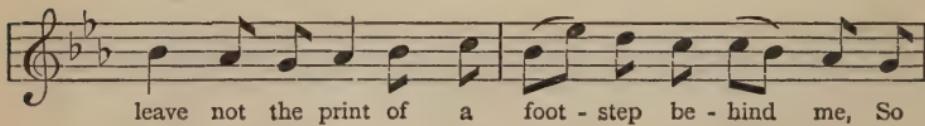
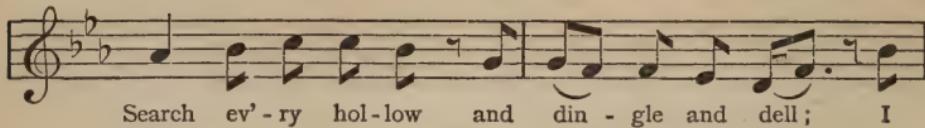


take to my wings, and fly off to the shade.

tempo.



Through the wood, through the wood, fol - low and find me,



Woodman, spare that Tree.

*Andante con espressione.*Words by G. P. MORRIS.
Music by H. RUSSELL.

Wood-man, spare that tree! . . . Touch not a sin - gle bough; In youth it shel - ter'd me, . . . And I'll pro - tect it now. 'Twas my fore - fa - ther's hand That placed it near his cot; There, wood-man, let it stand, . . . Thy axe shall harm . . . it not.

2. That old familiar tree,
Whose glory and renown
Are spread o'er land and sea,
And wouldest thou hew it down?
Woodman, forbear thy stroke!
Cut not its earth-bound ties;
Oh! spare that aged oak,
Now towering to the skies.

3. When but an idle boy,
I sought its grateful shade,
In all their gushing joy,
Here, too, my sisters played;
My mother kissed me here,
My father pressed my hand;—
Forgive this foolish tear,
But let this old oak stand.

4. My heart-strings round thee cling,
Close as thy bark, old friend!
Here shall the wild bird sing,
And still thy branches bend.
Old tree, the storm still brave!
And woodman, leave the spot;
While I've a hand to save,
Thy axe shall harm it not.

The Ivy Green.

*Allegro moderato.*Words by C. DICKENS.
Music by H. RUSSELL.

A dain - ty plant is the i - vy green, That

creep - eth o'er ru - ins old; . . . Of right choice food are his

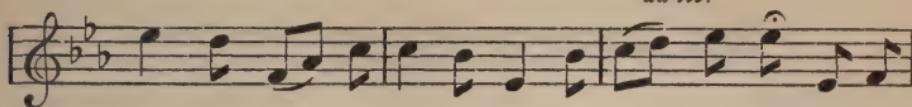
meals, I ween, In his cell so lone and cold. The

wall must be crum-bled, the stones de-cayed, To plea-sure his dain - ty

whim; And the mould-ring dust that years have made, Is a

mer - ry meal for him. Creep - ing where no

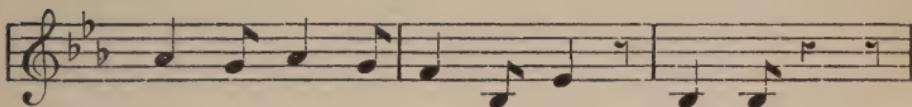
life is seen, A rare old plant is the i - vy green;

ad lib.

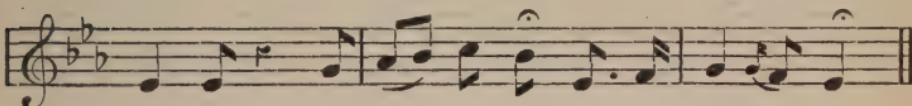
Creep - ing where no life is seen, A rare old plant is the

a tempo.

i - vy green. Creep - ing, creep - ing,



Creep - ing where no life is seen; Creep - ing,



creep - ing, A rare old plant is the ivy green.

2. Fast he stealeth on, though he wears no wings,

And a staunch old heart has he;

How closely he twineth, how close he clings,

To his friend, the huge oak tree.

And slily he traileth along the ground,

And his leaves he gently waves,

As he joyously hugs and crawleth round

The rich mould of dead men's graves.

Creeping where grim Death has been, etc.

3. Whole ages have fled, and their works decayed,

And nations have scattered been;

But the stout old ivy shall never fade

From its hale and hearty green.

The brave old plant in his lonely days

Shall fatten upon the past;

For the stateliest building man can raise,

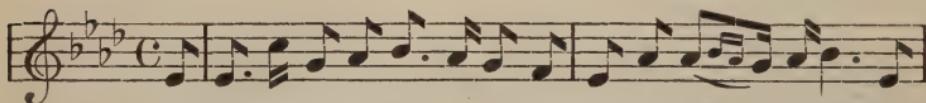
Is the ivy's food at last.

Creeping where no life is seen, etc.

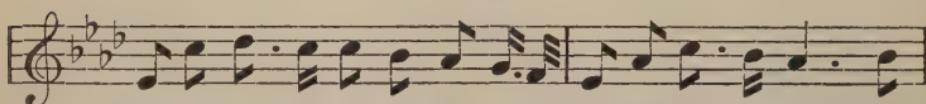
Why Chime the Bells so Merrily?

Moderato.

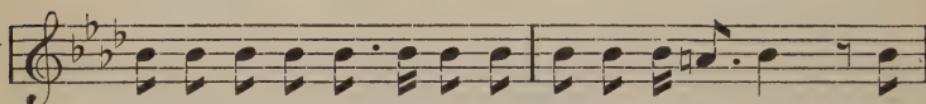
Music by J. P. KNIGHT.



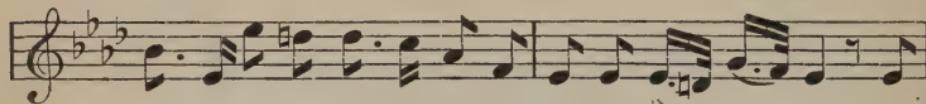
Why chime the bells so mer - ri - ly? why seem ye all so gay? Is



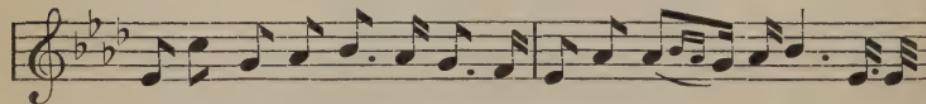
it be - cause the new year's come, and the old has pass'd a - way? Oh,



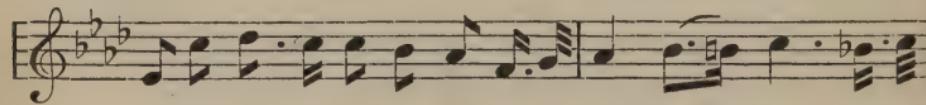
can ye look up - on the past, and feel no sor - row now, That



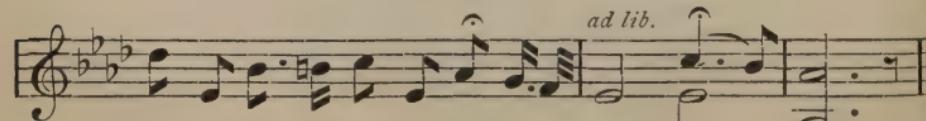
thus, ye sing so joy - ous-ly, and smiles light ev' - ry brow? Oh,



if ye can, be blythe and gay, the song troll gai - ly on; And the



bur-den be, the New Year's come, and the Old Year's gone; And the

bur - den be, the New Year's come, and the Old Year's gone. *ad lib.*

2. The old man gazes on your mirth, he smiles not like the rest ;
 He sits in silence by the hearth, and seems with grief oppress ;
 He sees not in the merry throng, the child who was his pride ;
 He listens for her joyous song, she is not by his side !
 But scarce a twelvemonth she was there, and now he is alone ;
 Yet still ye sing, the New Year's come, and the Old Year's gone.

3. Dance on, dance on ! be blithe and gay, nor pause to think the while,
 That ere this year has passed away ye too may cease to smile ;
 For Time, in his resistless flight, brings changes sad and drear,
 The sunny hopes of youth to blight, with ev'ry coming year.
 But still be happy while ye may, and let the dance go on,—
 Still gaily sing, the New Year's come, and the Old Year's gone.



Blithe Christmas now Reigns.

Andante con moto.

Words by JAMES SMITH.
 Welsh Melody.

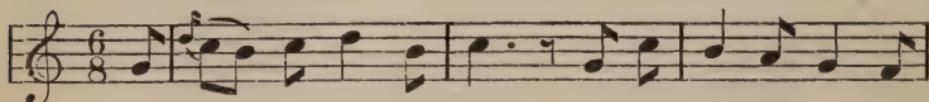
Blithe Christ-mas now reigns, with the hol - ly wreath crown'd ; Set the
 Yule log a - blaze, let gay plea - sure a - bound ;
 Swell the car - ol once more, with a heart-ring - ing cheer ; For
 Christ-mas, dear kind - ly Old Christ-mas, is here.

2. The cold icy blasts of dark winter prevail,
 With the fast-falling snow, and the fierce-driving hail ;
 But what though all Nature looks gloomy and drear,
 When Christmas, dear loving Old Christmas, is here ?

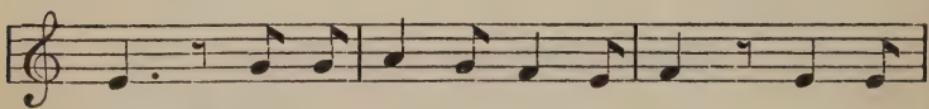
3. Cheer the heart that is sad—soothe affliction's keen pang—
 From the roof-tree of love let the mistletoe hang ;
 May sorrow depart with the fast-fading year,
 While Christmas, dear smiling Old Christmas, is here !

4. May Wealth give to Want of her bountiful store,
 May the friends long apart be united once more ;
 O welcome, thrice welcome, bright season so dear,—
 Hip, hurrah for Old Christmas, the king of the year !

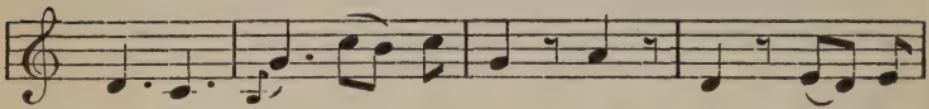
The Deep, Deep Sea.

*Allegretto scherzando.*Words by Mrs. G. SHARP.
Music by C. E. HORN.

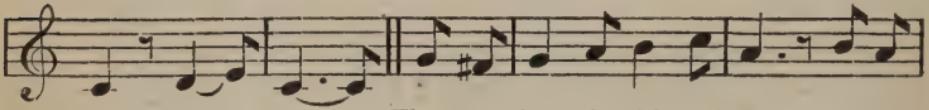
Oh, come with me, my love, And our fai - ry home shall



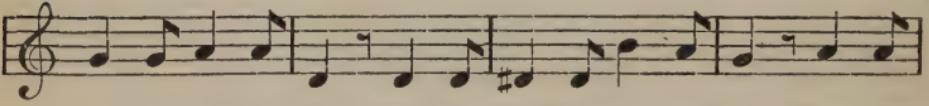
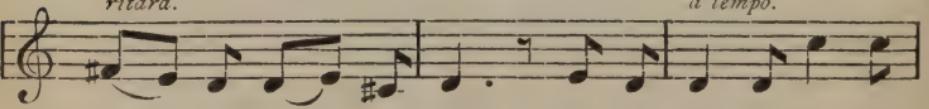
be, Where the wa - ter - spi - rits rove, In the



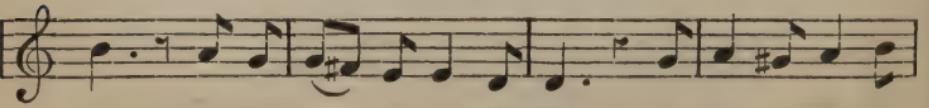
deep, deep sea, In the deep, deep sea, In the



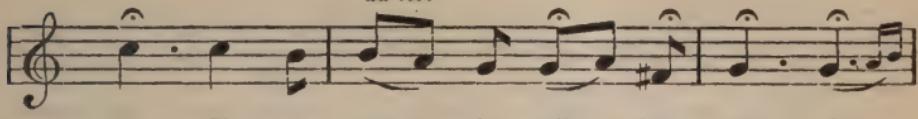
deep, deep sea. There are jew - els rich and rare In the

*ritard.**a tempo.*

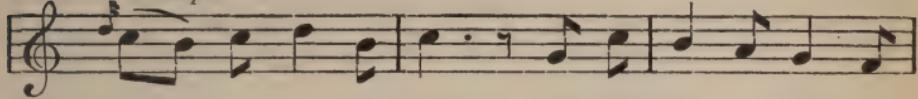
pear - ly trea - sures sleep. In a ti - ny man - of -



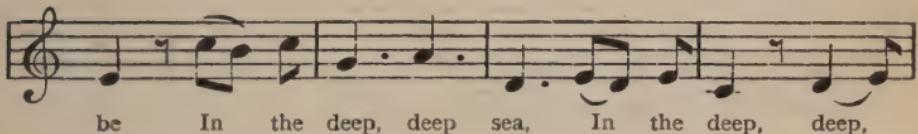
war Thou shalt stem the o - cean's tide, Or in a crys - tal

ad lib.

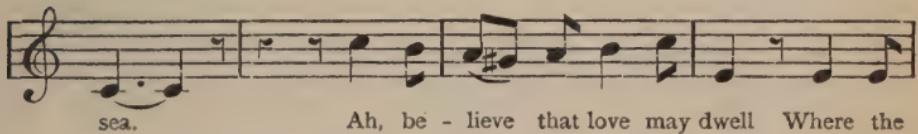
car Sit a queen in all her pride. Oh,

a tempo.

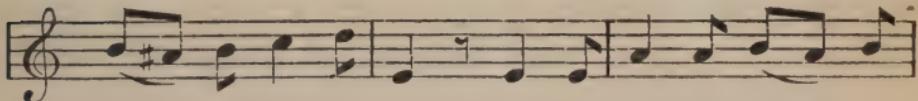
come with me, my love, And our fai - ry home shall



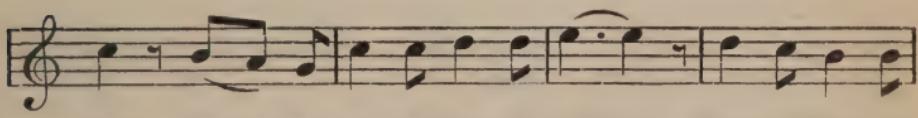
be In the deep, deep sea, In the deep, deep,



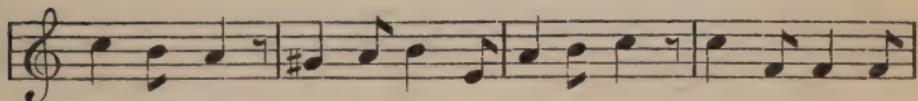
sea. Ah, be - lieve that love may dwell Where the



co - ral branch-es twine, And that ev' - ry wreath - ed



shell Breathes a tone as soft as thine. Hopes as fond as



thou would'st prove, Truth as bright as e'er was told, Hearts as warm as



those a - bove, Dwell un - der the wa - ters cold, un - der the

wa - ters cold. Oh, come with me, my
 love, And our fai - ry home shall be In the deep, deep
 sea, In the deep, deep sea. Come with me, my
 love, And our fai - ry home shall be, Where the wa - ter - spi - rits
 rove. Come, come and be my love; Come, come and be my
 love; Come, come, In the deep, deep sea, In the
 deep, deep sea. Come and be my love, In the
 deep, deep sea.

Smile again, my Bonnie Lassie.

Moderato.

Music by JOHN PARRY.

Smile a - gain, my bon-nie las-sie, Las-sie, smile a - gain;
 Prithee do not frown, sweet lassie, For it gives me pain.
 If to love thee most sin-cere-ly, Is a fault in me;
 Thus to use me so se - vere-ly, Is not kind in
 thee! Then smile a - gain, my
 bon-nie las-sie, Las-sie, smile a - gain; Oh, smile a - gain, my
 bon-nie las-sie, Las-sie smile . . . a - gain.

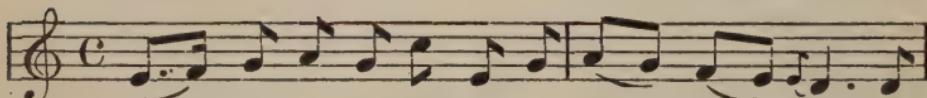
2. Fare thee well, my bonnie lassie,
 Lassie, fare thee well;
 Time will show thee, bonnie lassie,
 More than tongue can tell.
 Though we're doomed by fate to sever
 (And 'tis hard to part),

Still, believe me, thou shalt ever
 Own my faithful heart!
 Then smile again, my bonnie lassie,
 Lassie, smile again;
 Oh, smile again, my bonnie lassie,
 Prithee, smile again.

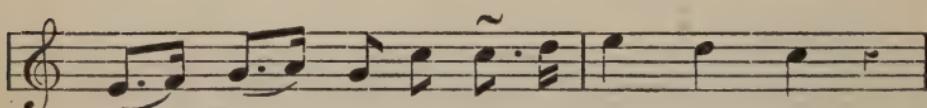
Tell her I'll love her.

Andantino.

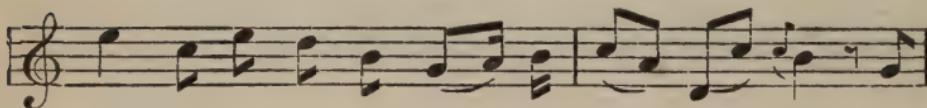
Music by WILLIAM SHIELD.



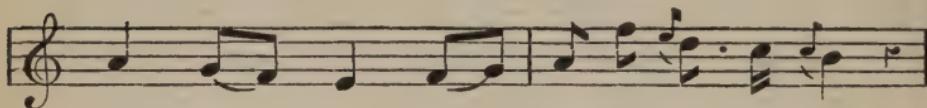
Tell her I'll love her while the clouds drop rain, And



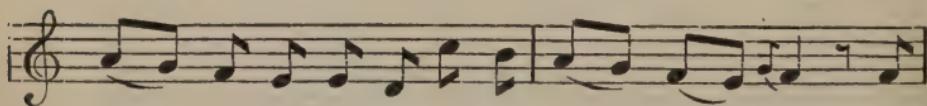
while there's wa - ter in the path - less main;



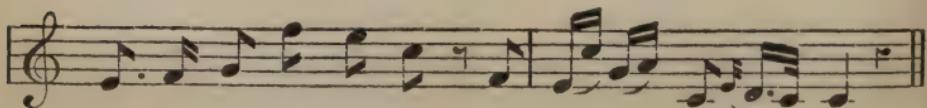
Tell her I'll love her till this life is o'er, And



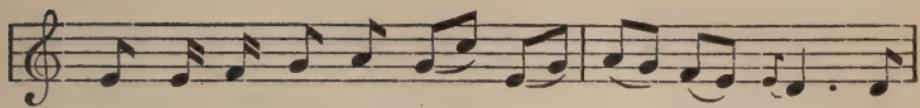
then my ghost shall vis - it this sweet shore.



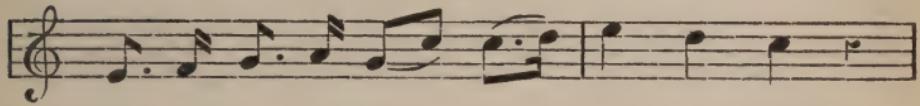
Tell her I'll love her till this life is o'er, And



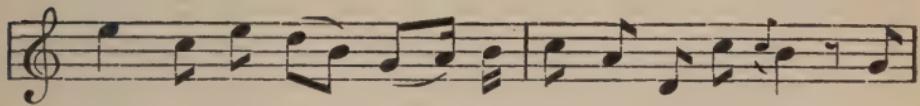
then my ghost shall vis - it, shall vis - it this sweet shore.



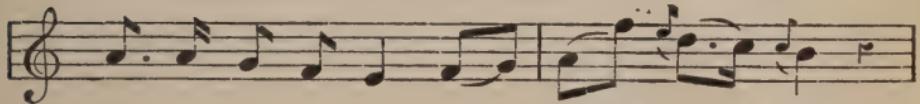
Tell her I on - ly ask she'll think of me, I'll



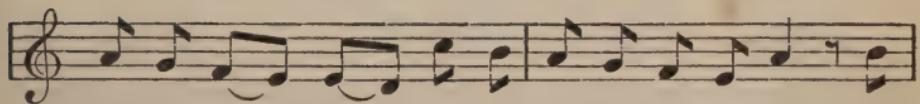
love her while there's salt with - in the sea;



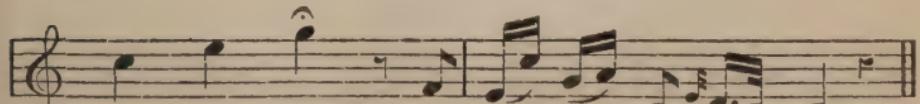
Tell her all this, tell it, tell it o'er and o'er, I'll



love her while there's salt with - - in the sea.



Tell her all this, tell it, tell it o'er and o'er; The

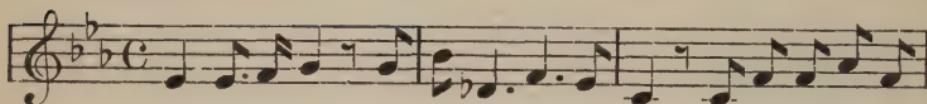


an - chor's weighed, or I would tell her more.

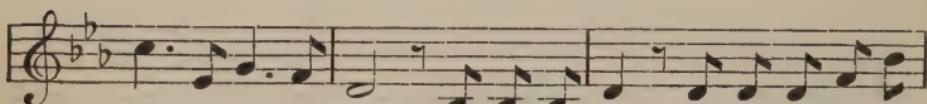
Friend of the Brave.

Words from CAMPBELL's *Pleasures of Hope*.
Music by Dr. CALLCOTT.

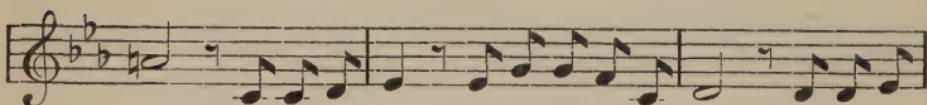
RECITATIVE.

Andante.

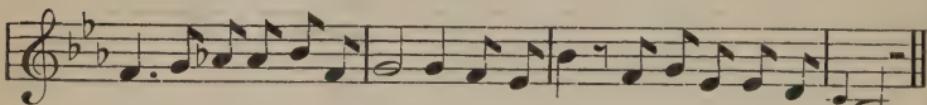
Friend of the brave! in per-il's dark - est hour, In - tre - pid Vir - tue



looks to thee for pow'r; To thee the heart its trem - bling hom-age

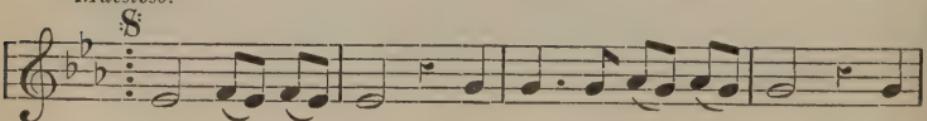


yields, On storm - y floods, and car - nage - cov - er'd fields; When front to

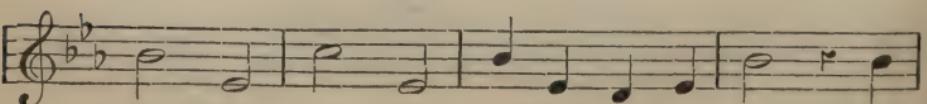


front the banner'd hosts combine, Halt ere they close, and form the dreadfulline.

AIR.

Maestoso.

When all is still on Death's de - vot - ed soil, The



march - worn sol - dier min - gles with the toil; As

The musical score consists of eight staves of music in common time, with a key signature of one flat. The notes are primarily eighth and sixteenth notes. The lyrics are integrated into the music, with some words written above the notes and others below. The vocal line starts with 'rings his glit-t'ring tube,' followed by 'he lifts on high,' then 'His daunt-less brow,' 'and spi-rit - speak-ing eye,' and 'His daunt-' (repeated). The next section begins with 'less' above the notes, followed by 'brow, and spi-rit - speak-ing eye;' and 'Hails in his heart the tri-umph yet to come,' followed by 'Hails in his heart the tri-umph yet to come,' and 'Hails in his heart the tri-umph yet to come, the tri-umph yet to come.' The final section starts with 'come,' followed by 'the tri-umph yet to come,' and 'And hears thy storm-y mu-sic in the drum!' followed by 'Hears thy storm-y mu-sic in the drum!' The lyrics are in a traditional, rhythmic style, often matching the duration of the musical notes.

rings his glit-t'ring tube, he lifts on high, His
 daunt - less brow, and spi - rit - speak - ing eye, His
 daunt - less
 brow, and spi - rit - speak - ing eye; Hails in his heart the
 tri-umph yet to come, Hails in his heart the tri-umph yet to come,
 Hails in his heart the tri-umph yet to come, the tri-umph yet to
 come, the tri-umph yet to come, And hears thy storm-y
 mu - sic in the drum ! Hears thy storm - y mu - sic in the drum !

A musical score for a single voice, featuring six staves of music in common time with a key signature of one flat. The music consists of eighth and sixteenth notes. The lyrics are integrated into the musical lines, with some words written below the staff and others above. The lyrics are as follows:

Hears thy storm - y mu - sic in the drum ! thy
storm - - - - - y mu - sic in the drum ! Hears thy
mu - sic, Hears thy mu - sic, thy
storm - - - - -

y mu - sic in the drum ! And

hears thy storm - y mu - sic in the the drum !

Blow, blow, thou Winter Wind.

*Andante con moto.*Words by SHAKESPEARE.
Music by Dr. ARNE.

Blow, blow, thou win - ter wind, Thou art not so un -

kind, Thou art not so un - kind As man's in -

gra - - - ti - tude; Thy tooth is not so

keen, . . . Be - cause thou art not seen, Thy

tooth is not so keen, . . . Be - cause thou art not

seen, Al-though thy breath be rude, Al-though thy breath be

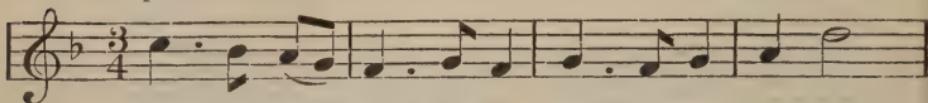
rude, . . . Al - though thy breath be rude.

2. Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
Thou dost not bite so nigh,
As benefits forgot ;
Though thou the waters warp,
Thy sting is not so sharp,
As friend remembered not.

Wandering Willie.

Con espressione.

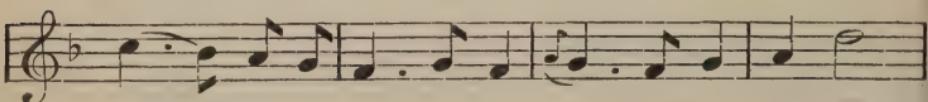
Words by BURNS.



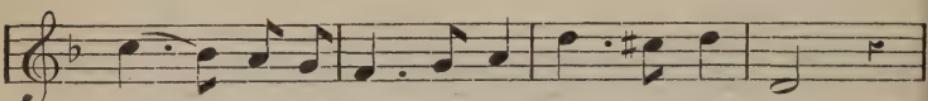
Here a - wa', there a - wa', wan - der-ing Wil - lie!



Here a - wa', there a - wa', haud a - wa' hame!



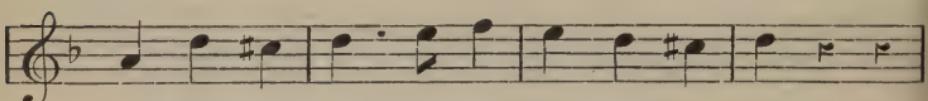
Come :: to my bo - som, my ain on - ly dear - ie;



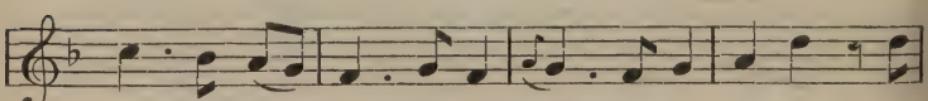
Tell . , me thou bring'st me my Wil - lie the same.



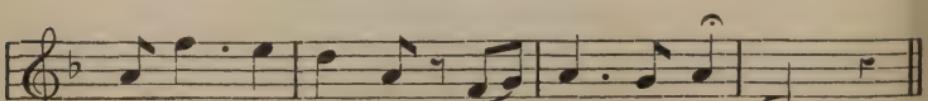
Win-ter winds blew loud and cauld . . at our part - ing.



Fears for my Wil - lie brought tears in my ee';



Wel - come now sum - mer, and wel - come my Wil - lie, The



sum - mer to Na - ture, my Wil - lie to me.

2. Rest, ye wild storms, in the caves of your slumbers !
 How your dread howling a lover alarms ;
 Wauken, ye breezes, row gently, ye billows !
 And waft my dear laddie ance mair to my arms.
 But oh, if he's faithless, and minds na his Nannie,
 Flow still between us, thou wide roarin' main !
 May I never see it, may I never trow it,
 But dying, believe that my Willie's my ain.



Begone, Dull Care.

Allegretto moderato.

Be - gone, dull care, . . . I pri - thee be - gone from
 me; Be - gone, dull care, you and I shall nev - er a -
 gree. . . . Long time thou hast been tar - ry - ing here, And
 fain thou would'st me kill; . . . But i' faith, dull
 care, . . . Thou nev - er shalt have thy will.

2. Too much care will make a young man turn grey,
 And too much care will turn an old man to clay.
 My wife shall dance and I will sing,
 So merrily pass the day;
 For I hold it one of the wisest things,
 To drive dull care away.

A Highland Lad.

Tempo di marcia.

Words by BURNS.

A Highland lad my love was born, The
 Low-land laws he held in scorn; But he
 still was faith-fu' to his clan, My
 gal-lant, braw John High-land-man! Sing
 hey, my braw John High-land-man, Sing
 ho, my braw John High-land-man; There's
 no a lad in a' the lan' Was
 match for my John High-land-man!

2. Wi' his philabeg an' tartan plaid,
An' guid claymore down by his side,
The ladies' hearts he did trepan,
My gallant, braw John Highlandman !
Sing hey, my braw John Highlandman,
Sing ho, my braw John Highlandman ;
The ladies' hearts, etc.

3. They banished him beyond the sea ;
But ere the bud was on the tree,
Adown my cheeks the pearls ran,
Embracing my John Highlandman.
Sing hey, my braw John Highlandman,
Sing ho, my braw John Highlandman ;
Adown my cheeks, etc.

4. But oh ! they catched him at the last,
An' bound him in a dungeon fast ;
My curse upon them ev'ry one,
They've hanged my braw John Highlandman !
Sing hey, my braw John Highlandman,
Sing ho, my braw John Highlandman ;
My curse, etc.

~~~~~

### Kathleen O'More.

*Con espressione.*

Words by G. N. REYNOLDS.  
Old Melody.

My love, still I think that I see her once more; But a-  
las ! she has left me her loss to de - plore, My  
own lit-tle Kath-leen, my poor lit-tle Kath-leen, My Kath-leen O' More.

2. Her hair glossy black, her eyes were dark blue,  
Her colour still changing, her smiles ever new ;  
So pretty was Kathleen, my sweet little Kathleen,  
My Kathleen O' More.

3. She milked the dun cow, that ne'er offered to stir—  
Though wicked to all, it was gentle to her ;  
So kind was my Kathleen, my poor little Kathleen,  
My Kathleen O' More.

4. She sat at the door, one cold afternoon,  
To hear the wind blow, and to gaze on the moon ;  
So pensive was Kathleen, my poor little Kathleen,  
My Kathleen O' More.

5. Oh, cold was the night-wind that sighed round her bow'r,  
It chilled my poor Kathleen, she drooped from that hour ;  
And I lost my poor Kathleen, my own little Kathleen,  
My Kathleen O' More.

6. The bird of all birds that I love the best,  
Is the robin, that in the churchyard builds his nest ;  
For he seems to watch Kathleen, hops lightly o'er Kathleen,  
My Kathleen O' More.

## A Life on the Ocean Wave.

*Vivace.*

Music by H. RUSSELL.

A life on the o - cean wave,      A home on the roll - ing

deep,      Where the scat - ter'd wa - ters rave,      And the

winds their re - vels keep!      A home on the roll - ing

deep,      Where the scat - ter'd wa - ters rave,      And the

winds their re - vels keep!      Like an ea - gle cag'd I

pine      On this dull un - chang - ing shore;      Oh,

give me the flash - ing brine,      The spray, and the tem - pest's

roar!      A life on the o - cean wave,      A

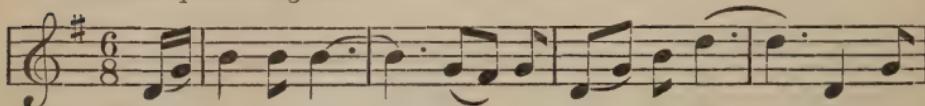
home on the roll-ing deep, Where the scat-ter'd wa-ters  
 rave, And the winds their re - vels keep ! The  
 winds, the winds, the winds their re - vels  
 keep ! The winds, the winds, the winds their re - vels  
 keep ! The winds, the winds, the winds their re - vels  
 keep !

2. Once more on the deck I stand  
 Of my own swift-gliding craft ;  
 Set sail ! farewell to the land,  
 The gale follows fair abaft.  
 We shoot through the sparkling foam,  
 Like an ocean bird set free ;  
 Like the ocean bird, our home  
 We'll find far out on the sea !  
 A life on the ocean wave, etc.

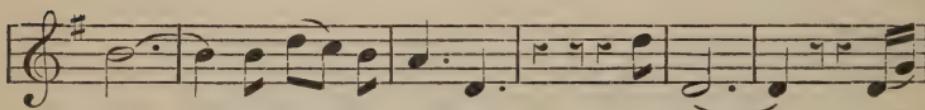
3. The land is no longer in view,  
 The clouds have begun to frown ;  
 But with a stout vessel and crew,  
 We'll say, 'Let the storm come down !'  
 And the song of our hearts shall be,  
 While the winds and the waters rave,  
 'A life on the heaving sea,  
 A home on the bounding wave !'  
 A life on the ocean wave, etc.

## Away, away to the Mountain's Brow.

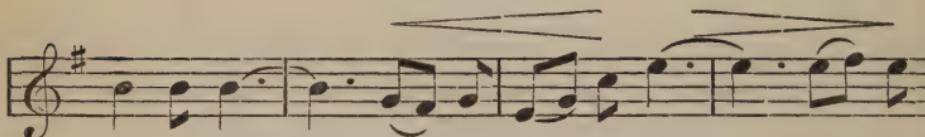
Music by A. LEE.

*Andante quasi Allegretto.*

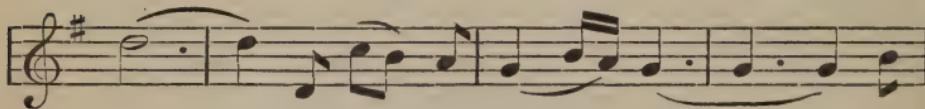
A - way, a - way . . . to the moun-tain's brow, Where the



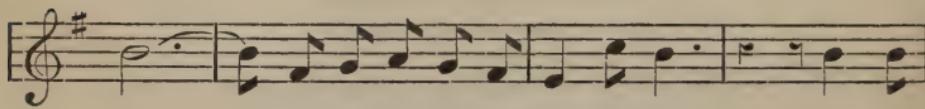
trees . . . are gen - tly wav - ing; A - way! . . . A -



way, a - way . . . to the moun-tain's brow, . . . Where the



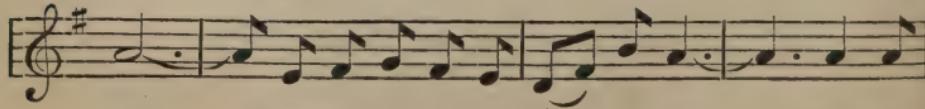
stream . . . is gen - tly lav - - ing. . . . And



beau - - ty, my love, on thy cheek shall dwell, Like the



rose . . . as it opes to the day; . . . While the



ze - - phyr that breathes thro' the flow' - ry dell, . . . Shakes the

spark - ling dew - drop a - way. A - way! . . . A -

way, a - way . . . to the moun - tain's brow, . . . Where the

trees . . . are gen - tly wav - ing; A - way! .

A - way, a - way . . . to the moun - tain's brow,

. . . Where the stream . . . is gen - tly lav - ing; Where the

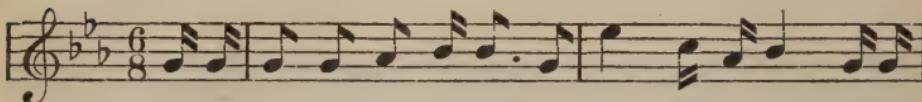
stream . . . is gen - tly lav - ing, Where the

stream . . . is . . . gen - - tly lav - - ing.

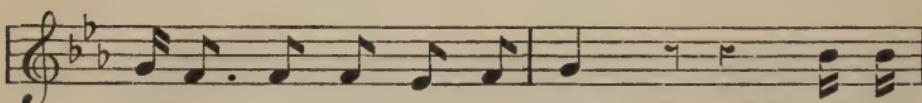
2. Away, away to the rocky glen,  
 Where the deer are wildly bounding ;—Away!  
 And the hills shall echo in gladness again  
 To the hunter's bugle sounding!  
 While beauty, my love, on thy cheek shall dwell,  
 Like the rose as it opes to the day;  
 While the zephyr that breathes thro' the flow'ry dell,  
 Shakes the sparkling dew-drop away.—Away!  
 Away, away to the rocky glen, etc.

A Thousand a Year.<sup>1</sup>*Allegretto.*

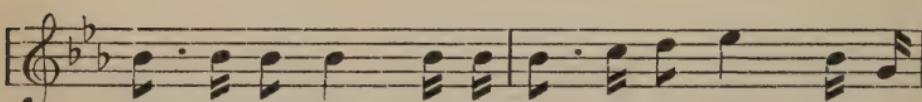
Mrs. P. MILLARD.



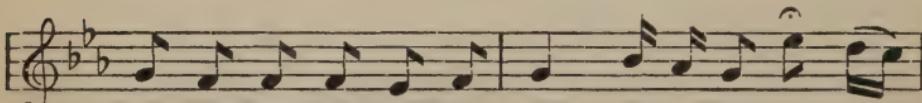
'Oh, if I had a thou-sand a year, Gaffer Green,—But I



ne- ver shall have it, I fear,— What a



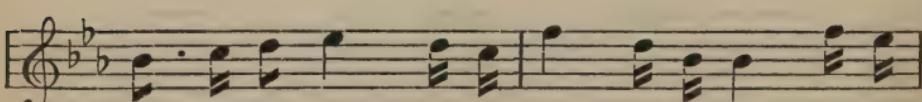
man should I be, and what things would I see; Oh, if



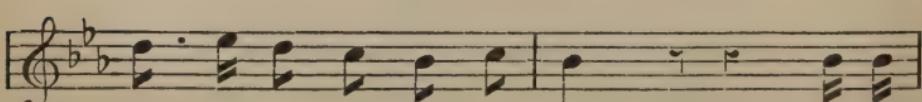
I had a thou-sand a year, Gaffer Green, Oh, if



I had a thou-sand a year.' The best

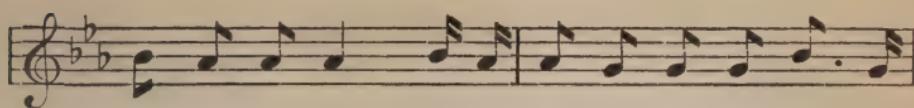


wish you can make, take my word, Ro-bin Ruff, Will not

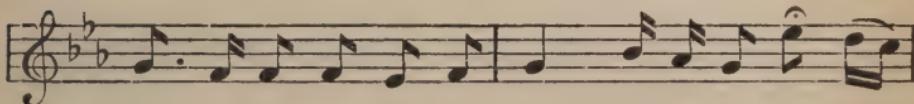


pay for your bread and your beer; But be

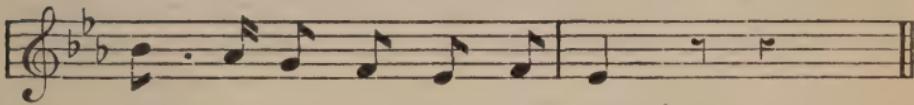
<sup>1</sup> Inserted by the kind permission of Messrs. BOOSEY & CO., London.



hon - est and true, and say what you would do, If you



had got a thou - sand a year, Ro-bin Ruff, If you



had got a thou - sand a year?'

2. 'I would do then I cannot tell what, Gaffer Green ;  
 I would go to I hardly know where ;  
 I would scatter the chink, and leave others to think,  
 While I lived on a thousand a year, Gaffer Green,  
 While I lived on a thousand a year.'

'And when you are aged and grey, Robin Ruff,  
 When the day of your death should draw near,  
 What, 'midst all your pains, would you do with your gains,  
 If you then had a thousand a year, Robin Ruff,  
 If you then had a thousand a year?'

3. 'I never can tell what you're at, Gaffer Green,  
 For your questions are always so queer ;  
 But as other folks die, I suppose so must I.'  
 'What ! and give up your thousand a-year, Robin Ruff?  
 What ! and give up your thousand a-year ?  
 There's a world that is better than this, Robin Ruff,  
 And I hope in my heart you'll go there,  
 Where the poor man's as great, though he'd here no estate,  
 Ay, as if he'd a thousand a year, Robin Ruff,  
 Ay, as if he'd a thousand a year.'

## The Heather-Bell.

*Moderato.*Words by J. CALDER.  
Music by J. S. ALLAN.

I love to tread the moun-tains, Where the dark-brown heath doth grow, Whence run the crys - tal foun - tains To the warm-er plains be-

low; And mark the wild bee skim-ming, As it

rang - es o'er each fell, . . . As gai - ly it is

hum - ming Round the rich-stor'd heath-er-bell. The heath-er-bell, the

heath-er - bell, The hon-ied, pur-ple heath-er - bell; Who feels not then his

heart more free, While spring - ing o'er the heath - er - bell?

2. The hills where grows the heather,  
Oh, they are the hills for me;  
Where love and truth together  
Dwell amid the brave and free.  
Oh, then the heart feels lighter  
When inhaling thy perfume;  
Oh, then the sun seems brighter  
When the heath is in its bloom.  
The heather-bell, etc.

3. Dear Scotland, thou hast ever  
Ranked the first among the free;  
And to thy foes thou never  
Hast bent a conquered knee.  
For where the heather groweth  
There the free do love to dwell;  
A warmer feeling gloweth  
Where is seen its purple bell.  
The heather-bell, etc.

## Logie o' Buchan.

*Moderato.*

Words ascribed to GEORGE HACKET.

O Logie o' Buchan, O Logie the laird, They ha'e  
 ta'en a-wa' Jamie that delv'd in the yard, Wha play'd on the  
 pipe, an' the vi - ol sae sma', They hae ta'en a-wa' Jam - ie, the  
 ritard. a tempo. flow'r o' them a'. He said, 'Think na lang, lassie, though I gang a-  
 wa', For I'll come an' see thee in spite o' them a'.'

2. Though Sandy has owsen,<sup>1</sup> has gear,<sup>2</sup> an' has kye,<sup>3</sup>  
 A house, an' a haddin, an' siller forbye;  
 Yet I'd take my ain lad, wi' his staff in his hand,  
 Before I'd ha'e Sandy wi' houses an' land.  
 But the simmer is comin', cauld winter's awa',  
 An' he'll come an' see me in spite o' them a'.
3. My daddie looks sulky, my minnie looks sour,  
 They frown upon Jamie, because he is poor;  
 Though I lo'e them as weel as a daughter should do,  
 They are no half sae dear to me, Jamie, as you.  
 He said, 'Think na lang, lassie, though I gang awa',  
 For I'll come an' see thee in spite o' them a'.'
4. I sit on my creepie,<sup>4</sup> an' spin at my wheel,  
 An' think on the laddie that lo'es me sae weel;  
 He had but a'e saxpence, he brak it in twa,  
 An' he gied me the half o't when he gaed awa'.  
 But the simmer is comin', cauld winter's awa',  
 An' he'll come an' see me in spite o' them a'.

<sup>1</sup> Owsen—oxen.<sup>2</sup> Gear—goods.<sup>3</sup> Kye—cows.<sup>4</sup> Creepie—low stool.

## Oh, share my Cottage, gentle Maid.

*Andante.*

Music by R. G. SHRIVALL.

Oh, share my cot-tage, gen-tle maid, It on - ly waits for  
 thee, To give a sweet - ness to its shade, And  
*cres.* hap - pi - ness, hap - pi - ness to me. Here from the splen-did gay pa -  
 rade Of noise and fol - ly free, No  
 sor - rows can my peace in - vade, If on - ly blest with  
*rall.* *a tempo.*  
 thee. Then . . . share my cot-tage, gen-tle maid, It  
 on - ly waits for thee, To give a sweet - ness to its  
 shade, And hap - pi - ness, hap - pi - ness to me.

2. The hawthorn with the woodbine twined  
 Present their sweets to thee,  
 And every balmy breath of wind  
 Is filled with harmony.  
 A truly fond and faithful heart  
 Is all I offer thee;

And canst thou see me thus depart,  
 A prey to misery?  
 Then share my cottage, dearest maid,  
 It only waits for thee,  
 To add fresh beauty to its shade,  
 And happiness to me.

## Bonnie Jeanie Gray.

*Moderato con espressione.*

Words of first and third stanzas by WILLIAM PAUL, the second stanza by WM. THOM.  
 Music by RICHARD WEBSTER.

Oh, whaur was ye sae late yes-treen, My bon-nie Jean - ie  
 Gray? Your mi - ther missed ye late at e'en, And  
 eke at break o' day. Your mi - ther looked sae  
 ral - len - tan - do.  
 sour and sad, Your fai - ther dull and wae; Oh !  
 whaur was ye sae late yes-treen, My bon-nie Jean - ie Gray?

2. I've marked that lonely look o' thine,  
 My bonnie Jeanie Gray;  
 I've kent<sup>1</sup> your kindly bosom pine  
 This mony,<sup>2</sup> mony day.  
 Ha'e hinnied words o' promise lured  
 Your guileless heart astray?  
 Oh, dinna hide your grief frae me,  
 My bonnie Jeanie Gray..

3. Dear sister, sit ye down by me,  
 And let naebody ken;  
 For I ha'e promised, late yestreen,  
 To wed young Jamie Glen.  
 The meltin' tear stood in his e',  
 What heart could say him nay?  
 An' aft he vowed, 'Through life I'm  
 My bonnie Jeanie Gray.' [thine,

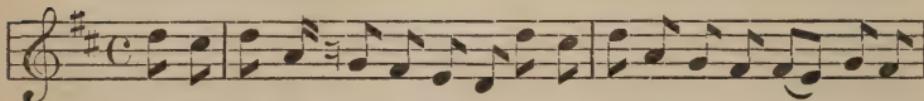
<sup>1</sup> Kent—known.

<sup>2</sup> Mony—many.

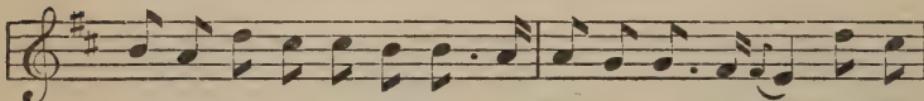
## I've been Roaming.

*Andantino con anima.*

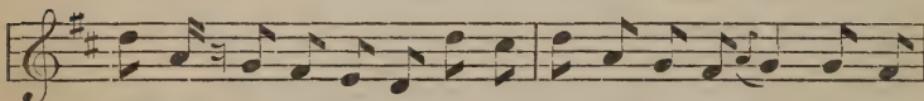
Music by C. E. HORN.



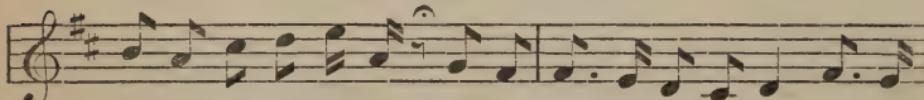
I've been roaming, I've been roaming, Where the meadow dew is sweet; And I'm



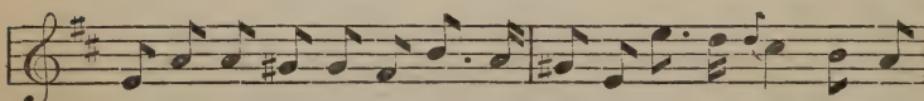
com-ing, and I'm com-ing, With its pearls up - on my feet. I've been



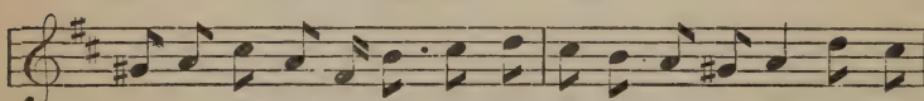
roam-ing, I've been roaming, Where the mea-dow dew is sweet; And I'm



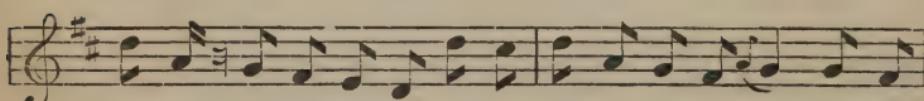
com-ing, and I'm com-ing, With its pearls up - on my feet. I've been



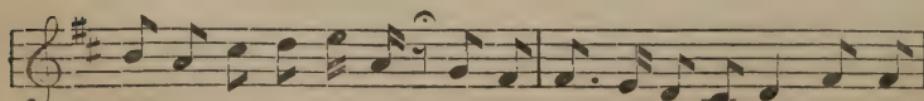
roam-ing, I've been roaming, O'er the rose and li - ly fair; And I'm



com-ing, and I'm com-ing, With their blos-soms in my hair. I've been



roam-ing, I've been roaming, Where the mea-dow dew is sweet; And I'm



com-ing, and I'm com-ing, With its pearls up - on my feet. I've been

roam-ing, I've been roam-ing, Where the ho - ney - suck - le creeps; And I'm  
 com-ing, and I'm com-ing, With its kiss - es on my lips. I've been  
 roaming, I've been roaming, Where the mea-dow dew is sweet; And I'm  
 com-ing, and I'm com-ing, With its pearls up - on my feet. I've been  
 roaming, I've been roam-ing, O - ver hill and o - ver plain; And I'm  
 com-ing, and I'm com-ing, To my bow - er back a - gain. O - ver  
 hill and o - ver plain, To my bow - er back a - gain, And I'm  
 com-ing, and I'm com-ing, To my bow - er back a - gain; to my  
 bow - er back a - gain, to my bow - er back a - gain.

## Highland Mary.

Andante.

Words by BURNS.  
Air, Katherine Ogie.

Ye banks and braes and streams a-round The  
 cas-tle o' Mont-gom'-ry, Green be your woods, and  
 fair your flow'rs, Your wa-ters nev-er drum - lie.<sup>1</sup> There  
 sim - mer first un-faulds her robes, And there they lang - est  
 tar - ry; For there I took the last fare - weel O'  
 ral - len - tan - do.  
 my sweet High - land Ma - ry!

2. How sweetly bloom'd the gay green birk,<sup>2</sup>  
 How rich the hawthorn's blossom,  
 As underneath their fragrant shade  
 I clasp'd her to my bosom!  
 The golden hours, on angel wings,  
 Flew o'er me and my dearie;  
 For dear to me as light and life  
 Was my sweet Highland Mary!

3. Wi' mony a vow and lock'd embrace  
 Our parting was fu' tender;  
 And pledging aft to meet again,  
 We tore ourselves asunder!  
 But oh! fell Death's untimely frost,  
 That nipt my flow'r so early;  
 Now green's the sod, and cauld's the clay,  
 That wraps my Highland Mary!

4. Oh, pale, pale now those rosy lips  
 I aft ha'e kiss'd sae fondly,  
 And clos'd for aye the sparkling glance  
 That dwelt on me sae kindly,  
 And mould'ring now in silent dust  
 The heart that lo'ed me dearly;  
 But still within my bosom's core  
 Shall live my Highland Mary!

<sup>1</sup> Drumlie—muddy or turbid.<sup>2</sup> Birk—birch.

## Queen of my Soul.

*Andantino, with feeling.*

Words by Miss COSTELLO.

Music by Miss WOLLASTON.

Queen of my soul; whose star - like eyes Are  
 all the light I seek, Whose voice in sweet-est  
 me - lo - dies Can love or par - don speak, Can  
 love or par - don speak, I bow me to thy  
 lov'd con-trol, *espress.* Queen of my soul! Ma-ry, Ma-ry,  
 - queen of my soul! Ma-ry, Ma-ry, queen of my soul!

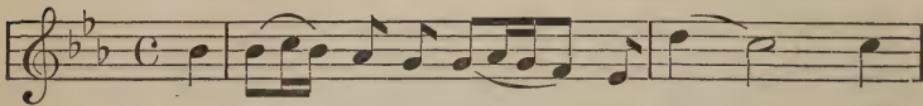
2. The mountains of thy native shore  
 Are cold and dim and gray ;  
 Ah! linger midst their clouds no more,  
 Thy home is far away,  
 Where Italy's blue waters roll,  
 Queen of my soul !  
 Mary, Mary, queen of my soul !

3. The perfumed rose for thee is twined,  
 The lute awakes its strain ;  
 Then, shall the with'ring northern wind  
 Steal all thy sweets in vain ?  
 No ! Fly beyond thy fate's control,  
 Queen of my soul !  
 Mary, Mary, queen of my soul !

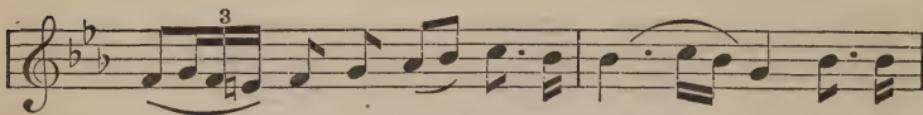
## I seek Her on every Shore.

Moderato grazioso.

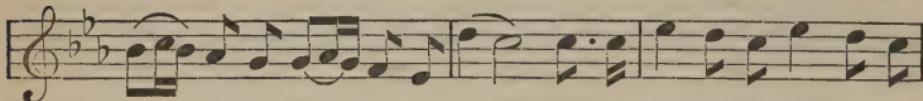
Music by G. H. RODWELL.



seek - her on ev' - - - ry shore, But



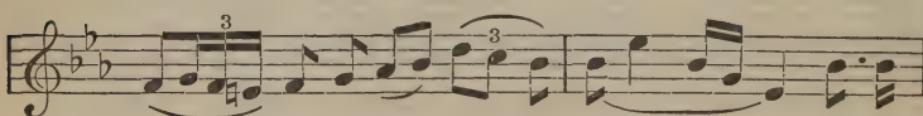
seek . . . her, a - las! still in vain,— . . . In the



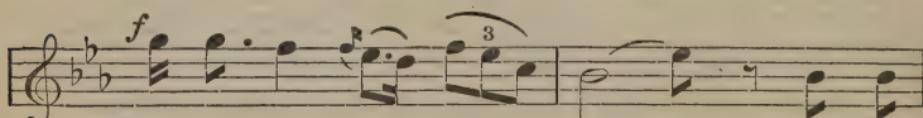
ca - bin where oft we have met, On the waves of the white-crest-ed



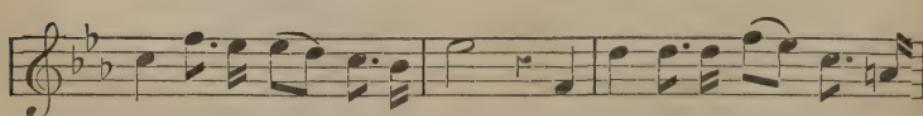
main. I seek her on ev' - - - ry shore, But



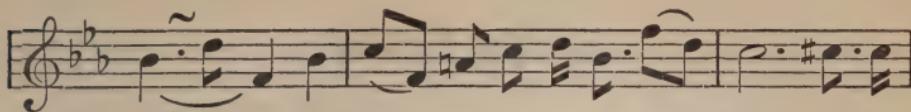
seek . . . her, a - las! still in vain,— . . . In the



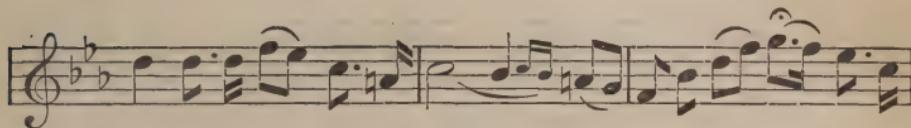
ca - bin where last we met, . . . On the



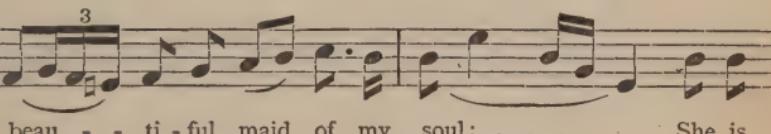
waves of the white-crest-ed main, I wan-der a - lone thro' the



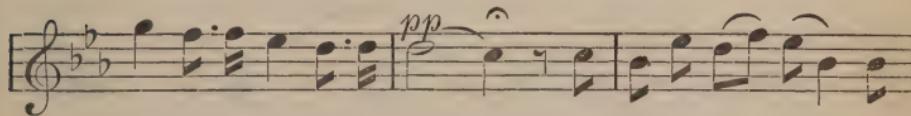
world, . . . My an - guish I can - not con - trol;— She is



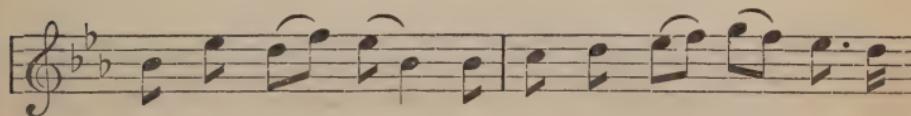
gone, she is lost, she is dead, . . . The beau-ti-ful maid of my  
soul,      The beau - ti - ful maid of my soul,      The



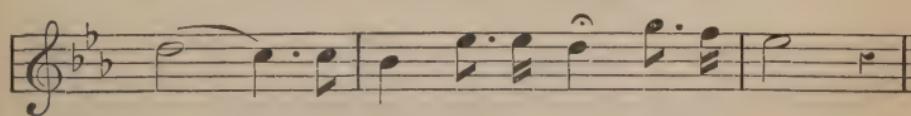
beau - - ti - ful maid of my soul; . . . . She is



gone, she is lost, she is dead,      The beau-ti-ful maid, the



beau - ti - ful maid, the beau - ti - ful maid of my



soul, . . . The beau - ti - ful maid of my soul.

2. I see in her desolate bower

The lute that she loved so to play;

The vase, too, she treasured is there,

But the flowers are all faded away.

So tuneless, so withered my heart,

Its anguish I cannot control;—

I shall only behold her in heaven,

The beautiful maid of my soul.

The beautiful maid, etc.

## Lucy's Flittin'.

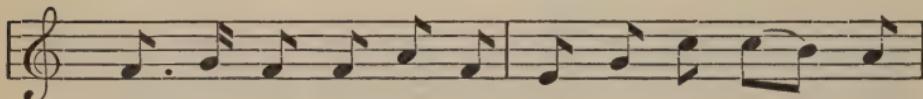
Words by WILLIAM LAIDLAW.

*Andante.*

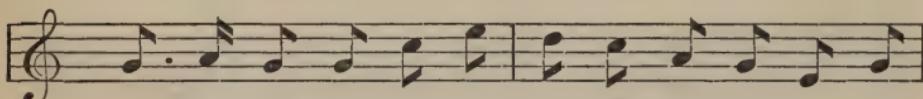
Music by R. A. SMITH.



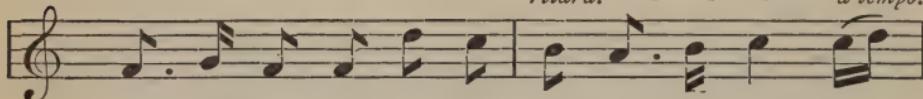
'Twas when the wan leaf frae the birk-tree was fa' - in', And



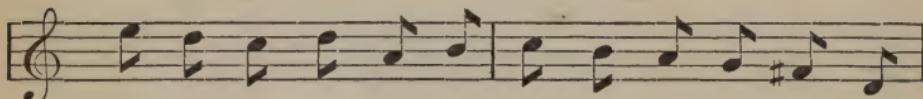
Mar - tin - mas dow - ie<sup>r</sup> had wound up the year, That



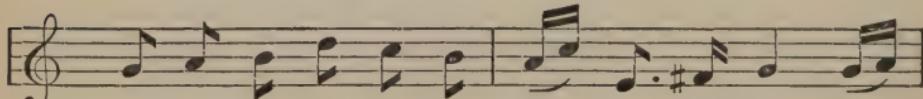
Lu - cy row'd<sup>2</sup> up her wee kist<sup>3</sup> wi' her a' in't, And

*ritard.**a tempo.*

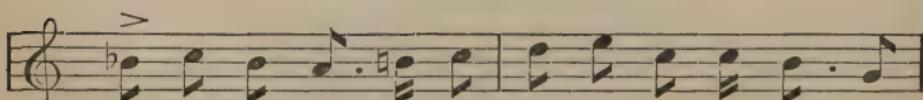
left her auld mais - ter and nee - bours sae dear. For



Lu - cy had served in 'The Glen' a' the sim - mer; She



cam' there be - fore the flow'r bloom'd on the pea; An

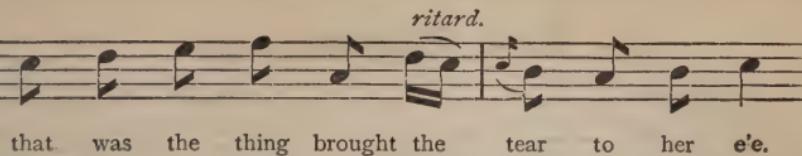


or - phan was she, and they had been gude till her, Sure

<sup>1</sup> Dowie—dull or sad.

<sup>2</sup> Row'd—tied.

<sup>3</sup> Kist—chest.



2. She gaed by the stable where Jamie was stan'in',  
 Right sair was his kind heart the flittin' to see :  
 ' Fare ye weel, Lucy ! ' quo' Jamie, and ran in,  
 The gatherin' tears trickled fast frae his e'e.  
 As down the burn-side she gaed slow wi' her flittin',  
 ' Fare ye weel, Lucy ! ' was ilka<sup>1</sup> bird's sang ;  
 She heard the craw sayin' t high on the tree sittin',  
 And robin was chirpin' t the brown leaves amang.

3. ' Oh, what is't that pits my puir heart in a flutter ?  
 An' what gars the tear come sae fast to my e'e ?  
 If I wasna ettled<sup>2</sup> to be ony better,  
 Then what gars me wish ony better to be ?  
 I'm just like a lammie that loses its mither—  
 Nae mither nor freend the puir lammie can see ;  
 I fear I ha'e tint<sup>3</sup> my bit heart a' thegither—  
 Nae wonder the tear fa's sae fast frae my e'e.

4. ' Wi' the rest o' my claes I ha'e row'd up the ribbon,  
 The bonnie blue ribbon that Jamie gae me ;  
 Yestreen when he gae me't, and saw I was sabbin',<sup>4</sup>  
 I'll never forget the wae blink o' his e'e !  
 Though now he said naething but " Fare ye weel, Lucy ! "  
 It made me I neither could speak, hear, nor see :  
 He couldna say mair but just " Fare ye weel, Lucy ! "  
 Yet that I will mind till the day that I dee.'

5. The lamb likes the gowan<sup>5</sup> wi' dew when it's drookit,<sup>6</sup>  
 The hare likes the brake and the braird on the lea ;  
 But Lucy likes Jamie ;—she turned and she lookit ;  
 She thocht the dear place she wad never mair see.  
 Ah ! weel may young Jamie gang dowie and cheerless,  
 And weel may he greet<sup>7</sup> on the bank o' the burn ;  
 For bonnie sweet Lucy, sae gentle and peerless,  
 Lies cauld in her grave, and will never return !

<sup>1</sup> Ilka—every.  
<sup>5</sup> Gowan—daisy.

<sup>2</sup> Ettled—intended.

<sup>6</sup> Drookit—drenched.

<sup>3</sup> Tint—lost.

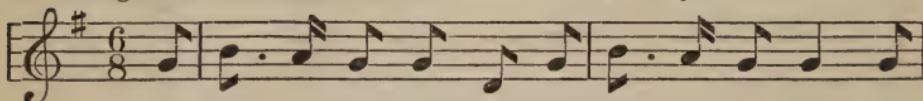
<sup>7</sup> Greet—weep.

<sup>4</sup> Sabbin'—sobbing.

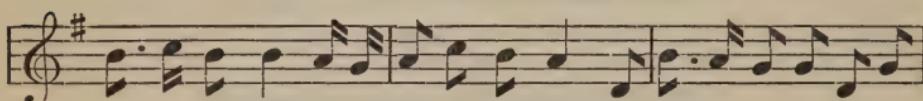
## Rest, Warrior, rest.

*Larghetto.*

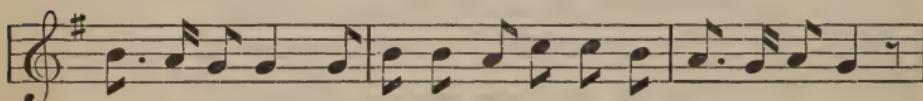
Music by MICHAEL KELLY.



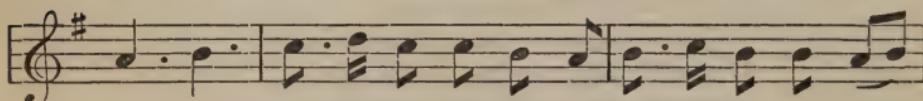
He comes from the wars, from the red field of fight; He



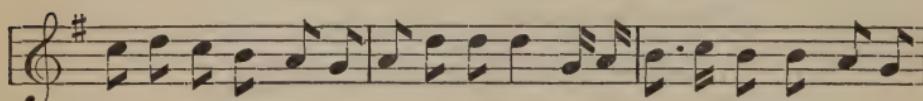
comes thro' the storms and the dark-ness of night; For rest and for re-fuge now



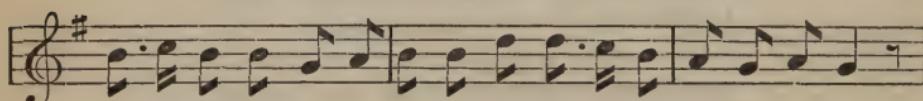
fain to im-plore, The war-rior bends low at the cot - ta-ger's door.



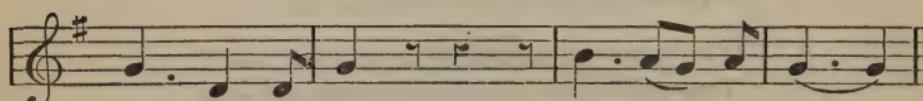
Pale, pale, pale is his cheek, there's a gash on his brow; His



locks o'er his shoul-ders dis-tract-ed-ly flow; And the fire of his heart shoots by



fits from his eye, Like a lan-gui-sh-ing lamp that just flash-es to die.



Rest, war - rior, rest! etc. Rest, war - rior, rest!

2. Sunk in silence and sleep in the cottager's bed,  
 Oblivion shall visit the war-weary head;  
 Perchance he may dream, but the vision shall tell,  
 Of his lady-love's bower, and her latest farewell.  
 Oh! then Hope's fond dream chase the battle's array,  
 And sweet Love to his home guides the warrior's way;  
 All the calm joys of peace to his heart shall yield rest:  
 Ah! warrior, wake not, such slumber is blest.

Rest, warrior, rest! etc.

## Long, long Ago.

*Moderato, with feeling.*

Words and Music by T. HAYNES BAYLY.

Tell me the tales that to me were so dear,

Long, long a - go, long, long a - go ; Sing me the songs I de-

light - ed to hear, Long, long a - go, long a - go.

Now you are come, all my grief is re - mov'd ;

Let me for - get that so long you have rov'd ; Let me be - lieve that you

love as you lov'd, Long, long a - go, long a - go.

2. Do you remember the path where we met,  
 Long, long ago, long, long ago ;  
 Ah, yes ! you told me you ne'er would forget,  
 Long, long ago, long ago.  
 Then to all others *my* smile you preferred,  
 Love when you spoke gave a charm to each word ;  
 Still my heart treasures the praises I heard,  
 Long, long ago, long ago.

3. Though by your kindness my fond hopes were raised,  
 Long, long ago, long, long ago ;  
 You by more eloquent lips have been praised,  
 Long, long ago, long ago.  
 But by long absence your truth has been tried,  
 Still to your accents I listen with pride,  
 Blest as I was when I sat by your side,  
 Long, long ago, long ago.

Wi' a Hundred Pipers.<sup>1</sup>*Allegretto.*

Words by LADY NAIRNE.

Wi' a hun - dred pipers an' a', an' a', Wi' a'

hun-dred pipers an' a', an' a', We'll up an' gie them a

blaw, a blaw, Wi' a hun - dred pipers an' a', an' a'. Oh, it's

owre the Bor - der a - wa', a - wa', It's owre the Bor - der a -

wa', a - wa', We'll on and we'll march to Car - lisle ha', Wi' its

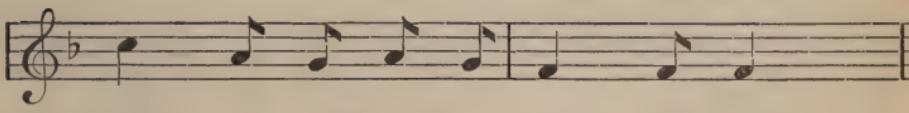
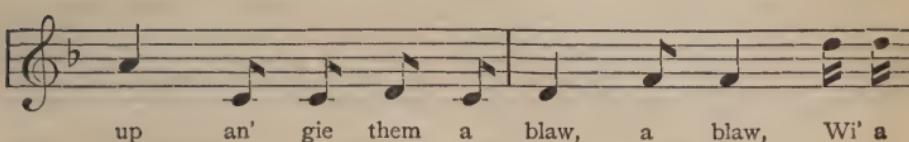
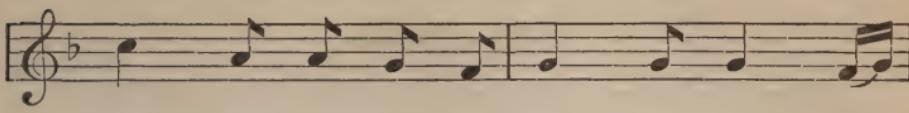
*rall.*

*a tempo.*

yetts,<sup>2</sup> its cas - tle, an' a', an' a'. Wi' a'

hun - dred pipers an' a', an' a', Wi' a'

<sup>1</sup> Published by permission of Messrs. PATERSON, SONS, & Co., Edinburgh. <sup>2</sup> Yetts—gates.



2. Oh, our sodger lads look'd braw, look'd braw,  
 Wi' their tartan kilts an' a', an' a',  
 Wi' their bonnets an' feathers an' glitt'ring gear,  
 An' pibrochs sounding sweet and clear.  
 Will they a' return to their ain dear glen?—  
 Will they a' return, our Hieland men?  
 Second-sighted Sandy looked fu' wae,<sup>1</sup>  
 And mithers grat<sup>2</sup> when they march'd away.  
 Wi' a hundred pipers, etc.

3. Oh, wha is foremost o' a', o' a'?—  
 Oh, wha does follow the blaw, the blaw?  
 Bonnie Charlie, the king o' us a'—hurrah!  
 Wi' his hundred pipers an' a', an' a'.  
 His bonnet an' feather he's waving high,  
 His prancing steed maist seems to fly;  
 The wind plays wi' his curly hair,  
 While the pipers blow up an unco flare!  
 Wi' a hundred pipers, etc.

4. The Esk was swollen sae red, sae deep,  
 But shouther to shouther the brave lads keep;  
 Twa thoosand swam owre to fell English ground,  
 An' danced themsel's dry to the pibroch's sound.  
 Dumfounder'd<sup>3</sup> the English saw, they saw—  
 Dumfounder'd they heard the blaw, the blaw—  
 Dumfounder'd they a' ran awa', awa',  
 Frae the hundred pipers an' a', an' a'.  
 Wi' a hundred pipers, etc.

<sup>1</sup> Wae—woeful.

<sup>2</sup> Grat—wept.

<sup>3</sup> Dumfounder'd—confounded with terror.

## The Model.

MY FRIEND IS THE MAN I WOULD COPY THROUGH LIFE.

*Allegretto.*Words by M. P. ANDREWS.  
Music by JAMES HOOK.

My friend is the man I would co - py through life; He

har - bours no en - vy, he caus - es no strife; No

mur - murs e - scape him though for - tune bears hard; Con-

tent is his por - tion, and peace his re - ward. Still

hap - py in his sta - tion, He minds his oc - cu - pa - tion, Nor

heeds the snares nor knows the cares Which

crowd this world - ly scene; Dai - ly work - ing wear - i - ly,

Night - ly sing - ing cheer - i - ly, Dear to him his

*ad lib.*

wife, his home, His coun - try, and his Queen.

Queen. Dai - ly work - ing wear - i - ly,

Night - ly sing - ing cheer - i - ly, Dear to him his

wife, his home, His coun - try, and his Queen.

2. His heart is enlarged, though his income is scant,  
He lessens his little for others that want ;  
Though his children's dear claims on his industry press,  
He has something to spare for the child of distress.

He seeks no idle squabble,  
He joins no thoughtless rabble,  
To clear his way from day to day  
His honest views extend ;  
When he speaks 'tis verily,  
When he smiles 'tis merrily,  
Dear to him his sport, his toil,  
His honour, and his friend.  
When he speaks, etc.

3. How charming to find, in his humble retreat,  
That bliss so much sought, so unknown to the great,—  
The wife only anxious her fondness to prove ;  
The playful endearments of infantile love.

Relaxing from his labours,  
Amid his welcome neighbours,  
With plain regale, with jest and tale,  
The happy hero see ;  
No vain schemes confounding him,  
All his joys surrounding him,  
Dear he holds his native land,  
Its laws and liberty.  
No vain schemes, etc.

## Kate Kearney.

*Andantino.*Words by Lady MORGAN.  
Irish Melody.

Oh, should you e'er meet with Kate Kearney, Who  
 lives near the lakes of Kil-lar-ney, Of her dark eyes be-ware! For  
 love's witch-ing snare Lies hid in the glance of Kate Kearney. For those  
 eyes, so se - du - cing - ly beam - ing, Will  
 kill ere of mis - chief you're dream - ing; And  
 who dares to view her cheek's ros - y hue, Must  
 die by the spell of Kate Kear - - ney.

2. At eve should you meet this Kate Kearney,  
 On the balm-breathing banks of Killarney,  
 Of her smile, oh, beware!  
 For fatal's the snare  
 Concealed in the smile of Kate Kearney.  
 Though her hair's o'er her snowy neck streaming,  
 Her looks with simplicity teeming,  
 Beware ere you sip  
 The balm from her lip;  
 For fatal's the breath of Kate Kearney.

## The Jolly Beggar.

Animato.

Words by King JAMES V. of Scotland.

There was a jolly beggar, And a  
 beg-ging he was bound; And he took up his quar-ters In-  
 to a land-wart town. And we'll gang nae mair a rov - in' Sae  
 late in - to the night; And we'll gang nae mair a rov - in', Let the  
 moon shine e'er sae bright. And we'll gang nae mair a rov - in'.

2. He wad neither lie into the barn,  
 Nor yet wad he in byre;  
 But in ahint the ha' door,  
 Or else afore the fire.  
 And we'll gang nae mair, etc.

3. The beggar's bed was made at e'en,  
 Wi' gude clean strae and hay,  
 Just in ahint the ha' door;  
 And there the beggar lay.  
 And we'll gang nae mair, etc.

6. And he took out his little knife,  
 Loot a' his duddies<sup>3</sup> fa';  
 And he stood the bravest gentleman  
 That was amang them a'.  
 And we'll gang nae mair, etc.

4. Up raise<sup>1</sup> the gudeman's dochter,<sup>2</sup>  
 And a' to bar the door,  
 And there she saw the beggar man  
 Was standin' on the floor.  
 And we'll gang nae mair, etc.

5. He took a horn frae his side,  
 And blew baith loud and shrill;  
 And four and twenty belted knights  
 Cam' skipping o'er the hill.  
 And we'll gang nae mair, etc.

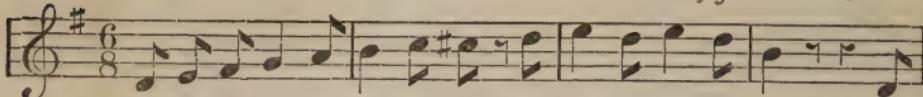
<sup>1</sup> Raise—rose.

<sup>2</sup> Dochter—daughter.

<sup>3</sup> Duddies—tatters.

## Why don't the Men propose, Mamma?

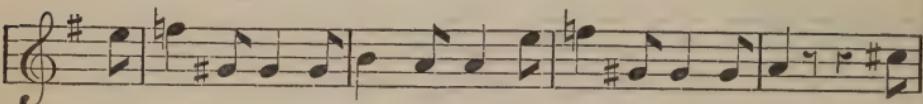
Allegretto.

Words by T. HAYNES BAYLY.  
Music by J. BLEWITT.

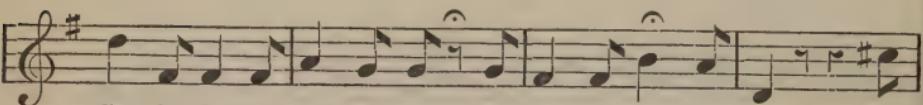
Why don't the men pro-pose, mam-ma? Why don't the men pro-pose? Each



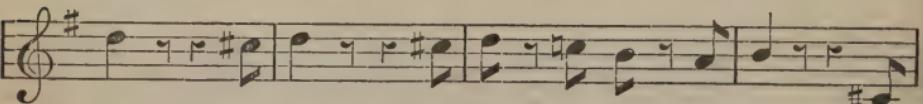
seems just com-ing to the point, And then a-way he goes!



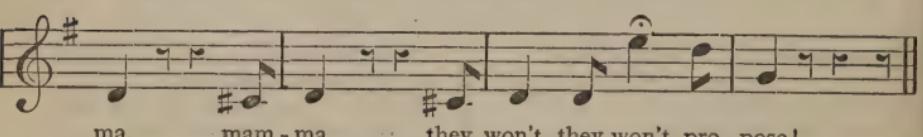
It is no fault of yours, mam-ma, That ev'-ry - bo - dy knows; You



fête the fin-est men in town, Yet oh! they won't pro-pose. They



won't, they won't, they won't, they won't pro-pose. Mam-



ma, mam - ma, they won't, they won't pro - pose!

2. I'm sure I've done my best, mamma,  
To make a proper match ;  
For coronets and eldest sons  
I'm ever on the watch.  
I've hopes when some *distingué* beau  
A glance upon me throws ;  
But though he'll dance and smile and  
Alas! he won't propose. [flirt,  
They won't, they won't,  
Alas! they won't propose.  
Mamma, mamma,  
They won't, they won't propose !

3. And what is to be done, mamma?  
Oh, what is to be done?  
I really have no time to lose,  
For I am thirty-one.  
At balls I am too often left  
Where spinsters sit in rows ;  
Why won't the men propose, mamma?  
Why *won't* the men propose?  
They don't, they won't,  
They don't, they won't propose.  
Mamma, mamma,  
They won't, they won't propose !

## Jenny's Bawbee.

Moderato.

Words by Sir ALEX. BOSWELL.

I met four chaps yon birks a-mang, Wi' hing-in' lugs<sup>1</sup> an' faces lang; I  
 spiered<sup>2</sup> at nee-bour Baul-dy Strang, Wha's they I see? Quo'  
 he, Ilk cream fac'd, paw-ky<sup>3</sup> chiel' Thocht he was cun-nin' as the de'il, An'  
 here they cam' a-wa' to steal Jen-nys baw-bee.<sup>4</sup>

2. The first, a captain to his tred,<sup>5</sup>  
 Wi' skull ill lined but back weel cled,<sup>6</sup>  
 Mairched round the barn and by the shed,  
 An' pappit<sup>7</sup> on his knee. [queen,  
 Quo' he, 'My goddess, nymph, and  
 Your beauty's dazzled baith my een!'  
 But de'il a beauty he had seen  
 But Jenny's bawbee.

3. A lawyer neist,<sup>8</sup> wi' bleth'rin' gab,<sup>9</sup>  
 Whase speeches were like ony wab,<sup>10</sup>  
 In ilk ane's corn aye took a dab,  
 An' a' for a fee.  
 Accounts he awed<sup>11</sup> through a' the toon,  
 An' tredesmen's tongues nae mair could  
 droon;  
 But noo he thocht to cloot his goon  
 Wi' Jenny's bawbee.

4. A Norland laird neist trotted up,  
 Wi' bows, and naig, an' siller whup;  
 Cried, 'There's my beast, lad, haud the  
 Or tie't till a tree. [grup,  
 What's gowd to me? I've walth o' lan'<sup>12</sup>  
 Bestow on ane o' worth your han'!<sup>13</sup>  
 He thocht to pay what he was awn  
 Wi' Jenny's bawbee.

5. Drest up just like the knave o' clubs,  
 A thing cam' neist (but life has rubs);  
 Foul were the roads, an' fu' the dubs,<sup>12</sup>  
 An' jaupit<sup>13</sup> a' was he.  
 He danced up, squintin' thro' a glass,  
 An' grinned, 'I faith, a bonnie lass!'  
 He thocht to win, wi' front o' brass,  
 Jenny's bawbee.

6. She bade the laird gae kame<sup>14</sup> his wig,  
 The sodger no' to strut sae big,  
 The lawyer no' to be a prig.  
 The fule he cried, 'Tehee!—  
 I kent that I could never fail'  
 But she preened<sup>15</sup> the dish-clout to his  
 tail,  
 An' soused him wi' the water-pail,  
 An' kept her bawbee.

7. Then Johnnie cam', a lad o' sense,  
 Altho' he hadna mony pence,  
 An' took young Jenny to the spence  
 Wi' her to crack a wee.  
 Noo, Johnnie was a clever chiel',  
 An' here his suit he pressed sae weel,  
 That Jenny's hert grew saft as jeel,<sup>16</sup>  
 An' she birled<sup>17</sup> her bawbee.

<sup>1</sup> Hingin' lugs—hanging ears.

<sup>6</sup> Weel cled—well clad.

<sup>12</sup> Fu' the dubs—full the pud-

<sup>2</sup> Spiered—inquired.

<sup>7</sup> Pappit—popped.

<sup>13</sup> Jaupit—splashed. [dles.

<sup>3</sup> Pawky—sly.

<sup>8</sup> Neist—next.

<sup>14</sup> Kame—comb.

<sup>4</sup> Bawbee—halfpenny (used here  
 in the sense of money or dowry)

<sup>9</sup> Bleth'rin gab—nonsensical  
<sup>10</sup> Wab—web. [talk.

<sup>15</sup> Preened—pinned.

<sup>5</sup> Tred—trade.

<sup>11</sup> Awed—owed.

<sup>16</sup> Jeel—jelly.

<sup>17</sup> Birled—spun or tossed up.

## Lord Lovel.

*Allegretto moderato.*

Lord Lovel he stood at his cas - tle gate,  
 Combing his milk - white steed, When  
 up came La - dy Nan - cy Bell To  
 wish her lov - ier good speed - speed - speed, To  
 wish her lov - ier good speed.

2. 'Oh, where are you going, Lord Lovel?' she said,

'Oh, where are you going?' said she.

'I'm going, my Lady Nancy Bell,

Foreign countries for to see-see-see,

Foreign countries for to see.'

3. 'When will you come back, Lord Lovel?' she said,

'When will you come back?' said she.

'In a year or two, or three or four,

I'll come back to my Lady Nancee-cee-cee,

I'll come back to my Lady Nancee.'

4. He had only been gone twelve months and a day,

Foreign countries for to see,

When languishing thoughts came into his head—

Lady Nancy Bell he would go see-see-see,

Lady Nancy Bell he would go see.

5. So he rode and he rode on his milk-white steed,  
 Till he came to London town;  
 And there he heard St. Pancridge's bells,  
 And the people a-mourning around-round-round,  
 And the people a-mourning around.

6. 'Oh, what is the matter?' Lord Lovel he said ;  
 'Oh, what is the matter?' said he.  
 'A lady is dead!' the people all said,  
 'And some call her the Lady Nancee-cee-cee,  
 And some call her the Lady Nancee.'

7. Then he ordered the grave to be opened wide,  
 And the shroud to be turned down,  
 And then he kissed her clay-cold lips,  
 While the tears came a-trickling down-down-down,  
 While the tears came a-trickling down.

8. Then he flung hisself down by the side of the corpse,  
 With a shivering gulp and a guggle,  
 Gave two hops, three kicks, heaved a sigh, blew his nose,  
 Sung a song—and then died in the struggle-uggle-uggle:  
 Sung a song—and then died in the struggle!

9. Lady Nancy she died as it might be to-day,  
 Lord Lovel he died as to-morrow ;  
 Lady Nancy she died out of pure, pure grief,  
 And Lord Lovel he died out of sorrow-orrow-orrow !  
 And Lord Lovel he died out of sorrow !

10. Lady Nancy was laid in St. Pancridge's church,  
 Lord Lovel was laid in the choir ;  
 And out of her buzzum there grew a red rose,  
 And out of her lovier's a briar-iar-iar !  
 And out of her lovier's a briar !

11. So they grew and they grew to the church-steeple top,  
 And they couldn't grow up no higher ;  
 So they twined themselves into a true lovier's knot,  
 For all lovier's true to admire-ire-ire !  
 For all loviers true to admire !

## The Piper o' Dundee.

*Allegro.*

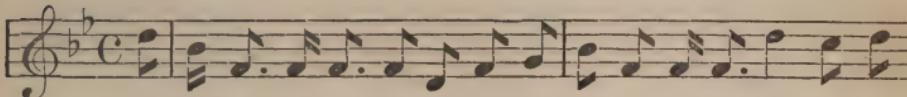
The piper cam' to oor toun,<sup>1</sup> To oor toun, to oor toun, The  
 piper cam' to oor toun, An' he played bon - nie - lie. He  
 played a spring the laird to please, A spring brent new frae yont the seas ; An'  
 then he ga'e his bags a squeeze, An' played an - i - ther key. An'  
 was - na he a rog - ie, a rog - ie, a rog - ie, An'  
 was - na he a rog - ie, The piper o' Dun-dee?

2. He played the *Welcome owre the Main*,  
 And *Ye'se be fou, an' I'se be fain*,  
 And *Auld Stuarts back again*,  
 Wi' muckle mirth and glee ;  
 He played *The Kirk*, he played *The Queen*,  
*The Mullin Dhu*, and *Chevalier*,  
 And *Lang awi' but welcome here*,  
 Sae sweet sae bonnie lie.  
 An' wasna he a rogie, etc.

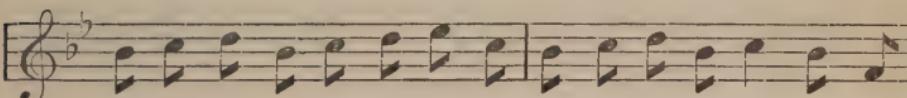
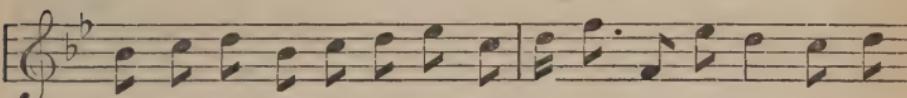
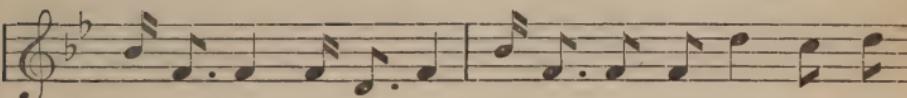
3. It's some gat swords, and some gat  
 nane,  
 An'some were dancing mad their lane ;  
 An' mony a vow o' *weir*<sup>2</sup> was ta'en  
 That nicht in Amulrie.  
 There was Tullibardine an' Burleigh,  
 An' Struan, Keith, and Ogilvie,  
 An' brave Carnegie, wha but he,  
 The piper o' Dundee.  
 An' wasna he a rogie, etc.

<sup>1</sup> Toun—town.<sup>2</sup> Weir—war.

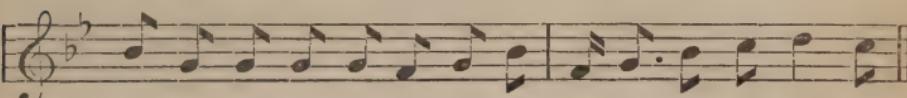
## Jenny dang the Weaver.

*Animato.*Words by Sir ALEX. BOSWELL.  
Music by Rev. Mr. GARDNER.

At Wil-lie's wed-din' on the green, The lass-es, bon-nie witch-es, Were

a' drest out in a-prons clean, An'braw white Sun-day mutch-es.<sup>1</sup> AuldMag-gie bade the lads tak' tent,<sup>2</sup> But Jock wad na be-lieve her; Butsune the fule his fol-ly kent, For Jen-ny dang<sup>3</sup> the weav-er. For

Jen-ny dang, Jen-ny dang, Jen-ny dang the weav-er; But



sune the fule his fol-ly kent, For Jen-ny dang the weav-er.

2. At ilka country-dance or reel,  
Wi' her he wad be babbin';  
When she sat doon, he sat doon,  
And tae her wad be gabbin';  
Where'er she gaed, baith but and ben,  
The cuif<sup>4</sup> wad never leave her,  
Aye kecklin'<sup>5</sup> like a clockin'<sup>6</sup> hen;  
But Jenny dang the weaver.  
For Jenny dang, etc.

3. Quo' he, 'My lass, to speak my mind,  
In troth I needna swither,<sup>7</sup>—  
Ye've bonnie een, an if ye're kind,  
I needna seek anither.' ['Feugh!  
He hummed and hawed—the lass cried  
And bade the cuif no deave<sup>8</sup> her,  
Syne snapt her fingers, lap and leuch,<sup>9</sup>  
And dang the silly weaver.  
For Jenny dang, etc.

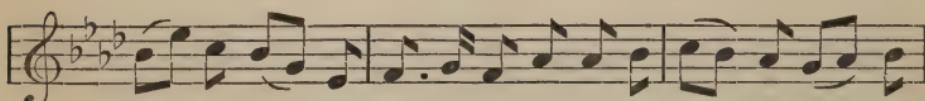
<sup>1</sup> Mutches—caps.<sup>4</sup> Cuif—silly fellow.<sup>7</sup> Swither—hesitate.<sup>2</sup> Tak' tent—take heed.<sup>5</sup> Kecklin'—chattering.<sup>8</sup> Deave—deafen.<sup>3</sup> Dang—snubbed.<sup>6</sup> Clockin'—hen—brooding—hen.<sup>9</sup> Lap and leuch—leaped and laughed.

## The Brisk Young Lad.

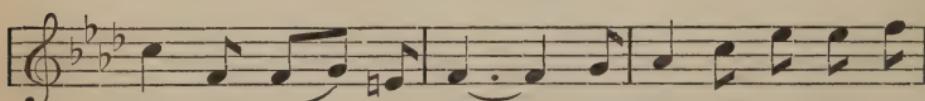
Allegretto.

Words from *Herd's Collection*, 1776.

There cam' a young man to my dad-die's door, My dad-die's door, my



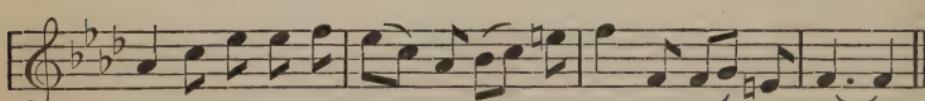
dad - die's door, There cam' a young man to my dad - die's door, Cam'



seek - in' me to woo; And wow but he was a



brisk young lad, a brisk young lad, and a braw young lad, An'



wow but he was a braw young lad, Cam' seek-in' me to woo.

2. But I was bakin' when he cam',  
When he cam', when he cam';  
I took him in, and ga'e him a scone  
To thaw his frozen mou'.  
And wow, etc.

3. I set him in aside the bink,  
I ga'e him bread and ale to drink;  
But ne'er a blithe styme<sup>1</sup> wad he blink  
Until that he was fou.  
And wow, etc.

4. 'Sae get you gane, ye cauldrie wooer,<sup>2</sup>  
Ye soor-lookin', cauldrie wooer;  
I straightway showed him to the door,  
Sayin', 'Come nae mair to woo.'  
And wow, etc.

5. There lay a deuk-dub<sup>3</sup> before the door,  
Before the door, before the door,  
There lay a deuk-dub before the door,  
And there fell he, I trow.  
And wow, etc.

6. Oot cam' the gudeman, an' high he shoutit;  
Oot cam' the gudewife, an' laigh she lootit;<sup>4</sup>  
And a' the toun-neebers were gathered  
And there lay he, I trow. [about it,  
And wow, etc.

7. Then oot cam'I, and sneered and smiled—  
'Ye cam' to woo, but ye're a' beguiled;  
Ye're fa'en i' the dirt, and ye're a' befyled;  
We'll ha'e nae mair o' you.'  
And wow, etc.

<sup>1</sup> Styme—look.

<sup>2</sup> Cauldrie—indifferent.

<sup>3</sup> Deuk-dub—duck-pool.

<sup>4</sup> Laigh she lootit—low she bent.

## Kitty of Coleraine.

*Allegretto moderato.*

As beau - ti - ful Kit - ty one morn - ing was trip - ping With a  
 pit - cher of milk from the fair of Cole - raine, When she  
 saw me she stum-bled, the pit - cher it tum - bled, And  
 all the sweet but - ter - milk wa - ter'd the plain.  
 'Oh! what shall I do now? 'Twas look - ing at you now; Sure,  
 sure such a pit-cher I'll ne'er meet a-gain; 'Twas the pride of my dai-ry, O  
 Bar - ney Mac-lea - ry, You're sent as a plague to the girls of Cole-raine.

2. I sat down beside her, and gently did chide her,  
 That such a misfortune should give her such pain;  
 A kiss then I gave her, and before I did leave her,  
 She vowed for such pleasure she'd break it again.  
 'Twas hay-making season, I can't tell the reason,  
 Misfortunes will never come single, 'tis plain,  
 For very soon after poor Kitty's disaster  
 There was not a pitcher found whole in Coleraine.

## Woo'd and Married an' a'.

Allegretto.

Words by ALEXANDER ROSS.

The bride she cam' oot o' the byre, And oh, as she dichted<sup>1</sup> her cheeks, 'Sirs,'

I'm to be mar-ried the nicht, An' ha'e nei-ther blan-kets nor sheets, Ha'e

nei-ther blan-kets nor sheets, Nor scarce a cov-er-let too; The

bride that has a'-thing to bor-row Has een richt muc-kle a - do.'

Woo'd an' mar-ried an' a', Mar-ried an' woo'd an' a'; An'

was na she ve-ry weel aff That was woo'd an' mar-ried an' a'.

2. Then oot spake the bride's faither,  
As he cam' in frae the pleugh,  
'Oh haud yer tongue, my dochter,  
An' ye'se get gear eneugh.  
The stirk<sup>2</sup> stands i' the tether,  
An' oor braw bawsin' yade<sup>3</sup>  
Will carry you hame your corn;  
What wad ye be at, ye jade?  
Woo'd an' married, etc.

3. Then oot spake the bride's mither,  
'What de'il needs a' this pride?  
I had na a plack in my pouch  
That nicht I was a bride.  
My gown was linsey-woolsey,  
An' ne'er a sark<sup>4</sup> ava';  
An' ye ha'e ribbons an' buskins  
Mae than ane or twa.'  
Woo'd an' married, etc.

4. Then oot spake the bride's brither,  
As he cam' in wi' the kye,<sup>5</sup>  
'Puir Willie wad ne'er ha'e ta'en ye,  
Had he kent ye as weel as I.  
For ye're baith proud an' saucy,  
An' no' for a puir man's wife;  
Gin I canna get a better,  
I'se ne'er tak' ane i' my life.'  
Woo'd an' married, etc.

5. Then oot spake the bride's sister,  
As she cam' in frae the byre,  
'Oh, gin I were but married,  
It's a' that I desire.  
But we puir folk maun leeve single,  
An dae the best that we can;  
I dinna care what I should want,  
If I could get but a man.'  
Woo'd an' married, etc.

<sup>1</sup> Dichted—wiped.<sup>2</sup> Stirk—bullock.<sup>3</sup> Bawsin' yade—horse or cow having a white spot on the forehead.<sup>4</sup> Sark—shift.<sup>5</sup> Kye—cattle.

## The wee, wee German Lairdie.

*Allegretto.*Words *circa 1715.*

Wha the de'il ha'e we got - ten for a king But a wee, wee Ger - man  
 laird - ie; When we gaed ower to bring him hame, He was  
 del - vin<sup>1</sup> in his kail - yaird - ie.<sup>2</sup> He was sheuch-in' kail<sup>3</sup> an'  
 lay - in' leeks, With - out the hose, an' but the breek; An'  
 up his beg - gar duds he cleeks,<sup>4</sup> This wee, wee Ger - man laird - ie.

2. An' he's clappit doon in oor gudeman's  
 The wee, wee German lairdie; [chair,  
 An' he's brocht fouth<sup>5</sup> o' his foreign trash,  
 An' dibbled them in his yairdie.  
 He's pu'd the rose o' English loons,  
 An' brak' the harp o' Irish clowns;  
 But oor Scotch thistle will jag his  
 thooms,<sup>6</sup>  
 This wee, wee German lairdie.

3. Come up amang oor Hieland hills,  
 Thou wee, wee German lairdie,  
 An' see the Stuarts' lang kail thrive,  
 They ha'e dibbled in oor kail-yardie.  
 An' if a stock ye daur to pu',  
 Or haud the yokin' o' a pleugh,  
 We'll break the sceptre ower your  
 mou',  
 Ye feckless German lairdie.

4. Auld Scotland, thou'rt ower cauld a hole  
 For nursin' siccans<sup>7</sup> vermin;  
 But the very dougs in England's court  
 They bark an' howl in German.  
 Then keep thy dibble in thine ain hand,  
 Thy spade but and thy yairdie;  
 For wha the de'il noo claims your land  
 But a wee, wee German lairdie.

<sup>1</sup> Delvin'—digging.<sup>2</sup> Kail-yairdie—kitchen-garden.<sup>3</sup> Sheuchin' kail—trenching vegetables.<sup>4</sup> Cleeks—gathers.<sup>5</sup> Fouth—many.<sup>6</sup> Jag his thooms—prick his thumbs.<sup>7</sup> Siccans—such.

## Last May a braw Wooer.

*Allegretto.*

Words by BURNS.

Last May a braw woo - er cam' doun the lang glen, And  
 sair wi' his love he did deave me; I said there was nae-thing I  
 hat - ed like men, But the deuce gae wi' him to be-  
 lieve me, be - lieve me, The deuce gae wi' him to be - lieve me.

2. He spak' o' the darts o' my bonnie black een,  
     And vowed for my love he was deein';  
     I said he nicht dee when he liket for Jean,—  
     The Guid<sup>1</sup> forgi'e me for leein',<sup>2</sup> for leein',  
     The Guid forgi'e me for leein'.
3. A weel-stockit mailin', himsel' o't the laird,  
     And marriage aff hand, was his proffer;  
     I never loot on that I kenn'd it or cared,  
     But thocht I nicht ha'e a waur offer, waur offer,  
     But thocht I nicht ha'e a waur offer.
4. But what do ye think?—in a fortnight or less—  
     The deil's in his taste to gang near her—  
     He's up the Gateslack to my black cousin Bess;  
     Guess ye how, the jaud,<sup>3</sup> I could bear her, could bear her,  
     Guess ye how, the jaud, I could bear her.
5. But a' the next week, as I fretted wi' care,  
     I gaed to the tryst<sup>4</sup> o' Dalgarnock;  
     And wha but my braw fickle wooer was there,  
     Wha glower'd<sup>5</sup> as if he'd seen a warlock, a warlock,  
     Wha glower'd as if he'd seen a warlock.
6. Oot owre my left shouther I gied him a blink,  
     Lest neebors nicht say I was saucy;  
     My wooer he caper'd as he'd been in drink,  
     And vow'd that I was his dear lassie, dear lassie,  
     And vow'd that I was his dear lassie.

<sup>1</sup> The Guid—Lord.<sup>2</sup> Leelin'—lying.<sup>3</sup> Jaud—jade.<sup>4</sup> Tryst—cattle market.<sup>5</sup> Glowered—stared.

7. I spier'd<sup>1</sup> for my cousin fu' couthie<sup>2</sup> and sweet,  
 Gin she had recovered her hearin',  
 And how my auld shoon<sup>3</sup> fitted her shauchled<sup>4</sup> feet;  
 Guid sauf us! how he fell a swearin', a swearin',  
 Guid sauf us! how he fell a swearin'.

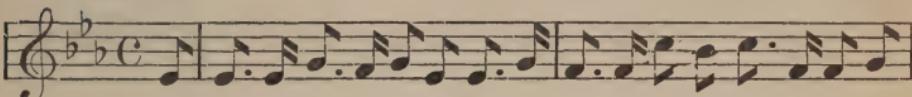
8. He beggit for guid-sake I wad be his wife,  
 Or else I wad kill him wi' sorrow;  
 Sae, e'en to preserve the puir body in life,  
 I think I maun wed him to-morrow, to-morrow,  
 I think I maun wed him to-morrow.

~~~~~

Green grow the Lasses, O.

Moderato.

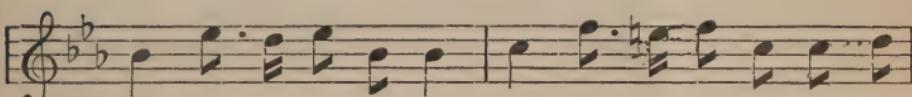
Words by BURNS.



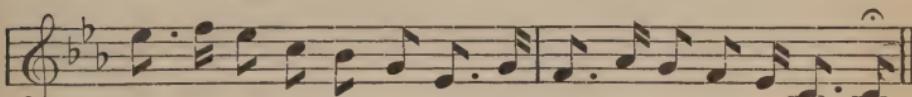
There's nocht but care on ev'-ry han', In ev'-ry hour that pass-es, O; What



sig - ni - fies the life o' man An 'twer-na for the lass-es, O.



Green grow the rash - es, O, Green grow the rash - es, O; The



sweet - est hours that e'er I spend Are spent a-mang the lass - es, O

2. The warldy race may riches chase,
 And riches still may fly them, O;
 And though at last they catch them fast,
 Their hearts can ne'er enjoy them, O.
 Green grow, etc.

3. Gie me a canny hour at e'en,
 My arms aboot my dearie, O,
 And warldy cares and warldy men
 May a' gae tapsalteerie,⁵ O.
 Green grow, etc.

4. For you sae douce,⁶ wha sneer at this,
 Ye're nocht but senseless asses, O;
 The wisest man the warld⁷ e'er saw,
 He dearly lo'ed the lasses, O.
 Green grow, etc.

5. Auld Nature swears, the lovely dears
 Her noblest work she classes, O;
 Her 'prentice han' she tried on man,
 And then she made the lasses, O.
 Green grow, etc.

¹ Spier'd—asked.

³ Auld shoon—old shoes.

⁵ Tapsalteerie—upside down.

² Co..thie—kindly.

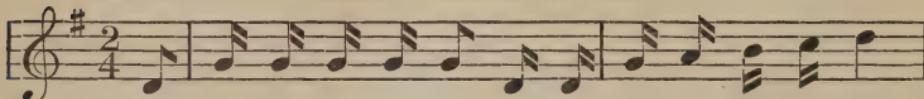
⁴ Shauchled—badly shapen.

⁶ Douce—grave.

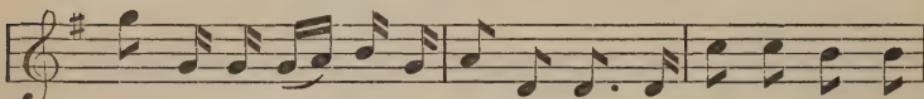
⁷ Warld—world.

Ye Gowden Vanitee.

Moderato.



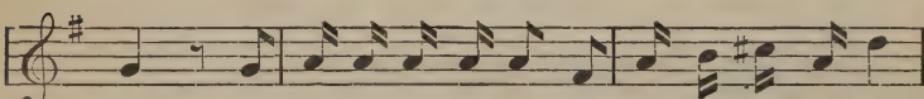
There was a gal-lant ship, and a gal-lant ship was she,



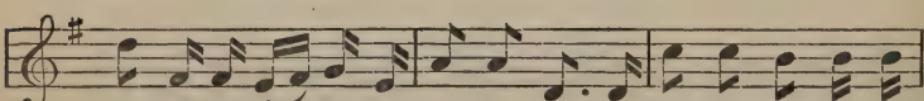
Eek - ee - dle - ee and the Low-lands low, And she was called ye



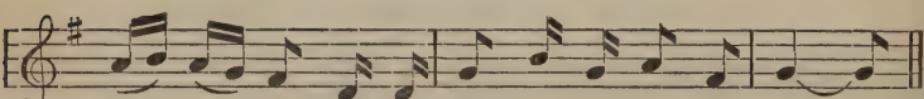
'Gow-den Va-ni-tee,' As she sail'd to the Low-lands



low. She had-na sail'd a league, a league but on-ly three,



Eek - ee - dle - ee and the Low-lands low, Till she fell in wi' a



French gal - lie, As she sailed to the Low-lands low.

2. Then up spoke the captain, and up spoke he,

Eek-eedle-ee and the Lowlands low,

'Oh, wha'll sink for me yon blessed French gallie?'

As she sailed to the Lowlands low.

Then up spoke the cabin-boy, and up spoke he,

Eek-eedle-ee and the Lowlands low,

'What will ye gi'e to me if I sink the French gallie?'

As she sailed to the Lowlands low.

3. Then up spoke the captain, and up spoke he,

Eek-eedle-ee and the Lowlands low,

'I'll gi'e ye lands and houses in the North Countree,'

As she sailed to the Lowlands low.

'Then roll me up ticht in a black bull's skin,
 Eek-eedle-ee and the Lowlands low,
 And throw me ower deck-board, sink I or swim,'
 As she sailed to the Lowlands low.

4. They've rolled him up ticht in a black bull's skin,
 Eek-eedle-ee and the Lowlands low,
 And thrown him over deck-board, sink he or swim,
 As she sailed to the Lowlands low.
 Then a-down, and a-down, and a-down sunk he,
 Eek-eedle-ee and the Lowlands low,
 And he swam up to the French gallie,
 As she sailed to the Lowlands low.

5. Now some were playin' cards, and some were playin' dice,
 Eek-eedle-ee and the Lowlands low,
 Then he took out an instrument, bored thirty holes in a trice,
 As she sailed to the Lowlands low.
 Then some they ran wi' cloaks, and some they ran wi' caps,
 Eek-eedle-ee and the Lowlands low,
 But they tried a' in vain to stop the salt-water draps,
 As she sailed to the Lowlands low.

6. Then aroond and aroond and aroond went she,
 Eek-eedle-ee and the Lowlands low,
 And she went down to the bottom of the sea,
 As she sailed to the Lowlands low.
 Then aroond and aroond and aroond swam he,
 Eek-eedle-ee and the Lowlands low,
 Till he came up to ye 'Gowden Vanitee,'
 As she sailed to the Lowlands low.

7. 'Throw me oot a rope and pu' me up on board,
 Eek-eedle-ee and the Lowlands low,
 And prove unto me as guid as your word,
 As you sailed to the Lowlands low.'
 'We'll no' throw you oot a rope, nor pu' you up on board,
 Eek-eedle-ee and the Lowlands low,
 Nor prove unto you as guid as oor word,
 As we sailed to the Lowlands low.'

8. Then up spoke the cabin-boy, and up spoke he,
 Eeek-eedle-ee and the Lowlands low,
 'Hang me if I don't serve you as I served the French gallie,'
 As she sailed to the Lowlands low.
 So they threw him oot a rope and pu'd him up on board,
 Eek-eedle-ee and the Lowlands low,
 And proved unto him far better than their word,
 As they sailed to the Lowlands low.

Bide ye yet.

*Allegretto.*Words from *Herd's Collection*, 1769.

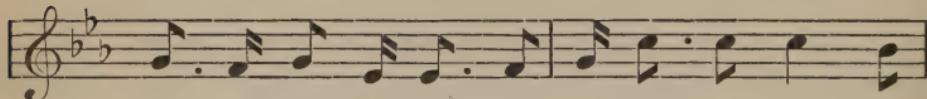
Gin I had a wee house, an' a can-ty wee fire, A



bon - nie we wif - ie to praise an' ad - mire, A



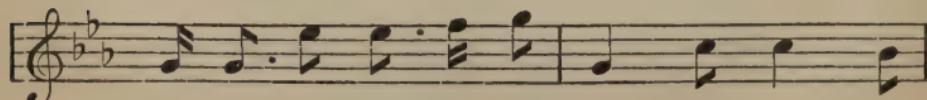
bon - nie wee yaird - ie be - side a wee burn, Fare-



weel to the bo - dies that yaum - mer an' mourn. Sae



bide ye yet, an' bide ye yet, Ye



lit - tle ken what may be - tide me yet; Some

bon - nie wee bo - die may fa' to my lot, An' I'll

aye be can - ty wi' think - in' o't. Wi'

think - in' o't, wi' think - in' o't; I'll

aye be can - ty wi' think - in' o't.

2. When I gang a-field, an' come hame at e'en,

I'll get my wee wifie fu' neat an' fu' clean,

An' a bonnie wee bairnie upon her knee,

That will cry papa or daddy to me.

Sae bide ye yet, etc.

3. An' if there should ever happen to be

A diff'rence between my wee wifie an' me,

In hearty good humour, although she be teased,

I'll kiss her and clap her until she be pleased.

Sae bide ye yet, etc.

My Tocher's the Jewel.

Words by BURNS.

Moderato.

Air from *The Muckin' o' Geordie's Byre.*

Oh, mei - kle thinks my love o' my beau - ty, And
 mei - kle thinks my love o' my kin; But
 lit - tle thinks my love I ken braw - lie, My
 tocher's the jew - el has charms for him. It's
 a' for the ap - ple he'll nour - ish the tree, It's
 a' for the hin-ney he'll cher-ish the bee; My lad-die's sae mei-kle in
 love wi' the sil - ler, He can-na ha'e love to spare for me.

2. Your proffer o' love's an arle-penny,
 My tocher's the bargain ye wad buy;
 But an' ye be crafty, I am cunnin',
 Sae ye wi' anither your fortune maun try.
 Ye're like to the timmer o' yon rotten wood,
 Ye're like to the bark o' yon rotten tree;
 Ye'll slip frae me like a knotless thread,
 And ye'll crack your credit wi' mae nor me.

'Twas Merry in the Hall.

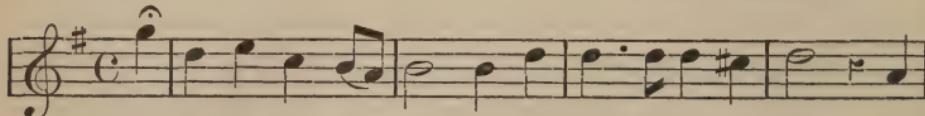
Allegretto moderato.

Our an - cient Eng - lish me - lo - dies Are ban - ish'd out of
 doors, And no - thing's heard in mo - dern days But Sig -
 no - ras and Sig - nors. Such airs I hate, Like a
 pig in a gate; Give me the good old strain, When 'twas
 mer - ry in the hall, And the beards wagg'd all; We shall nev - er see the like a -
 gain, . . . We shall nev - er see the like a - gain.

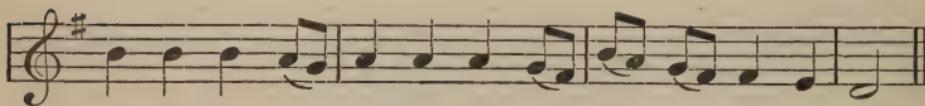
2. On beds of down our dandies lie,
 And waste the cheerful morn ;
 While the squires of old would rouse
 the day
 With the sound of the bugle-horn ;
 And their wives took care
 The feast to prepare,
 For when they left the plain,
 Oh ! 'twas merry in the hall,
 When the beards wagg'd all ;
 We shall never see the like again.

3. 'Twas then the Christmas tale was told
 Of goblin, ghost, or fairy ;
 And they cheered the hearts of the
 tenants old
 With a cup of good Canary ;
 And they each took a smack
 At the coal-black jack,
 Till the fire burned in each brain.
 Oh ! 'twas merry in the hall,
 And the beards wagg'd all ;
 May we soon see the like again.

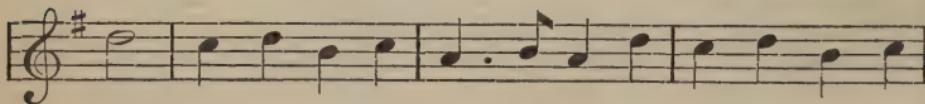
Ye Mariners of England.

*Allegretto maestoso.*Words by THOMAS CAMPBELL.
Music by Dr. CALLCOTT.

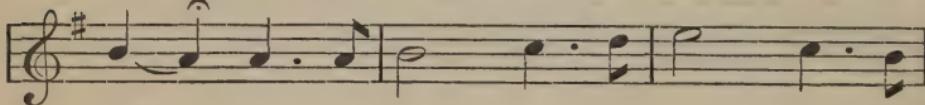
Ye mar-in - ers of Eng-land, That guard our na-tive seas; Whose



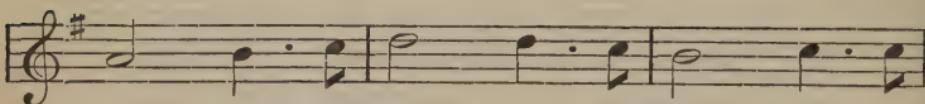
flag has brav'd a thou-sand years The bat - tle and the breeze!



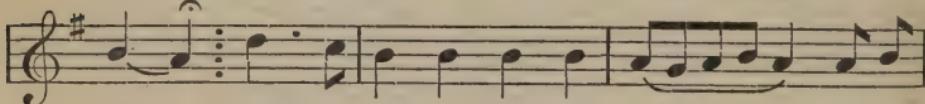
Your glo - rious stand - ard launch a - gain To match an - o - ther



foe! . . . As they sweep through the deep, As they



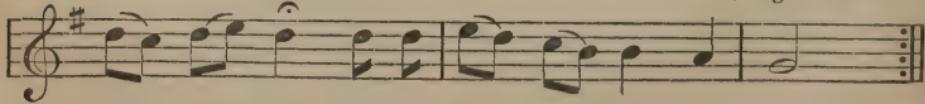
sweep through the deep, As they sweep through the



deep, . . . While the storm - y winds do blow, . . . While the



storm - y winds do blow, . . . While the bat - tle rages

Segue Chorus.

loud and long, And the storm - y winds do blow.

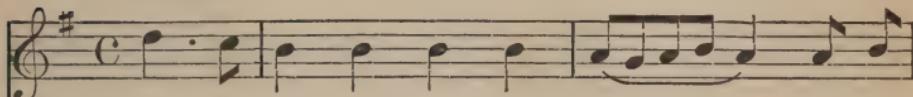
2. The spirits of your fathers
 Shall start from ev'ry wave!
 For thy deck it was their field of fame,
 And ocean was their grave.
 Where Blake and mighty Nelson fell
 Your manly hearts shall glow!
 As ye sweep through the deep,
 While the stormy winds do blow,
 While the battle rages loud and long,
 And the stormy winds do blow.

3. Britannia needs no bulwarks,
 No towers along the steep;
 Her march is on the mountain wave,
 Her home is on the deep.
 With thunders from her native oak
 She quells the floods below,
 As they roar on the shore,
 When the stormy winds do blow,
 When the battle rages loud and long,
 And the stormy winds do blow.

4. The meteor flag of England
 Shall yet terrific burn,
 Till danger's troubled night depart,
 And the star of peace return,—
 When then, ye ocean-warriors!
 Our song and feast shall flow
 To the fame of your name,
 When the storm has ceased to blow,
 When the fiery fight is heard no more,
 And the storm has ceased to blow.

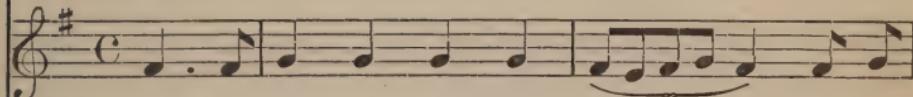
CHORUS.

SOPRANO.



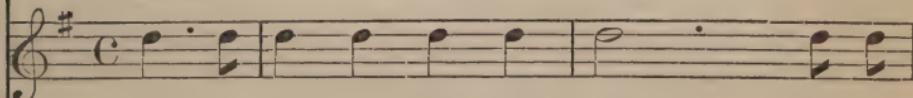
While the storm - y winds do blow, . . . While the

ALTO.



While the storm - y winds do blow, . . . While the

TENOR.



While the storm - y winds do blow, While the

BASS.



While the storm - y winds do blow, While the

x

storm-y winds do blow, While the bat - tle ra - ges

storm-y winds do blow, While the bat - tle ra - ges

storm-y winds do blow, While the bat - tle ra - ges

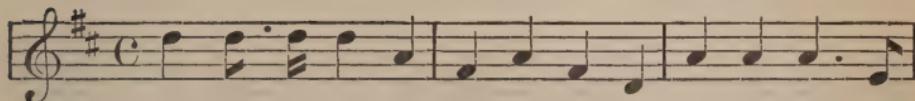
storm-y winds do blow, While the bat - tle ra - ges

loud and long, And the storm - y winds do blow.

loud and long, And the storm - y winds do blow.

loud and long, And the storm - y winds do blow.

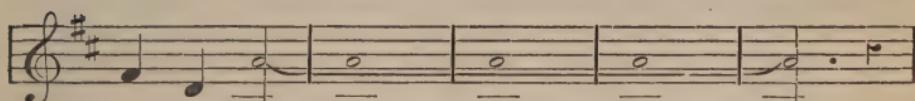
On by the Spur of Valour goaded.

*Pomposo.*Words by O'KEEFE.
Music by SHIELD.

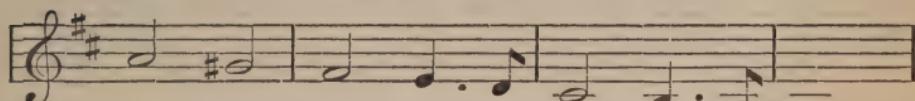
On by the spur of val - our goad - ed, Pis - tols prim'd and



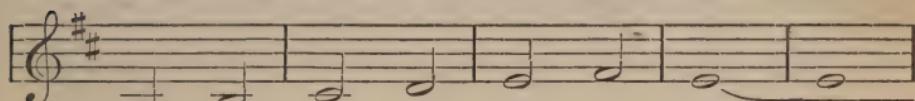
carbines loaded, Courage strikes on hearts of steel, Courage strikes on



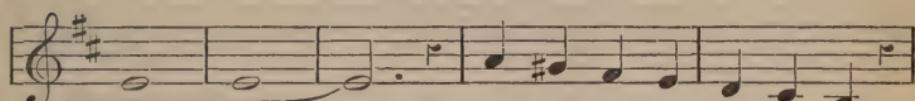
hearts of steel.



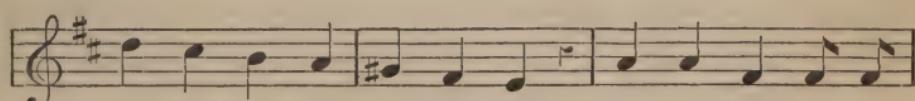
While each spark through the dark gloom of night



Sends a clear and cheering light, . . .



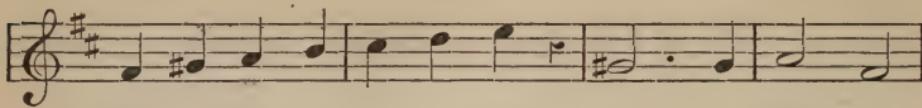
Who a fear or doubt can feel?



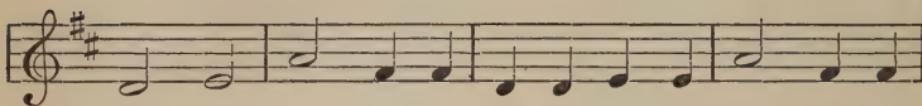
Who a fear or doubt can feel? While each spark thro' the



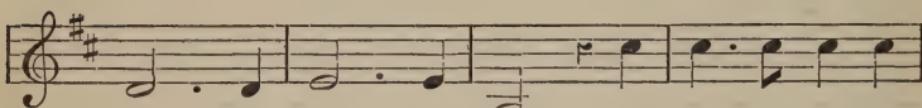
dark gloom of night Sends a clear and cheering light,



Who a fear or doubt can feel? Who a fear or



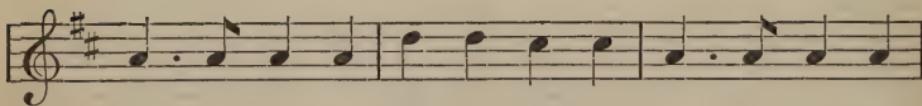
doubt can feel? Who a fear or doubt can feel? Who a



fear or doubt can feel? Like ser-pents now thro'



thick-ets creep-ing, Then on our prey like li-ons leap-ing,



Cal-vette to the on-set lead us! Let the wea-ry



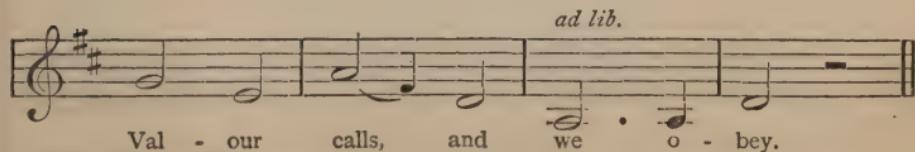
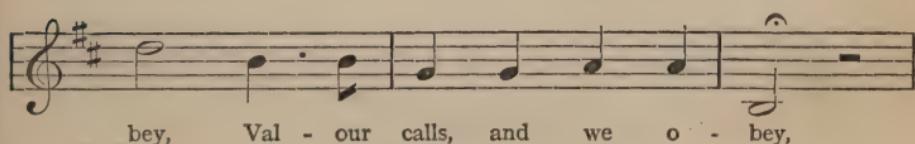
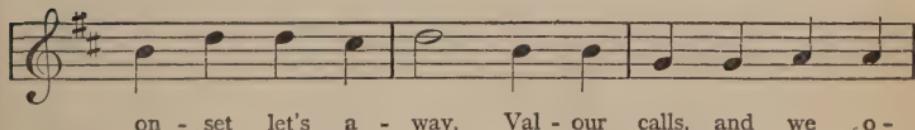
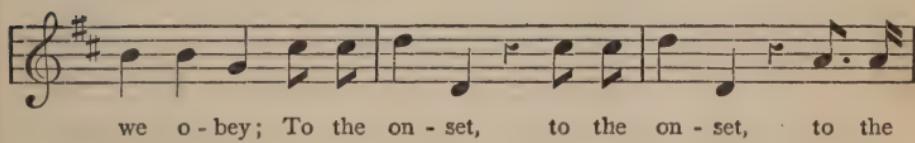
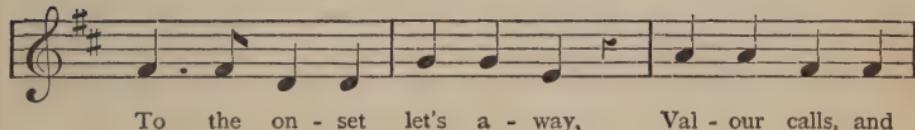
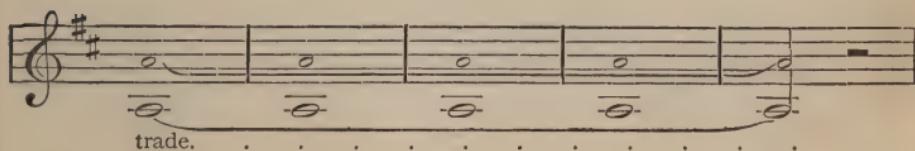
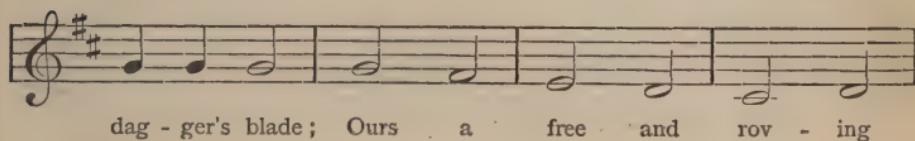
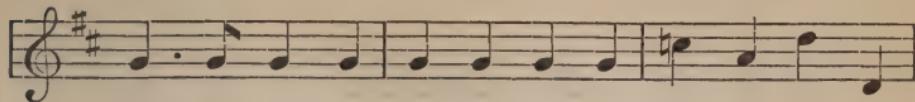
trav'ller dread us, Struck with ter-ror and a-maze, While our swords with



light-ning blaze!



Thun-der to our car-bines roar-ing, Burst-ing clouds in tor-rents pour-ing,

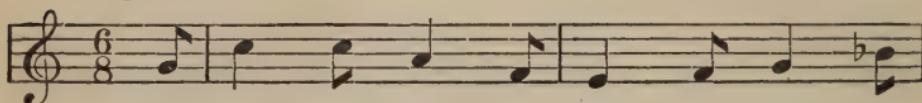


Old Towler.

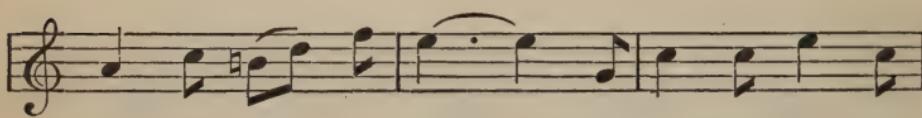
Allegro vivace.

Words by Prince HOARE.

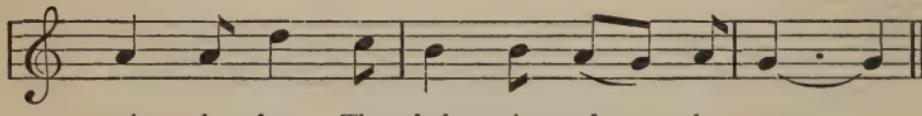
Music by SHIELD.



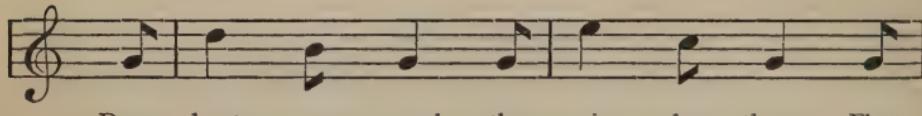
Bright Chan - ti - clear pro - claims the dawn, And



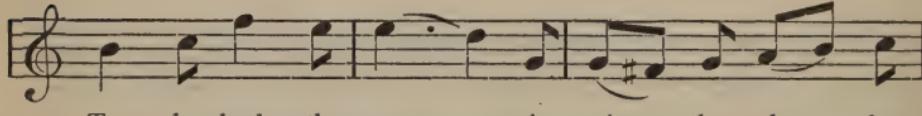
span - gles deck the thorn; The low - ing herds now



quit the lawn, The lark springs from the corn. . .



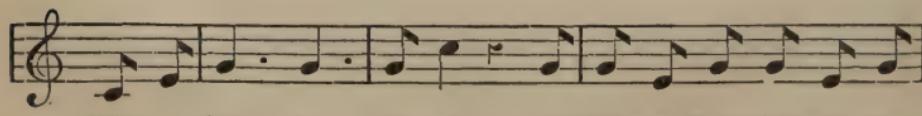
Dogs, hunts - men, round the win - dow throng, Fleet



Tow - ler leads the cry; . . . A - rise the bur - den



of their song, This day a stag must die. . .



With a hey - ho, che - vy! Hark for-ward, hark for-ward, tan-

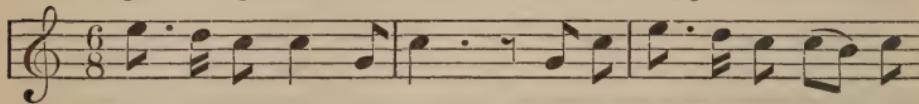
ti - vy! With a hey - ho, che - vy! Hark
 for-ward, hark for-ward, tan - ti - vy! Hark for-ward! Hark
 for - ward! Hark for - ward! Hark for - ward! tan -
 ti - vy, tan - ti - vy! Hark! hark! for-ward! Hark for-ward, tan -
 ti - vy! A - - rise the bur - den of their song, This
 day a stag must die, This day a stag must
 die, This day a stag must die. . .

2. The cordial takes its merry round,
 The laugh and joke prevail ;
 The huntsman blows a jovial sound,
 The dogs snuff up the gale ;
 The upland winds they sweep along,
 O'er fields, through brakes they fly ;
 The game is roused, too true the song,
 This day a stag must die.
 With a hey-ho, etc.

Come to the old Oak Tree.

Allegretto con spirito.

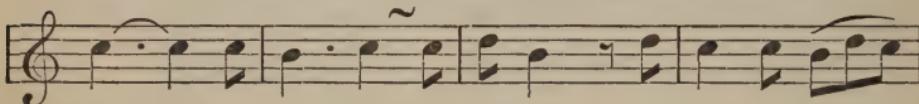
Music by J. L. DEVEREAUX.



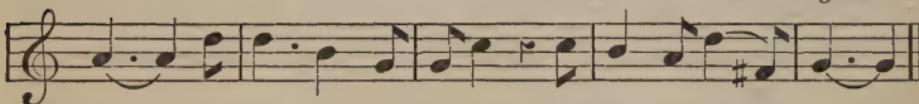
Come to the old oak tree, By the light of the pale moon's



glance; Come with a foot-step free, . . . And join in the gipsies'



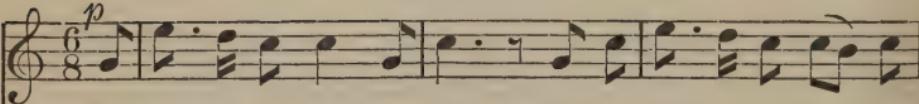
dance. A - round us, a - bove us, Pure me - lo - dy . . .

*ritard.**Segue Trio.*

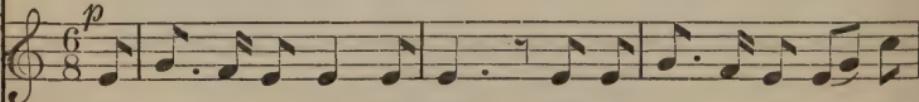
floats, And voic - es that love us Re - peat the soft . . . notes,—

2. Spring with its early leaves,
And summer with all its flow'rs
Here art in its beauty weaves
Over fair nature's bow'rs.
No storm-clouds are darkling,
The haunt of the free ;
But all here is sparkling
In beauty for thee.
Then come, etc.

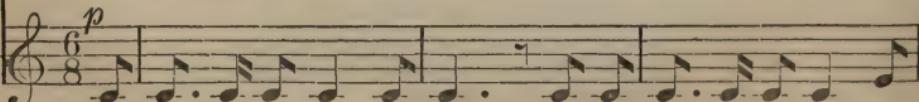
TRIO.



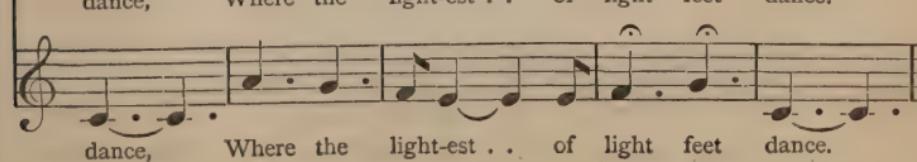
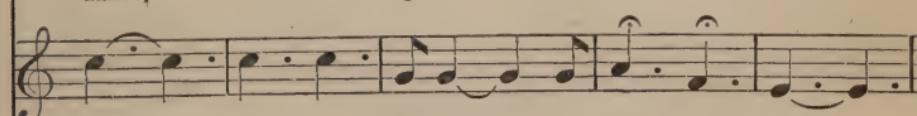
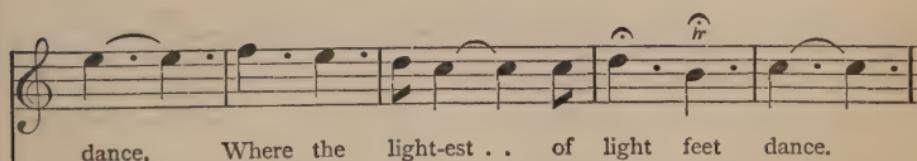
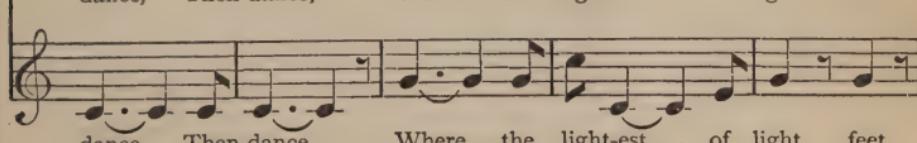
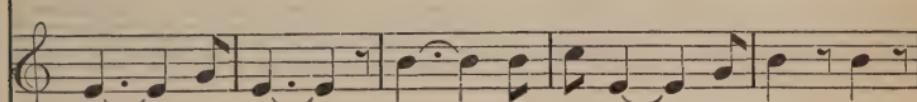
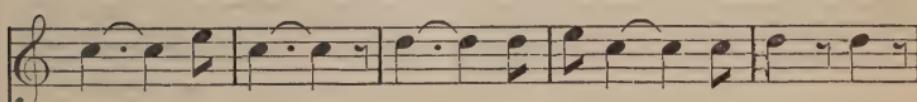
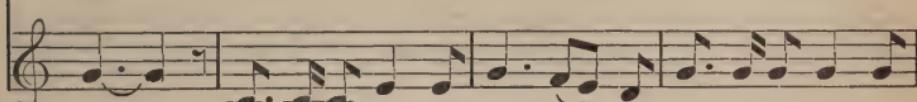
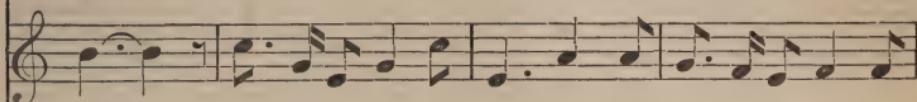
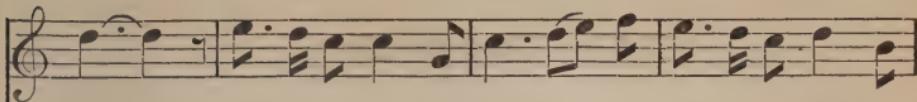
Then come to the old oak tree, Where the bright-est of bright eyes



Then come to the old oak tree, Where the bright-est of bright eyes



Then come to the old oak tree, Where the bright-est of bright eyes



The Vicar of Bray.

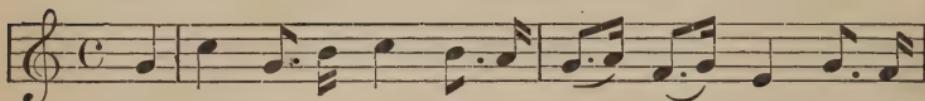
Allegro.

Old English Melody.

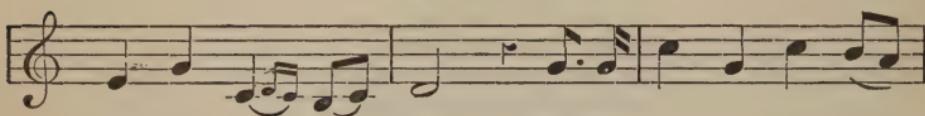
In good King Charles' gol-den days, When loy - al-ty no
 harm meant, A zeal - ous High Church-man was I, And
 so I got pre - fer - ment. To teach my flock I
 nev - er miss'd—Kings were by God ap - point - ed, And
 lost are those that dare re - sist Or touch the Lord's a
 noint - ed. And this is law that I main - tain, Un
 til my dy - ing day, sir: That what - so - ev - er
 king shall reign, I'll be the vic - ar of Bray, sir.

2. When royal James obtain'd the crown,
And Pop'ry came in fashion,
The penal laws I hooted down,
And read the Declaration.
The Church of Rome I found would fit
Full well my constitution ;
And had become a Jesuit,
But for the Revolution.
And this is law, etc.
3. When William was our king declar'd,
To ease the nation's grievance,
With this new wind about I steer'd,
And swore to him allegiance.
Old principles I did revoke,
Set conscience at a distance ;
Passive obedience was a joke,
A jest was non-resistance.
And this is law, etc.
4. When gracious Anne became our queen,
The Church of England's glory,
Another face of things was seen,
And I became a Tory.
Occasional Conformists base,
I blamed their moderation,
And thought the Church in danger was
By such prevarication.
And this is law, etc.
5. When George in pudding-time came o'er,
And mod'rate men look'd big, sir,
I turn'd a cat-in-pan once more,
And so became a Whig, sir,
And thus preferment I procur'd
From our new faith's defender ;
And almost ev'ry day abjur'd
The Pope and the Pretender.
And this is law, etc.
6. Th' illustrious House of Hanover,
And Protestant Succession,
To these I do allegiance swear,
While they can keep possession.
For in my faith and loyalty
I never more will falter ;
And George my lawful king shall be,
Until the times do alter.
And this is law, etc.

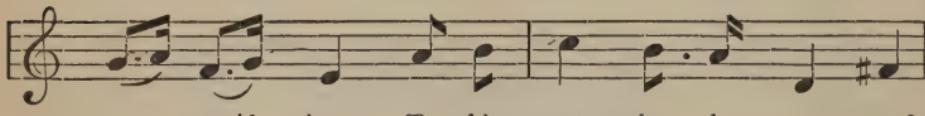
The Outlaw.

*Allegro maestoso.*Words by H. CARL SCHILLER, Esq.
Music by E. J. LODER.

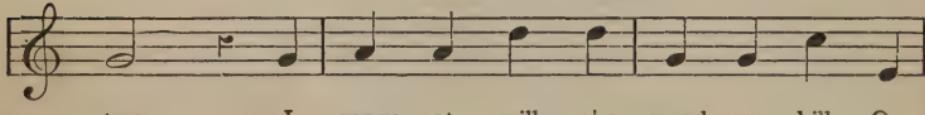
Oh, I am the child of the fo - - rest wild, Where the



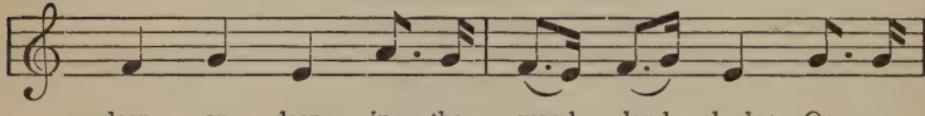
red deer bound - eth free, ... And the ma - vis sings with



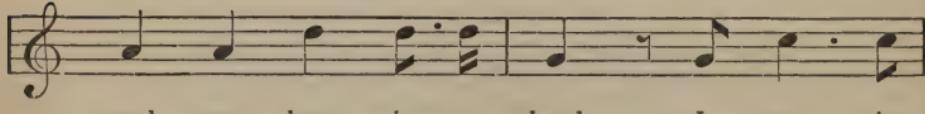
un - cag'd wings To his mate in the green - wood



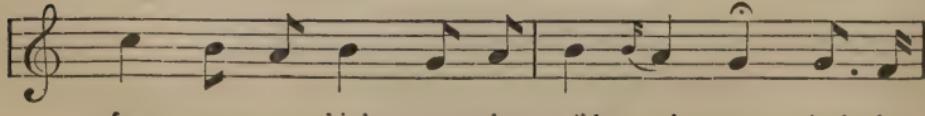
tree. I range at will o'er mead or hill, Or



deep, or deep in the wood - land shade; Or, my



good yew bow in my hand, I go, As



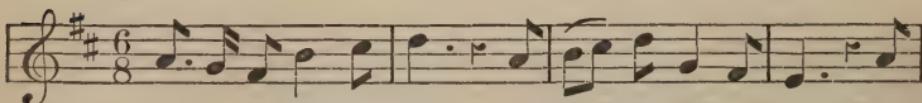
free as a bird, or the wild, red roe. And the

woods ring out with song and shout, The woods ring out with
 song and shout; For I'm king of the for - est glade! I'm
 king of the for - est glade! I'm king! . . . I'm
 king! . . . I'm king of the for - est glade!

2. The sparkling brooks they mirror the looks
 Of the bright blue laughing sky;
 And sweet flowers spring, and the gnarled oaks fling
 Their mighty limbs on high.
 Oh, I love to roam in my fresh green home,
 With our nut-brown maids, our forest maids,
 Or my bold, bold *frères* who doff the cares
 Which the hollow worldling seeks and shares.
 Then woods ring out, etc.

3. The franklin and priest, oh, they love to feast
 On the prime of the stallèd steer;
 But I am the lord of the free green sward,
 And the best of the king's fat deer.
 And the abbot should fast when Lent is past,
 And the mass is sung and said,
 Ere my *frères* and me lack *malvoisie*
 To quaff a deep draught 'neath the greenwood tree!
 When the woods ring out, etc.

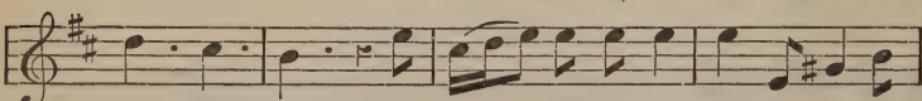
Under the Greenwood Tree.

*Allegretto vivace.*Words by SHAKESPEARE.
Music by Dr. ARNE.

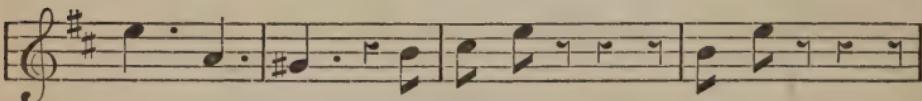
Un-der the green-wood tree, Who loves to lie with me, And



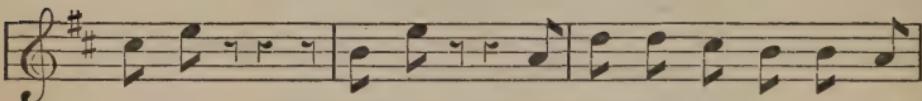
tune his mer-ry note, his mer-ry, mer-ry note Un - to the



sweet bird's throat, And tune his mer-ry note Un - to the



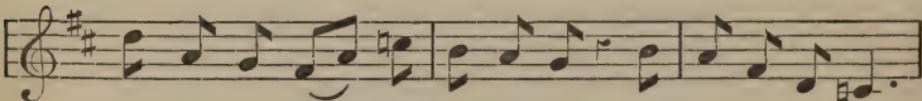
sweet bird's throat, Come hi - ther, hi - ther,



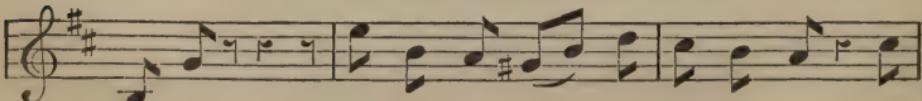
hi - ther, hi - ther, Come hi - ther, come hi - ther, come



hi - ther, Come hi - ther, come hi - ther, come hi - ther.



Here shall he see no e - ne - my But win-ter and rough



wea - ther, Here shall he see no e - ne - my But

win - ter and rough wea - ther, Here shall he see no

en - e - my But win - ter, but, win - ter and rough

wea-ther, rough wea-ther, But win - ter and rough wea - ther.

Un - der the green - wood tree, Who loves to lie with

me, And tune his mer - ry note Un - to the

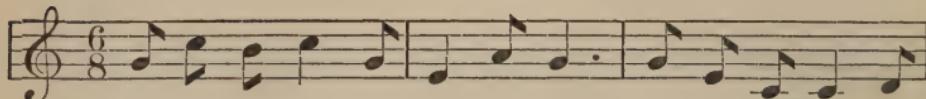
sweet bird's throat, And tune his mer - ry note Un - to the

sweet bird's throat, Come hi - ther, hi - ther,

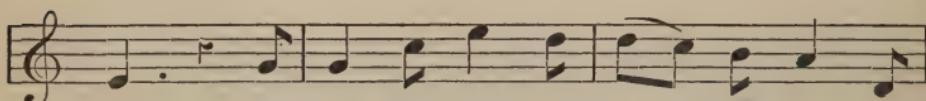
hi - ther, hi - ther, Come hi-ther, come hi-ther, come

hi-ther, Come hi-ther, come hi-ther, come hi-ther, come

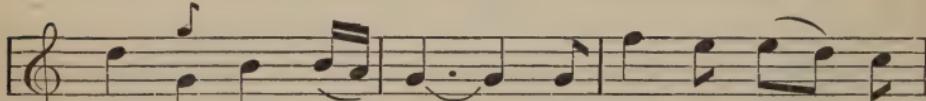
The Rover's Bride.

*Andante.*Words by T. H. BAYLY.
Music by ALEXANDER LEE.

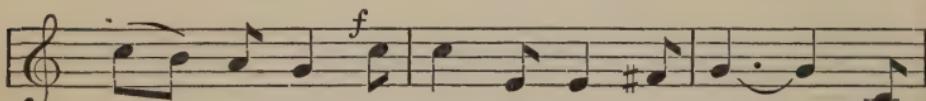
'Oh, if you love me, furl your sails, Draw up your boat on



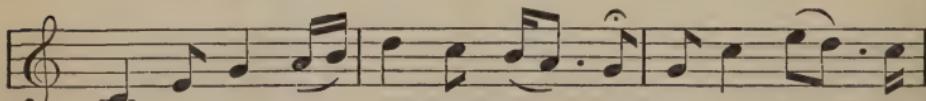
shore; Come, tell me tales of mid - night gales, But



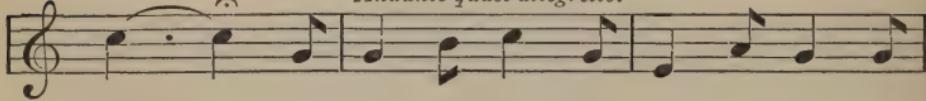
tempt their might no more. Oh, stay!' Kate whis - pered,



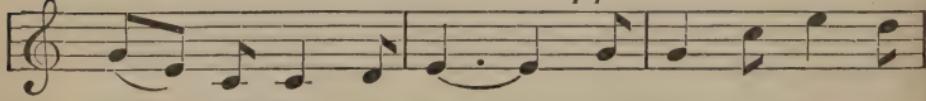
'stay with me!' 'Fear not,' the Ro - ver cried; 'Yon



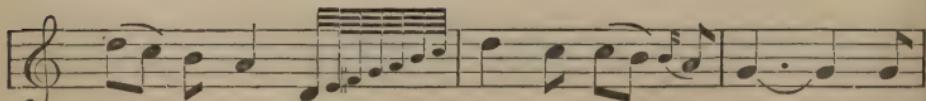
bark shall be a prize for thee; I'll seize it for my

Andante quasi allegretto.

bride.' The boat was in pur - suit, it flew, The
pp



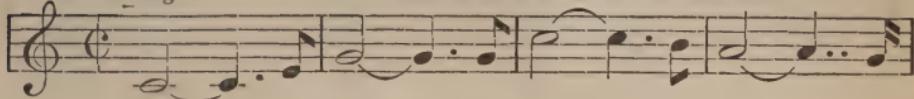
full sails bent the mast! Poor Kate well knew the



Ro - ver's crew Would strug - gle to the last. And

lentando.

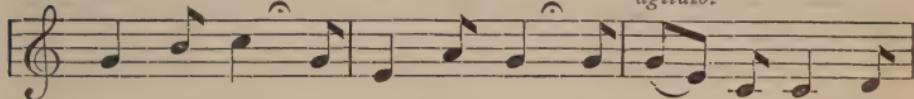
cease-less-ly for morn-ing's light She pray'd up-on her knees; For

Adagio.

all . . . the night . . . the sounds of fight . . . Were



borne up - on . . . the breeze! And

agitato.

morn - ing came, it brought de - spair,— The Ro - ver's boat was

ad lib.

gone! Kate rent her hair, one bark was there, Tri-

agitato.

um - phant, but a - lone I She sought the shore, she



brav'd the storm, A corpse lay by her side; She strove to warm the



Ro - ver's . . . form, Then kiss'd his lips, . . . and died.

The Battle of the Baltic.

*Maestoso.*Words by THOMAS CAMPBELL.
Music by R. A. SMITH.

Of Nel - son and the north, Sing the
 glo - rious day's re - nown, When to bat - tle fierce came forth All the
 might of Den-mark's crown, And their arms a - long the deep proud - ly
 shone. By each gun a light - ed brand, In a
 bold de - ter-min'd hand, In a bold de - ter-min'd hand; And the
 Prince of all the land Led them on.

2. Like leviathans afloat,
 Lay their bulwarks on the brine;
 While the sign of battle flew
 On the lofty British line:
 It was ten of April morn by the chime:
 As they drifted on their path,
 There was silence deep as death;
 And the boldest held his breath
 For a time.

3. But the might of England flushed
To anticipate the scene ;
And her van the fleeter rushed
O'er the deadly space between.
'Hearts of oak !' our captains cried—when each gun
From its adamantine tips
Spread a death-shade round the ships,
Like the hurricane eclipse
Of the sun.
4. Again ! again ! again !
And the havoc did not slack,
Till a feeble cheer the Dane
To our cheering sent us back ;—
Their shots along the deep slowly boom ;
Then ceased—and all was wail,
As they strike the shattered sail ;
Or, in conflagration pale,
Light the gloom.
5. Out spoke the victor then,
As he hailed them o'er the wave ;
'Ye are brothers ! ye are men !
And we conquer but to save ;—
So peace instead of death let us bring.
But yield, proud foe, thy fleet,
With the crews, at England's feet ;
And make submission meet
To our king.'
6. Now joy Old England raise !
For the tidings of thy might,
By the festal cities' blaze,
Whilst the wine-cup shines in light.
And yet, amidst that joy and uproar,
Let us think of them that sleep,
Full many a fathom deep,
By thy wild and stormy steep,
Elsinore !
7. Brave hearts ! to Briton's pride
Once so faithful and so true,
On the deck of fame that died
With the gallant good Riou ;
Soft sigh the winds of heaven o'er their grave !
While the billow mournful rolls,
And the mermaid's song condoles—
Singing glory to the souls
Of the brave.

Safely follow him.

*Andante e resoluto.*Words by D. TERRY.
Music by T. COOKE.

A musical score for 'Safely follow him.' featuring eight staves of music with lyrics. The music is in common time, key signature is B-flat major (two flats), and the tempo is Andante e resoluto. The lyrics are as follows:

Fol - low him, nor fear - ful deem
 Dan - ger lurks in gip - sy guile;
 Rude and law - less though we seem,
 Sim - ple hearts we bear the while.
 Rob - ber fierce nor thief is here, Who
 shroud by night in sav - age den;
 Fear - less then, o'er moss - es drear,
 Gloom - y thick - et, dark - some glen,

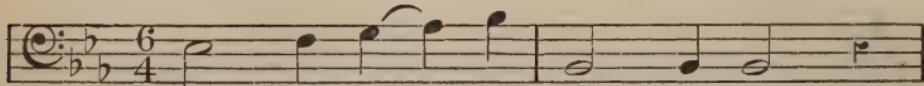
A musical score for a single melody line, likely for voice or piano. The score consists of six staves of music in common time, with a key signature of one flat. The vocal line is marked with dynamic instructions: *pp* (pianissimo) for the first two staves, *p* (piano) for the third, and *f* (forte) for the fourth. The lyrics are integrated into the musical notation, appearing below the notes. The melody features eighth and sixteenth-note patterns, with some notes beamed together. The vocal line starts with eighth-note pairs, followed by eighth-note pairs with a breve note, then eighth-note pairs with a sixteenth-note pair, and so on. The lyrics are: "Safe - ly fol - low him, Safe - ly fol - low him, Safe - ly, safe - ly fol - low him, fol - low him, fol - low him, Safe - ly fol - low him, fol - low him, fol - low him, him."

2. From rustic swains the petty bribe,
 Petty spoil from cot or farm,
 Content the wandering gipsy tribe,
 Who the traveller never harm.
 Then nor thief nor robber fear,
 Who shroud by night in savage den ;
 But through mosses dark and drear,
 Barren wilds and darksome glen,
 Safely follow him, etc.

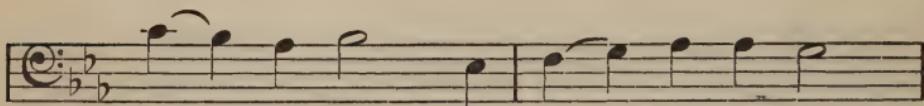
The Wolf.

Andante.

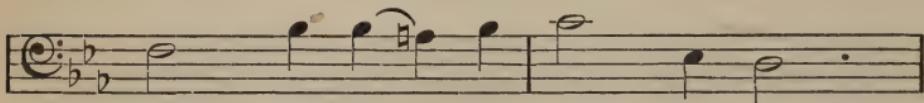
Music by W. SHIELD.



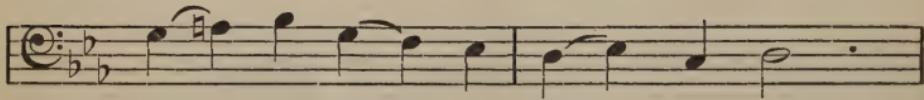
At the peace - ful mid - night hour,



Ev' - ry sense and ev' - ry pow'er



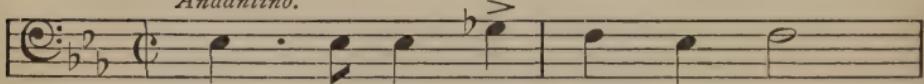
Fet - ter'd lies in down - y sleep;



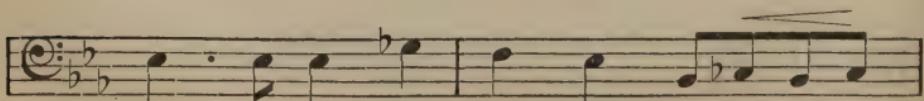
Then our care - ful watch we keep,



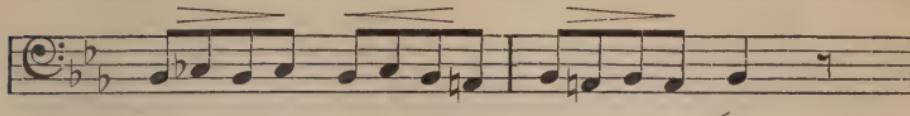
Then our care - ful watch we keep,

Andantino.

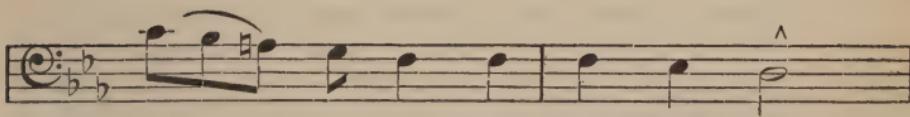
While the wolf in night - ly prowl



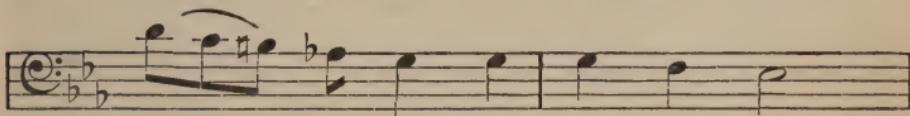
Bays the moon with hideous howl,



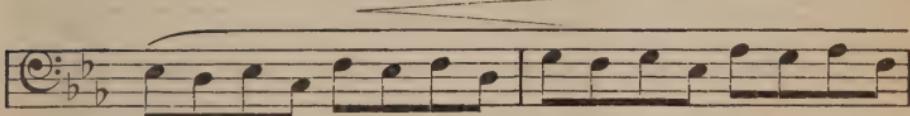
While the wolf in night - ly prowl



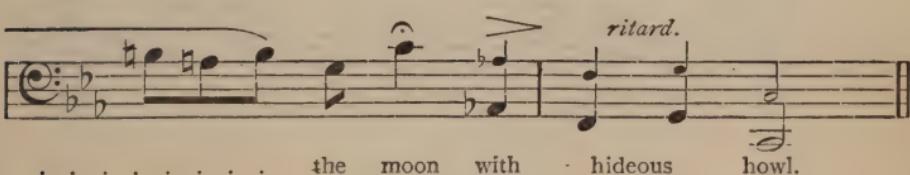
Bays the moon with hideous howl,



While the wolf in night - ly prowl

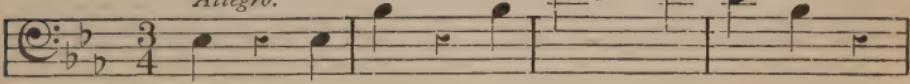


Bays

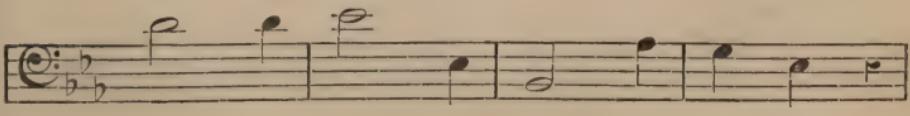


the moon with hideous howl.

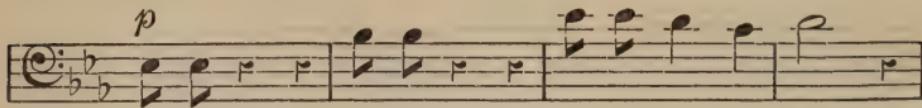
Allegro.



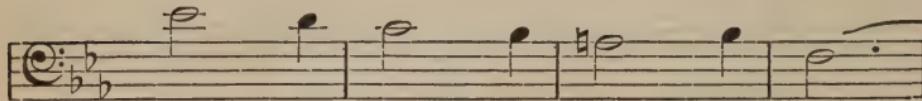
Gates are barr'd, a vain re - sist - ance;



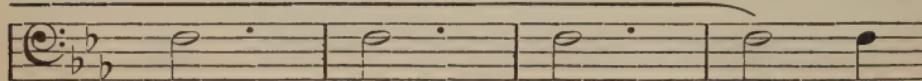
Fe - males shriek, but no as - sist - ance;



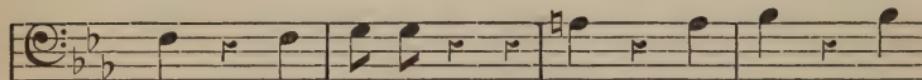
Si - lence! si - lence! or you'll meet your fate,



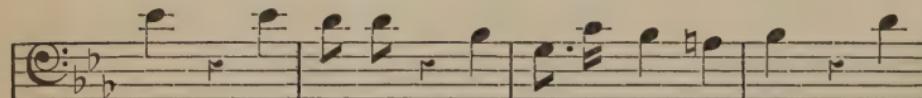
Si - - lence! or you'll meet your fate— .



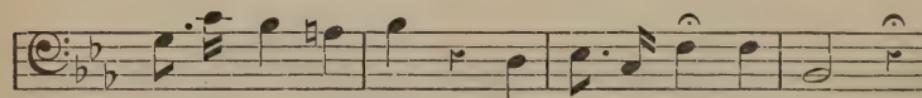
Your



keys, your jew - els, cash, and plate, Your



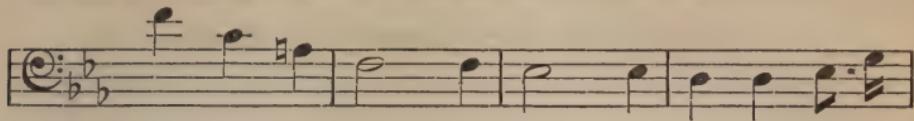
keys, your jew - els, your jew - els, cash, and plate, Your



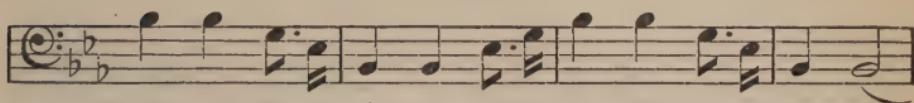
jew - els, cash, and plate, Your jew - els, cash, and plate.



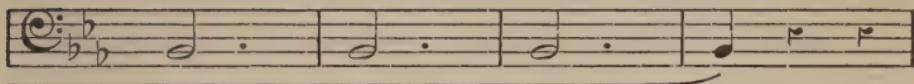
Locks, bolts, and bars soon fly a - sun - der!



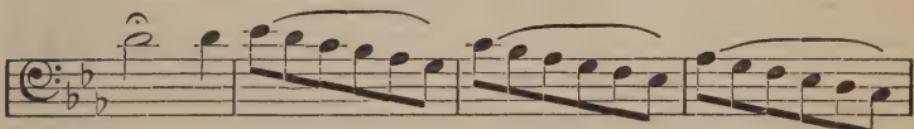
Locks, bolts, and bars soon fly a - sun - der! Then to



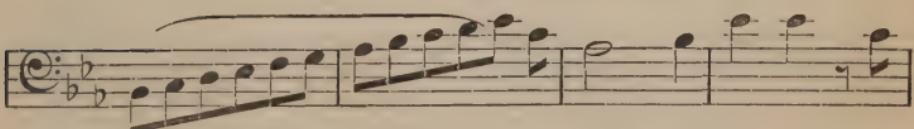
ri - fle, rob, and plun - der! Then to ri - fle, rob, and plun - der! .



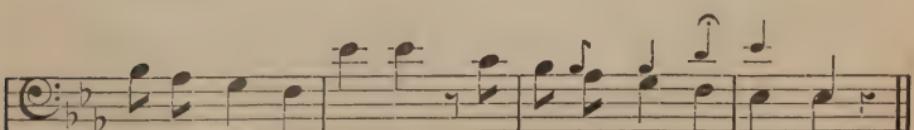
Locks, bolts, and bars soon fly a - sun - der!



Then to ri -



- - - - - fle, rob, and plun - der! to



ri - fle, rob, and plun - der! to ri - fle, rob, and plun - der!

Hurrah for the Bonnets of Blue.

With energy.

Words adapted by BURNS.
Music by ALEXANDER LEE.

Here's a health to them that's a-wa', Here's a health to them that's a-
 wa'; And wha win-na wish guid luck to our cause, May
 nev-er guid luck be their fa'. It's guid to be mer-ry and
 wise, It's guid to be hon-est and true; It's
 guid to sup-port Ca - le - do-nia's cause, And bide by the bon-nets of
 blue. Hur - rah for the bon-nets of blue! Hur -
 rah for the bon-nets of blue! It's guid to sup-port Ca - le -
 do-nia's cause, And bide by the bon-nets of blue.

2. Here's a health to them that's awa',
 Here's a health to them that's awa',
 Here's a health to Charlie¹ the chief o'
 the clan,
 Altho' that his band be sma'.
 Here's freedom to him that wad read,
 Here's freedom to him that wad write!

There's name ever fear'd that the truth
 should be heard,
 But they wha the truth would indict.
 Hurrah for the bonnets of blue!
 Hurrah for the bonnets of blue!
 It's guid to be wise, to be honest and true,
 And bide by the bonnets of blue.

¹ Charlie—Charles James Fox.



APPENDIX.

A HIGHLAND LAD MY LOVE WAS BORN (*page 274*).—This song occurs in the Cantata of 'The Jolly Beggars,' written by Burns. Originally it was set to the very old air of 'O gin ye were dead, Guidman ;' but for many years it has been wedded to the tune of 'The White Cockade,' given to the song in the present volume.

AND YE SHALL WALK IN SILK ATTIRE (*page 198*).—Miss Blamire, who wrote this and many other popular songs, was born at Carden Hall, Cumberland, 12th January 1747, and died at Carlisle on 5th April 1794. The air, we believe, was composed by the celebrated novelist Mrs. Chas. Gore (born about 1800), who died a few years ago ; while the symphonies and accompaniments show clearly the masterly and tasteful style of Bishop.

ANNIE LAURIE (*page 43*).—'These two verses,' says Mr. Robert Chambers, 'which are in a style wonderfully tender and chaste for their age, were written by a Mr. Douglas of Fingland, upon Anne, one of four daughters of Sir Robert Laurie, first baronet of Maxwellton, by his second wife, who was a daughter of Riddell of Minto. As Sir Robert was created a baronet in the year 1685, it is probable that the verses were composed about the end of the seventeenth or the beginning of the eighteenth century. It is painful to record, that notwithstanding the ardent and chivalrous affection displayed by Mr. Douglas in his poem, he did not obtain the heroine for a wife ; she was married to Mr. Ferguson of Craigdarroch.' The air of 'Annie Laurie' is modern, having been composed by Lady John Scott.

AULD LANGSYNE (*page 115*).—Burns admitted to Johnson that three of the stanzas of 'Lang Syne' only were old, the other two being written by himself. The three stanzas relate to *the cup, the pint-stoup, and a guid willie-waught* ; the two introduced by Burns have relation to the innocent amusements of youth, contrasted with the cares and troubles of maturer age. When Burns introduced this song to Mrs. Dunlop of Dunlop, he said, 'Is not the Scotch

phrase "auld lang syne" exceedingly expressive? Light be the turf on the breast of the heaven-inspired poet who composed this glorious fragment! There is more of the fire of native genius in it than half-a-dozen of modern bacchanalians! The air to which the song is now generally sung is not the original, which Burns pronounced to be *mediocre*, but one adapted from an old Lowland melody, called 'I fee'd a Lad at Michaelmas.'

AULD ROBIN GRAY (*page 40*) was written by Lady Ann Lindsay, daughter of the Earl of Balcarra, about the year 1771, when she was only in her twenty-first year. Shortly before her death (which took place in 1825) she sent a communication to Sir Walter Scott regarding the song of 'Auld Robin Gray,' from which we give the following extract:—'Robin Gray, so called from its being the name of the old herd at Balcarra, was written soon after the close of 1771. My sister Margaret had married, and accompanied her husband to London. I was melancholy, and endeavoured to amuse myself by attempting a few poetical trifles. There was an ancient Scotch melody, of which I was passionately fond. — — —, who lived before your day, used to sing it to us at Balcarra. She did not object to its having improper words, though I did. I longed to sing old Sophy's air to different words, and give to its plaintive tones some little history of virtuous distress in humble life, such as might suit it. While attempting to effect this in my closet, I called to my little sister, now Lady Hardwicke, who was the only person near me, "I have been writing a ballad, my dear; I am oppressing my heroine with many misfortunes. I have already sent her Jamie to sea, and broken her father's arm, and made her mother fall sick, and given her Auld Robin Gray for her lover; but I wish to load her with a fifth sorrow within the four lines, poor thing! Help me to one." "Steal the cow, sister Anne," said the little Elizabeth. The cow was immediately *lifted* by me, and the song completed.' The words were originally set to the old tune of 'The Bridegroom greets when the Sun gaes doun,' but they are now almost universally sung to the very beautiful air composed by the Rev. William Leeves, Rector of Wrington, who died in 1828, aged 80.

BARBARA ALLEN (*page 162*).—The English and Scotch have each a ballad under this name, with their respective tunes. Both are found in 'Percy's Reliques of Ancient English Poetry, 1767,' and probably have the same origin. There is, however, no similarity in the airs. Only the English copy is given in this work.

BEN BATTLE (*page 178*).—Thomas Hood, the writer of this song, is well known as one of the most popular and talented humorous poets of his time (that he excelled in the pathetic also is sufficiently shown by his world-renowned 'Song of the Shirt'). His 'Comic Annuals,' 'Whims and Oddities,' 'Up the Rhine,' etc., made his name famous. He died in 1845 at the comparatively early age of forty-seven. Many amusing anecdotes of his genial pleasantry are told, amongst others the following, from 'Memoirs of Thomas Hood':—'On one occasion two or three friends came down for a day's shooting, and in the evening they rowed out into the middle of the little lake in an old punt. They were full of spirits, and had played off one or two practical jokes on their host, till on getting out of the boat, leaving him last, one of them gave it a push, and out went Hood into the water. Fortunately

it was the landing-place, and the water was not deep; but he was wet through. It was playing with edged tools to venture on such tricks with him, and he quietly determined to turn the tables. Accordingly he presently began to complain of cramps and stitches, and at last went in-doors. His friends, getting rather ashamed of their rough fun, persuaded him to go to bed, which he immediately did. His groans and complaints increased so alarmingly that they were almost at their wit's end what to do. His wife had received a quiet hint, and was therefore not alarmed, though much amused at the terrified efforts and prescriptions of the repentant jokers. There was no doctor to be had for miles, and all sorts of queer remedies were suggested and administered, my father shaking with laughter, while they supposed he had got ague or fever. One rushed up with a tea-kettle of boiling water hanging on his arm, another tottered under a tin bath, and a third brought the mustard. Hood at length, as well as he could speak, gave out in a sepulchral voice that he was sure he was dying, and detailed some most absurd directions for his will, which they were all too frightened to see the fun of. At last he could stand it no longer; and after hearing the penitent offenders beg him to forgive them for their unfortunate joke, and beseech him to believe in their remorse, he burst into a perfect shout of laughing, which they thought at first was delirious frenzy, but which ultimately betrayed the joke.'

BLACK-EYED SUSAN (*page 156*).—Composed by Richard Leveridge, born 1668, died 1758, who was a favourite bass singer of his time, and so prided himself upon his ability as a vocalist, that at a very advanced age he publicly challenged any man in England to sing against him. The late Dr. Rimbault was of opinion that Leveridge wrote the celebrated music to 'Macbeth' (usually ascribed to Matthew Locke), but the matter has not been conclusively settled.

BONNIE BESSIE LEE (*page 35*) is the composition of Robert Nicoll. He was born at Little Tulliebeltane, Auchtergaven, Perthshire, on the 7th of January 1814. At the early age of seven years he had to herd cattle in the summer months, in order to procure the means of attending the parish school during the winter. Books were his daily companions; and in his thirteenth year he wrote verses, and became a newspaper correspondent. Being apprenticed to a grocer and wine merchant in Dundee, his time during the day was wholly spent in business. He, however, prosecuted his studies in the evening, and often far past 'the wee hour ayont the twal.' In his nineteenth year he sent a tale to 'Johnstone's Magazine,' which was inserted; and, two years after, he published a volume of 'Poems and Lyrics.' Subsequently he was appointed editor of the 'Leeds Times'; but his health, never robust, was unequal to the tear and wear of such arduous literary work, and he had to resign the editorship. He then removed to Edinburgh, and died in the house of his friend and biographer, Mr. Johnstone, in December 1837, at the age of twenty-four.

BONNIE MARY HAY (*page 212*).—Robert Archibald Smith, the composer of this song, was born at Reading in 1780. While a child his parents removed to Paisley, where in after years he exercised an amount of musical influence which proved highly beneficial. He held the appointment of precentor at the

Abbey Church for some years, after which, in 1823, he left for St. George's, Edinburgh, where, under the genial ministrations of the Rev. Andrew Thomson, —himself a musical amateur of fair ability and boundless enthusiasm,—Smith produced his 'Sacred Harmony,' a work which, whatever opinion may be expressed by the critics of our times as to its shortcomings, was, without exception, the best of its kind at that time in Scotland. Smith is favourably known as the composer of some of our sweetest melodies. We need only mention 'Jessie, the Flower o' Dunblane' (page 6), 'Loudon's bonnie Woods' (page 117), 'Row weel, my Boatie' and 'Lucy's Flittin'' (page 292), as samples of his pure, tuneful style, while many of his psalm tunes are standard favourites. He also edited a large collection of Scottish music in 1820, called 'The Scottish Minstrel,' in 6 vols., which is still held in great estimation. He died at Edinburgh 3d January 1829.

BRAW, BRAW LADS (*page 215*).—Haydn held this song in such high estimation, that he wrote upon the ms. copy he was harmonizing for Whyte's 'Collection of Scottish Songs,' this pithy eulogium: 'This one Dr. Haydn's favourite song.' The words, 'Braw, braw lads,' are frequently sung at the end, so as to make the song end on the key-note. The Gala rises in Midlothian, runs south, and falls into the Tweed a few miles above Melrose and a short distance below Abbotsford.

CALLER HERRIN' (*page 66*).—This very popular song was written by Caroline Baroness Nairne, and the melody is the composition of Nathaniel Gow, son of 'the famous Neil.' The notes of the cry, 'Wha'll buy caller herrin'?' form one of the chief phrases of the tune, and the other is an imitation of the chime of the bells in St. Andrew's Church, Edinburgh, near which Mr. Gow resided. The words are characteristic of the manners and language of the Newhaven fishwife.

CASTLES IN THE AIR (*page 18*).—Perhaps no modern Scottish song acquired in so short a time, and has retained, such a degree of popularity as 'Castles in the Air.' The verses first appeared in the author's well-known work, 'The Gaberlunzie's Wallet,' in 1843; but they were not published with music till 1854. An epistle to the author, in which this song is noticed, has just been written by Colin Rae Brown, Esq., of Glasgow, in consequence of some remarks made by Thomas Carlyle derogatory to writers of verse, which we subjoin:—

That wordy fallow, Tam Carlyle,
In unctuous, mentorian style,
The bardic callin' daurs revile,
And skys his prose.

Noo I hae tried, and that in vain,
An' ettled ower an' ower again,
Tae hawk up facts, doonricht and plain,
Frae oot his beuks;

An' I hae cam' to this conclusion,
That he's the King o' Phrase-confusion,
An' Laird o' Muckleword-delusion,
An' ither ilks.

I wadna gie tha screeds o' rhyme
 That Burns has haunded doon to time,
 For a' the volumes o' sublime
 That Tam has writ.

I wadna gie your 'Drap o' Dew,'
 Or 'Castles in the Air,' sae true,
 Wi' mony mair I ha'e in view,
 For miles o' prose.

Mair fu' o' feelin' than o' airt,
 The trenchant lyric, like a dairt,
 Strikes to the universal hairt
 For ever mair.

Far ower the wide Atlantic's wave,
 Whaur howlin' tempests roar and rave,
 Our Scottish sangs hae fand nae grave,
 But daithless fame !

Sae, brither James, oor eldest bardie,
 Let na yer muse be shy or tardy,
 It seems a lang time since we heard ye
 Pipin' her reed.

Dinna mis'pret this freenly letter :
 I ken your wee bit lassie better
 Than think that Tammas could her fetter,
 Or steek thy mou'.

While tons on tons o' leaden prose
 Sink to a nameless, dark repose,
 The cheery sang but wider throws
 Its gowden ray !

'A man's a man for a' that' still
 The worl's enraptured ear doth fill,
 An' reapeth harvests o' goodwill
 Frae pole to pole.

The following, from Dr. Rogers' 'Modern Scottish Minstrel,' relative to the poet, will be read with interest :—'He (James Ballantine) lost his father, who was a brewer, when he was only ten years old ; and being the youngest of the family, which consisted of three daughters and himself, his early training devolved upon his mother, who contrived to obtain for her children the advantage of an ordinary education. James Ballantine must, however, be considered as a self-taught man. Beyond the training which he received in early life, he owes his present position to his own indefatigable exertions.

'By his father's death the poet was necessitated, while yet a mere boy, to exert himself for his own support and the assistance of the family. He was accordingly apprenticed to a house-painter in the city, and very soon attained to considerable proficiency in his trade. On growing up to manhood he made strenuous exertions to obtain the educational advantages which were not within his reach at an earlier period of life ; and about his twentieth year he attended the University of Edinburgh, for the study of anatomy with a view to his professional improvement. At a subsequent period he turned his attention to the

art of painting on glass, and he has long been well known as one of the most distinguished of British artists in that department. At the period Mr. Ballantine began his career as a glass-painter, the art had greatly degenerated in character; and the position to which it has of late years attained is chiefly owing to his good taste and archaeological researches. When the designs and specimens of glass-painting for the windows of the House of Lords were publicly competed for, the Royal Commissioners of the Fine Arts adjudged those produced by Mr. Ballantine as the best which were exhibited, and the execution of the work was entrusted to him. A few years ago he published a work on stained glass, which has been translated and published in Germany, where it retains its popularity. Mr. Ballantine has thus never allowed his literary pursuits to interfere with the exercise of his chosen avocations. "He has," in the words of Lord Cockburn, "made the business feed the muses, and the muses grace the business." Mr. Ballantine is the poet of the affections, a lover of the beautiful and tender among the humbler walks of life, and an exponent of the lessons to be drawn from familiar customs, common sayings, and simple character.'

COME, LASSES AND LADS (*page* 64).—Under the title of 'The Rural Dance about the May-pole,' this song is contained in the 'Westminster Drollery. Part 2. 1672.' It was very popular in Queen Elizabeth's time, and is still a favourite in many parts of the country.

COME O'ER THE STREAM, CHARLIE (*page* 68).—With reference to this song, the author (James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd) says:—'I versified this song at Meggernie Castle, in Glen Lyon, from a scrap of prose said to be the translation, *verbatim*, of a Gaelic song, and to a Gaelic air sung by one of the sweetest singers and most accomplished and angelic beings of the human race. But, alas! earthly happiness is not always the lot of those who in our erring estimation most deserve it. She is now no more, and many a strain have I poured to her memory.'

James Hogg, generally designated as the Ettrick Shepherd, was born in the romantic vale of Ettrick, Selkirkshire, in the year 1770. For many generations his paternal ancestors followed the occupation of shepherds. When the poet was only six years of age, his father got into straitened circumstances, and became bankrupt. At this time little James had been at school only three months; but the circumstances of the family were such that he had to be taken from school, and was engaged as a cowherd, and earned as wages for six months' service a pair of shoes and a ewe lamb. Some time after he got other three months at school, and this completed his scholastic course. It need not be wondered that, when he left school, he was about as wise as when he entered; and on to his eighteenth year he was quite unable to read. In his early years his genius was not precocious, and his occupation gave him but limited opportunities for mental improvement. Like his contemporary, Tannahill, he was very fond of music; and when able to 'gather up' the sum of five shillings, he purchased an old fiddle, on which he played his favourite tunes.

The farmer's wife at Willinslee (Mrs. Laidlaw) lent him two books of which he had heard a great deal, viz. 'The Life and Adventures of Sir William Wallace,' and the 'Gentle Shepherd,' by Allan Ramsay. On these the future poet first learned to read.

When he reached his twentieth year he entered the service, as shepherd, of

Mr. James Laidlaw of Blackhouse farm. Mr. Laidlaw was a man of culture, and was not slow to notice the shepherd's desire for learning ; and he at once gave him permission to use his library. Mr. Laidlaw's son (the future factor and amanuensis of Sir Walter Scott)—a boy not more than ten years of age—became very fond of the shepherd, and in a short time was of great service in aiding him with his studies. His first attempt at verses was when he was twenty-six years of age. At first he found it rather hard work, for it is said that 'he stripped himself of his coat and vest to the undertaking.' His early effusions were written for the amusement of the shepherd maidens, who sang them to their favourite tunes, and bestowed on him the designation of 'Jamie the Poeter.'

At all the merry-makings 'Jamie' was sure to be present, and gained great applause, both for his minstrelsy and the music of his violin.

By careful application, he was now able to commit his thoughts to paper with comparative ease, and he attempted short essays, which were sent to the 'Scots Magazine,' and inserted regularly in that periodical. With his verses he was more chary, and did not expose them beyond his own circle of associates. In 1800 he paid a visit to Edinburgh ; and while spending an evening with some friends in the Crown Tavern, he was solicited for a song. He sang his last composition, viz. 'Donald Macdonald.' It was received with thunders of applause, and one of the company offered to get it set to music and published. Shortly after, the song was issued anonymously. It proved a great success, and was sung in almost every district in the kingdom. About this time Sir Walter Scott was engaged in making collections for his third volume of the 'Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border,' and had determined to examine the pastoral inhabitants of Ettrick and Yarrow. He arrived at Blackhouse in the summer of 1801, and formed the acquaintance of young Laidlaw, his future steward. Laidlaw soon introduced Hogg to Sir Walter. 'He found,' writes Scott's biographer, 'a brother poet, a true son of nature and genius, hardly conscious of his powers. . . . As yet, his naturally kind and simple character had not been exposed to any of the dangerous flatteries of the world. His heart was pure ; his enthusiasm buoyant as that of a happy child ; and well as Scott knew that reflection, sagacity, wit, and wisdom were scattered abundantly among the humblest rangers of these pastoral solitudes, there was here a depth and a brightness that filled him with wonder, combined with a quaintness of humour, and a thousand little touches of absurdity, which afforded him more entertainment, as I have often heard him say, than the best comedy that ever set the pit in a roar.'

For a period of nine years after his introduction to Sir Walter Scott, fortune was very fickle with him. At one time he was master of two large farms, and at another time seeking employment as a shepherd.

Notwithstanding his many misfortunes, he did not lose heart and surrender ; but, feeling conscious of his literary powers, he resolved to go to Edinburgh and begin, in his fortieth year, the career of a man of letters. At first he was received somewhat coldly by the publishers ; but, nothing daunted, he started a periodical on his own account, entitled 'The Spy.' This adventure, while it extended his name and popularity, did not aid him much financially. Meantime his acquaintance and worth with men of letters steadily increased, and on the publication of the 'Queen's Wake' his fame was established. The poet Robert Southey and John Wilson became his most attached and sincere friends.

After a severe illness of four weeks, the Bard of Ettrick departed this life, aged sixty-five years, on the 21st of November 1835, 'as calmly, and to appearance with as little pain, as if he had fallen asleep in his grey plaid on the side of the moorland rill.'

COMIN' THRO' THE RYE (*page 56*).—In Johnson's 'Museum' there are three sets given of this air, the first of which was communicated by Burns. The second has become the most popular, and is adopted in this book. Mr. Stenhouse in his note says: 'The words and music of the song beginning "Gin a body meet a body," are parodied from the first set, which was published as a single sheet song before it was copied into the "Museum." As the following words, written by Mr. Dunlop, Collector of Customs, Port-Glasgow, are frequently sung to the same air, we here append them:—

Oh, dinna ask me gin I lo'e thee,
 Troth I daurna tell ;
Dinna ask me gin I lo'e thee,
 Ask it o' yourself.
Oh, dinna look sae sair at me,
 For weel ye ken me true ;
Oh, gin ye look sae sair at me,
 I daurna look at you.

When ye gang to yon braw, braw toun,
 And bonnier lassies see,
Oh, dinna, Jamie, look at them,
 Lest you should mind na me :
For I could never bide the lass
 That ye'd lo'e mair than me ;
And oh, I'm sure, my heart would break,
 Gin ye'd prove false to me.

DOUN THE BURN, DAVIE (*page 54*).—Words by Robert Crawford, a cadet of the house of Drumsay in Renfrewshire (born about 1695, died 1732). The music is by James Hook, father of the celebrated novelist, Theodore Hook.

FAREWELL TO LOCHABER (*page 41*) was written by Allan Ramsay to the air of 'Lochaber no more,' and first printed in his 'Tea-Table Miscellany' in 1724. An interesting anecdote connected with this song is given. The writer says: 'When a boy at Linlithgow, some years after the Rebellion in 1745, I remember Dr. Cameron, brother to the celebrated Lochiel, being brought into the town under an escort of dragoons. He was mounted on a grey pony, with his feet lashed to its sides, but, considering his situation and prospects, looked remarkably cheerful. As the party were to rest for the night, the prisoner was placed for security in the common jail ; and well do I remember, as I remained with the crowd at the prison-door, overhearing the doctor within singing to himself his native song of "Farewell to Lochaber"—"We'll maybe return to Lochaber no more." The doctor was at the battle of Culloden ; and though he was on the side of Charlie, he gave his professional aid freely to the wounded of both sides. After the battle he made his escape to France, whence he had just returned, in the vain hope that his defection might be pardoned or forgotten ; and being apprehended in the Highlands, was now on his road to London, where he was tried, condemned, and decapitated on Tower Hill. I have never since heard the air,' the writer adds, 'without recalling the tone of

voice, with all the circumstances of the then unhappy situation and subsequent fate of Dr. Cameron.' The melody is very old. It is found in the 'Orpheus Caledonia,' 1725, and it was known at an earlier period by the name of 'King James' March to Ireland.' George Farquhar Graham, Esq., in a note in his 'Songs of Scotland' on this song, says that he knew a lady 'in whose father's house at Edinburgh Robert Burns was a frequent and honoured guest, who one evening played the tune of "Lochaber" on the harpsichord to Burns. He listened to it attentively, and then exclaimed, with tears in his eyes, "Oh, that's a fine tune for a broken heart!"'

Allan Ramsay was born on 15th October 1686, at the village of Leadhills, in the parish of Crawford-Muir, Upper Ward of Lanarkshire. His father died when he was but a child, but his stepfather gave him a good education, and apprenticed him, in his fifteenth year, to a wig-maker in Edinburgh. This profession, however, was not quite in accordance with his tastes, and, as he expresses it himself, 'I was more inclined to line the inside of the pash than to theek the out.' Accordingly, a few years after his apprenticeship was past, he gave up wig-making and turned bookseller. He opened a shop in Niddry Street, Edinburgh, and began to issue his poetical productions in single or half sheets. His pieces met with much favour, and in 1721 he was bold enough to publish a quarto volume of his poems. On this work it is said that he realized the sum of four hundred guineas. Encouraged by his success, other works followed in due time, viz. 'The Tea-Table Miscellany,' 'The Evergreen,' 'The Vision'; and in 1725 he published his famous 'Gentle Shepherd.' The popularity of this drama became unbounded. Representations of it were given over the whole country—'in the laird's hall, the farmer's barn, and the village inn.' The piece was performed, or portions of it attempted, by amateur actors of all ranks, 'gentle and simple' often combining together in its exhibition, and enacting it in a style which was said to far surpass the attempts of regular Thespians. Indeed, the popularity of 'The Gentle Shepherd' penetrated at one time into the most obscure sections of society; and among the most illiterate hinds, nay, even among the serfs of the coal-pit, few were to be found who could not repeat large 'blaunds' of 'Patie and Roger.'

In 1736 he built in Carrubbers Close, Edinburgh, the first theatre erected in Scotland. The act for licensing the stage was passed the following year, and Ramsay was compelled by the magistrates to close it. On this speculation he lost a large sum of money. He retired from business about 1745, and spent the last twelve years of his life in a house of whimsical construction, which he built on the north side of the Castle Hill of Edinburgh, and which is still known as Ramsay Gardens. He died on the 7th January 1758, in his seventy-third year.

FOR A' THAT (*page 103*).—Burns wrote this song in 1794. Mr. Stenhouse remarks that this song 'unfortunately came out at a period when political disputes ran very high, and his enemies did not fail to interpret every sentence of it to his prejudice. That he was the zealous friend of rational and constitutional freedom will not be denied, but that he entertained principles hostile to the safety of the State no honest man that knew him will ever venture to maintain. In fact, what happened to Burns has happened to most men of genius. During times of public commotion there are always to be found vile and dastardly scoundrels, who, to render themselves favourites with those in power, and push

their own selfish views of interest and ambition, are ever ready to calumniate the characters and misrepresent the motives and actions of their neighbours, however good, innocent, or meritorious.'

Beranger, the French poet, said, 'This song was a song not for an age, but an eternity.'

The authorship of the air cannot be traced.

FRIAR OF ORDERS GREY (*page 150*).—This song is taken from an old opera, composed by William Reeve, who was born in 1757, and died June 22, 1815. He was organist at St. Martin's, Ludgate, for several years. Several of his operas were written in conjunction with Bishop, Braham, and Mazzinghi.

FRIEND OF THE BRAVE (*page 268*).—This beautiful song is the composition of Dr. John Wall Callcott, the eminent glee composer, born at Kensington in 1766, and died in 1821. He devoted himself chiefly to the composition of glees, although he also wrote a few very fine songs, anthems, and other pieces. As a glee composer he has seldom been equalled and never surpassed. His fertility was astonishing. Once when competing at the Glee Club he sent in *one hundred* manuscripts! He gained a large number of prizes for glees, catches, and canons. In private life he was most amiable, and universally esteemed. The late Mr. William Horsley, Mus. Bac. (another of our finest glee composers), who was married to the Doctor's eldest daughter, says, regarding Callcott's readiness in composition, that the beautiful glee for five voices, 'Father of Heroes,' which gained a prize in 1792, was written in the course of an afternoon! On one occasion the Doctor was lecturing Horsley for making his glee, 'Cold is Cadwallos' tongue,' end in F major, seeing that it began in D minor. Horsley retorted that he himself had done the same thing in his 'Who comes so dark,' which opens in B minor and closes in D major. 'Oh, yes,' replied Callcott with a smile, 'that is true, my friend, but we were both wrong.' Horsley (in winding up his prefatory remarks to his father-in-law's 'Collection of Glees') says, 'Dr. Callcott had no enemies—he could have none'—a statement which we do not suppose any one acquainted with his history will call in question. Besides glees, etc., he wrote a 'Musical Grammar,' which is excellent as an elementary work.

GLOOMY WINTER'S NOO AWA' (*page 116*).—The following account of the origin of this song is given in a small book entitled 'The Harp of Renfrewshire,' published in Paisley in 1819. It forms a portion of a letter written by R. A. Smith, who was an intimate friend of the poet:—'Miss —, of —, was particularly fond of the Scottish melody, "Lord Balgownie's Favourite," and had expressed a wish to see it united to good poetry. I accordingly applied to my friend (Tannahill), who produced his song, "Gloomy Winter's noo awa'," in a few days. As soon as I had arranged the air, with symphonies and accompaniment for the pianoforte, I waited on the lady, who was much delighted with the verses, and begged of me to invite the author to take a walk with me to the house at any leisure time. I knew that it would be almost impossible to prevail on Robert to allow himself to be introduced by fair means; so for once I made use of the only alternative in my power, by beguiling him thither during our first Saturday's ramble, under the pretence of being obliged to call with some music I had with me for the ladies. This, however, could not be effected

till I had promised not to make him known, in case any of the family came to the door. But how great was his astonishment when Miss — came forward to invite him into the house by name ! I shall never forget the awkwardness with which he accompanied us to the music-room. He sat as it were quite petrified, till the magic of the music and the great affability of the ladies reconciled him to his situation. In a short time Mr. — came in, was introduced to his visitor in due form, and with that goodness of heart and simplicity of manner for which he is so deservedly esteemed by all who have the pleasure of knowing him, chatted with his guest till near dinner-time, when Robert again became terribly uneasy, as Mr. — insisted on our staying to dine with the family. Many a rueful look was cast to me, and many an excuse was made to get away, but, alas ! there was no escaping with a good grace ; and finding that I was little inclined to understand his signals, the kind request was at length reluctantly complied with. After a cheerful glass or two, the restraint he was under gradually wore away, and he became tolerably communicative. I believe that when we left the mansion, the poet entertained very different sentiments from those with which he had entered it. He had formed an opinion that nothing save distant pride and cold formality was to be met with from people in the higher walks of life, but on experiencing the very reverse of his imaginings he was quite delighted ; and when Mr. —'s name happened to be mentioned in his hearing afterwards, it generally called forth expressions of respect and admiration.' The melody was claimed by Mr. Alexander Campbell, editor of 'Albyn's Anthology' (1764-1824), a considerable time after it was united to Tannahill's words. In arranging it, R. A. Smith, however, supposed it to be an old Highland air.

Robert Tannahill was the son of a silk-gauze weaver in Paisley, and born in that town on the 3d of June 1774. After receiving a common school education, he was sent, when very young, to assist his father at the *loom*.

At a very early age he wrote verses ; and being unable, on account of a weakness in one of his limbs, to join in the play of his school-fellows, he found amusement in composing riddles in rhyme for their solution.

In addition to poetry, he cultivated the kindred arts of music and song. Occasionally, he earned ten shillings for playing on the pipes at the Greenock parades. Attached to his loom was a rude writing desk ; and at intervals he would jot down any old melodies he had picked up, and adapt them to suitable words. ♦

About the year 1803 he became acquainted with R. A. Smith, the musical composer, who set to music and arranged several of his songs. In 1807 his 'Poems and Songs' first appeared, and were favourably received by the public. Naturally very sensitive, the annoyances and disappointments connected with authorship brought on confirmed melancholy. A short relief was occasioned by a visit from Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, in 1810. The poets spent a night together, and in the morning Tannahill accompanied the shepherd half-way to Glasgow. When parting, Tannahill clasped the shepherd's hand and said, ' Farewell, we shall never meet again ! Farewell, I shall never see you more !' Shortly after this, while on a visit to a friend in Glasgow, he manifested symptoms of insanity. After his return home, he complained of illness, and took to bed. Early in the evening three of his brothers called and remained with him till ten o'clock ; but feeling uneasy about him, they returned again at twelve, and found the bed empty, and discovered that he had left the house.

The neighbours were aroused, and, after diligent search, the lifeless body of the poet was found in a brook not very far from his own dwelling. Poor Tannahill had closed his life at the age of thirty-six.

HAME CAM' OOR GUDEMAN AT E'EN (*page 170*).—There are different versions of this humorous ballad. The copy inserted in this work was first published in Herd's Collection, 1769. Mr. Stenhouse says: 'Johnson, the publisher of the "Museum," after several unavailing researches, was at length informed that an old man of the name of Geikie, a hairdresser in the Candle-maker Row, Edinburgh, sang the verses charmingly, and that the tune was uncommonly fine. Accordingly, he and his friend Mr. Clarke took a step to Geikie's lodgings, and invited him to an inn to crack a bottle with them. They soon made him very merry; and on being requested to favour them with the song, he readily complied, and sang it with great glee. Mr. Clarke took down the notes, and arranged the song for the "Museum," in which work the words and music first appeared together in print.'

HEARTS OF OAK (*page 80*).—Always a favourite national song, the joint production of the best actor of his day, David Garrick, and one of the leading musicians, Dr. William Boyce. Garrick was born in 1716, Boyce in 1710, and both of them died in 1779. Boyce is chiefly known as a writer of anthems and church services.

HE'S O'ER THE HILLS THAT I LO'E WEEEL (*page 100*).—This song is the production of Caroline, Baroness Nairne, but until a comparatively recent period its authorship was unknown. As the most popular songs written by this talented lady appear in this collection, the following extract from the 'Modern Scottish Minstrel' (a valuable work edited by the Rev. Charles Rogers, LL.D., F.S.A. Scot.) will be deemed interesting:—'The literary history of our authoress (Lady Nairne) commenced about 1792, when she seems to have composed her song of "The Ploughman." "The Laird o' Cockpen" was written about the same period. In 1798 she produced "The Land o' the Leal," in testimony of her affectionate sympathy with an early friend on the death of her first-born. Other compositions from her pen appeared at intervals, and as occasion offered to present them, without a revelation of the writer's name. Some time previous to 1821 she entrusted to a gentlewoman in Edinburgh the secret of her authorship. In that year Mr. Robert Purdie, a music-seller in the capital, resolved to publish a series of the more approved national songs, accompanied by suitable melodies. Several ladies of musical taste were solicited to render their assistance in the undertaking, and among others, the gentlewoman who had become the depositary of Lady Nairne's secret. Informed by this friend of Mr. Purdie's project, our authoress consented to render every assistance, on her *incognito* being preserved. The condition was readily acceded to; and though the publication of "The Scottish Minstrel" extended over three years, and our authoress had several personal interviews and much correspondence with the publisher and his editor, Mr. R. A. Smith, both these individuals remained ignorant of her real name. She had assumed the signature "B. B." in the "Minstrel," and in her correspondence with Mr. Purdie, who appears to have been entertained by the *discovery*, communicated in confidence, that the name of his contributor was "Mrs. Bogan of Bogan;" by and this designation he subsequently addressed her.'

'The new collection of minstrelsy, unexceptionable as it was in the words attached to all the airs, commanded a wide circulation, and excited general attention. Much speculation arose respecting the authorship, and various conjectures were supported, each with plausible arguments, by the public journalists. In these circumstances, Lady Nairne experienced painful alarm lest the origin of her songs should be traced. While the publication of "The Minstrel" was proceeding, her confidential correspondent received repeated injunctions to adopt every caution in preserving her *incognito*; she was even desirous that her sex might not be known. "I beg the publisher will make no mention of a lady," she wrote. "As you observe, the more mystery the better, and *still* the balance is in favour of the lords of creation. I cannot help in some degree undervaluing beforehand what is said to be a feminine production." The "Scottish Minstrel" was completed in 1824, in six royal octavo volumes. In the advertisement to the last volume, Messrs. Purdie and Smith wrote as follows:—"In particular, the editors would have felt happy in being permitted to enumerate the many original and beautiful verses that adorn their pages, for which they are indebted to the author of the much-admired song, 'The Land o' the Leal'; but they fear to wound a delicacy which shrinks from all observation."

Lady Nairne died at the mansion of Gask on the 26th of October 1845, at the advanced age of seventy-nine years.

HIGHLAND MARY (*page 288*).—This beautiful song was written upon Mary Campbell, one of the poet's most-loved female friends, and whom he evidently intended to marry. Mary was dairymaid at the 'Castle o' Montgomery,' where the poet and she became acquainted. Cromeck gives the following particulars of their parting:—"This adieu was performed with all those simple and striking ceremonies which rustic sentiment has devised to prolong tender emotion, and to inspire awe. The lovers stood on each side of a small purling brook; they laved their hands in its limpid stream, and, holding a Bible between them, pronounced their vows to be faithful to each other." On returning to Greenock from the West Highlands in 1784, Mary was seized with a malignant fever, which carried her off even before her lover could be apprised of her illness. Her ashes repose in the West Churchyard of Greenock. The tune is very fine. It was originally set to a song of little merit, entitled 'Katherine Ogie.'

HOME, SWEET HOME (*page 126*).—This very beautiful and popular melody—which was long believed to be a Sicilian air—is now known to be the composition of that elegant and tasteful composer, Sir Henry Bishop. (See note to 'My Native Highland Home.')

I SEEK HER ON EV'RY SHORE (*page 290*).—George Herbert Rodwell, born 1803 and died in London 1852, composed several operas, songs, etc., which obtained considerable popularity. The above song is from an opera called 'The Evil Eye.' For many years he held the position of music master to the Queen, then Princess Victoria.

ISLE OF BEAUTY (*page 12*).—This favourite air has often been ascribed to Mr. Thomas A. Rawlings, but he is only the writer of the pianoforte accompaniments. Mr. C. S. Whitmore composed the melody, of whose history we

know nothing. Rawlings was born in 1775. He composed and edited several musical works up till about 1830, after which his name does not appear.

JENNY DANG THE WEAVER (*page 307*).—Words by Sir Alexander Boswell, born 1775, son of the celebrated biographer of Dr. Johnson. He wrote many songs and poems of merit, but happening unfortunately to write a severe lampoon of a political nature upon Mr. Stuart of Dunearn, a duel ensued, in which he was shot, March 1822. Of its somewhat amusing history we give the following account, quoted from Mr. Hugh Paton's 'Contemporaries of Burns,' etc., Edinburgh, 1840:—'The origin of the air of "Jenny dang the Weaver" is somewhat curious. The Rev. Mr. Gardner, minister of the parish of Birse in Aberdeenshire, well known for his musical talent and for his wit, was one Saturday evening arranging his ideas for the service of the following day in his little study, which looked into the court-yard of the manse, where Mrs. Gardner, *secunda*—for he had been twice married—was engaged in the homely task of "beetling" the potatoes for supper. To unbend his mind a little, he took up his Cremona, and began to step over the notes of an air he had previously jotted down, when suddenly an altercation arose between Mrs. Gardner and Jock, the "minister's man"—an idle sort of weaver from the neighbouring village of Marywell, who had lately been engaged as man-of-all-work about the manse. "Here, Jock," cried the mistress, as he had newly come in from the labours of the field, "gae wip the minister's shoon." "Na," said the lout, "I'll do nae sic thing: I cam' here to be yir ploughman, but no' yir flunkie; and I'll be — gif I'll wip the minister's shoon!" "De'il confound yir impudence!" said the enraged Mrs. Gardner, as she sprung at him with the heavy culinary instrument in her hand, and, giving him a hearty beating, compelled him to perform the menial duty required. The minister, highly diverted with the scene, gave the air he had just completed the title of "Jenny dang the Weaver." This is supposed to have occurred about the year 1746.'

JENNY'S BAWBEE (*page 303*), also written by Sir Alexander Boswell. The air is an old dance tune.

JESSIE, THE FLOWER O' DUNBLANE (*page 6*), was first published in 1808, and at once acquired and still retains great popularity. For many years after its composition, who was the heroine of the song was a matter of speculation. Many a Jessie was credited with the honour, and travellers by the stage-coaches which ran between Perth and the South when passing through Dunblane had pointed out to them the house where Jessie was born. A writer in the 'Musical Magazine' for May 1835 mentions that he had been introduced at Dunblane to the identical Jessie. *The Jessie*, however, existed only in the imagination of the poet; he never was in Dunblane, for had he been there, he would have discovered that the sun could not *there* be seen setting 'O'er the lofty Ben Lomond.' It is said that the song was written to supplant an old one called 'Bob o' Dunblane.'

JOCK O' HAZELDEAN (*page 44*) was written by Sir Walter Scott, founded, it is supposed, on an old ballad called 'Jock o' Hazelgreen.' It is very remarkable that many of our best poets were wholly destitute of an ear for music. Thomas Moore says that, 'with the exception of Milton, there is not

to be found, among all the eminent poets of England, a single musician ;' and Sir Walter Scott admitted regarding himself : ' My mother was anxious we should at least learn psalmody ; but the incurable defects of my voice and ear soon drove my teacher to despair. It is only by long practice that I have acquired the power of selecting or distinguishing melodies ; and although now few things delight or affect me more than a simple tune sung with feeling, yet I am sensible that even this pitch of musical taste has only been gained by attention and habit, and, as it were, by my feeling of the words associated with the tune ; although my friend Dr. Clarke (afterwards Dr. John Clarke-Whitfield), and other musical composers, have sometimes been able to make a happy union between their music and my poetry.'

LASSIE, WOULD YE LO'E ME? (*page 158*).—This popular ballad, in imitation of the Scotch style, is the production of Joseph William Holder, Mus. Bac., born at London in 1765, and died 1832. He wrote many glees, anthems, etc., and was esteemed an excellent performer on the organ.

LOGIE O' BUCHAN (*page 283*) was written by George Halkett, who died in 1756. He was a great Jacobite, and wrote a number of pieces in support of his party. The Logie mentioned in the song is situated in Crimond (Aberdeenshire), a parish adjoining the one where the poet resided ; and the hero of the song was a James Robertson, gardener at Logie.

LOUDON'S BONNIE WOODS AND BRAES (*page 117*) was written by Robert Tannahill, and set to music by R. A. Smith. Loudon Castle, in Ayrshire, is the place here celebrated. The song was composed on the occasion of Earl Moira, afterwards Marquis of Hastings, being ordered abroad in the service of his country, shortly after his marriage with Flora, Countess of Loudon, and the song is supposed to depict the parting of the soldier and his young wife.

LUCY'S FLITTIN' (*page 292*).—This beautiful ballad, so full of feeling and pathos, was written by William Laidlaw, the steward and trusted friend of Sir Walter Scott. Mr. Lockhart, in his 'Life of Sir Walter Scott,' says : ' Mr. Laidlaw has not published many verses ; but his song of " Lucy's Flittin,'" a simple and pathetic picture of a poor Ettrick maiden's feelings in leaving a service where she had been happy, has long been, and must ever be, a favourite with all who understand the delicacies of the Scottish dialect, and the manners of the district in which the scene is laid.' Dr. Rogers mentions that, during the course of an excursion in Tweedside, two versions of the subject of the song were given him. ' According to one version, Lucy had been in the service of Mr. Laidlaw, sen., at Blackhouse, and had by her beauty attracted the romantic fancy of one of the poet's brothers. In the other account Lucy is described as having served on a farm in " The Glen " of Traquair, and as having been beloved by her master's son, who afterwards deserted her, when she died of a broken heart.'

MEET ME BY MOONLIGHT ALONE (*page 218*).—One of the favourite songs of that popular composer, Joseph Augustine Wade, born at Dublin about 1796, died at London 15th July 1845. He wrote a few operas, many songs, ballads, etc. His style was replete with elegance and tenderness, and well deserved the appreciation it received.

MUIRLAND WILLIE (*page 180*).—This song was printed with the music in the 'Orpheus Caledonia,' 1725. Burns says of it: 'This lightsome ballad gives a particular drawing of those ruthless times, when thieves were rife, and the lads went a-wooing in their warlike habiliments, not knowing whether they would tilt with lips or lances.' Willie's dirk and pistols then were evidently more for his protection than for mere display.

MY ANNIE (*page 203*).—Thomas Linley, the gifted father of a gifted family, was born at Bath in 1725, and died at London 1795. He wrote many operas, songs, elegies, etc., of great merit. His son Thomas at a very early age evinced much talent, which augured well for his future career. He was highly esteemed by Mozart, who knew him personally. Through the upsetting of a boat he was unfortunately drowned in 1778, at the early age of twenty-two. His daughter, Eliza Ann—the celebrated 'Maid of Bath,' one of the most beautiful women of her time—was an excellent soprano singer. She eloped with the famous Richard Brinsley Sheridan. Besides Mrs. Sheridan, his daughters Mary and Maria were also celebrated as vocalists, and his son William composed many beautiful songs and glees, his most important work being his 'Dramatic Songs, etc., of Shakespeare,' 2 vols. 1816. A very interesting 'Posthumous collection of the vocal works of Thomas Linley and Thomas Linley, junior,' was published about the end of last century, in 2 vols., containing many gems, which deserve to be more widely known.

MY LOVE IS LIKE A RED, RED ROSE (*page 19*) is supposed to be a very old song that Burns revised and extended for Johnson's 'Museum.'

MY MOTHER BIDS ME BIND MY HAIR (*page 130*).—One of the elegant canzonets of the immortal composer, Francis Joseph Haydn, born at Rohrau, 31st March 1732, died at Vienna 31st May 1809. We need not attempt to expatiate upon his widely-known merits as a composer of nearly every style of music, from the simple ballad to the oratorio and the symphony. The poetess, Mrs. John Hunter (*née* Anne Home), was born in 1742 and died in 1821. Haydn set several of her pieces to music.

MY NANNIE'S AWA' (*page 30*).—Captain Charles Gray, in his 'Cursory Remarks on Scottish Song,' gives the following note on this song:—" 'My Nannie's awa' " is one of the sweetest pastoral songs that Burns ever wrote. In this song the bard laments the absence of Mrs. M'Lehose (Clarinda), who had left Scotland to join her husband in the West Indies, in February 1792. We may be pardoned, perhaps, for saying a word or two about the lady whose beauty and accomplishments had so captivated our bard, and inspired him with this and some others of his most beautiful love-songs. Burns, having published the second edition of his poems in 1787, was just about to leave Edinburgh when he was introduced to Clarinda. One of our poet's biographers alleges that he was very tolerant as to the personal charms of his heroine; but as to the wit, beauty, and powers of conversation of Clarinda, there can be no doubt. She seems to have completely fascinated him at the very first interview. That Mrs. M'Lehose was no ordinary person is proved by her letters now printed along with those of Burns; and it is saying much for her that they do not suffer from being placed in juxtaposition with those of the bard. This romantic attachment between the poet and poetess was not of very long duration; but

while it lasted as many letters passed between them as form a goodly-sized octavo volume.' The germ of 'My Nannie's awa' is to be found in one of Clarinda's letters, written thirty-five days after they became acquainted. They were about to part, and she says: 'You'll kindly write me once a month, and other objects will weaken your affection for Clarinda; yet I cannot believe so. *Oh! let the scenes of Nature remind you of Clarinda! In winter, remember the dark shades of her fate; in summer, the warmth, the cordial warmth of her friendship; in autumn, her glowing wishes to bestow plenty on all; and let spring animate you with hopes that your poor friend may yet live to surmount the wintry blast of life, and revive to taste a spring-time of happiness!*'

This passage, so beautifully descriptive, in the letter of his fair correspondent was not overlooked by Burns. He says in reply: 'There is one fine passage in your last charming letter—Thomson nor Shenstone never exceeded it, nor often came up to it. I shall certainly steal it, and set it in some future production, and get immortal fame by it. 'Tis when you bid the scenes of Nature remind me of Clarinda.' The poet was as good as his word. Some months after Clarinda had left this country, Burns, reverting to the passage we have quoted from her letter, made it his own by stamping it in immortal verse, bewailing the absence of Clarinda in a strain of rural imagery that has seldom or never been surpassed.

George Farquhar Graham, Esq., in his notes referring to the romantic attachment that subsisted between Burns and Mrs. M'Lehose, says: 'To say that a very warm and sincere friendship cannot subsist between a married woman and an unmarried man, is not only to contradict daily experience, but to utter a licentious libel upon human nature. Were such the case, many of the strongest heart-ties between friends and relatives must be at once torn asunder, never to reunite in this world.'

The melody to which the words are wedded is supposed to be modern, but the composer cannot be traced.

MY NANNIE, O (*page 49*).—This song was written by Burns when very young, and was supposed to have been written in honour of Agnes Fleming, a servant girl at the farm at Calcothill, near Lochlea.

The following, which we quote from Captain Charles Gray on 'The Heroines of Burns' Songs,' completely refutes this ascription. He says: 'On mentioning this subject to Mrs. Begg, the poet's youngest sister, she could scarcely repress her resentment, assuring us that Agnes Fleming, whom she knew, had no pretensions, either morally or physically, to be considered the heroine of that fine song. "Pray, then," we inquired, "who was the heroine?" "Peggy Thomson," was the reply, "the fair *fillette* that upset the poet's trigonometry at Kirkoswald." It may be objected, that by substituting the name of the imaginary heroine "Nannie," in place of the real one "Peggy," the points do not tally so well; but Burns knew perfectly what he was about. He was writing a song for "one of the best of our Scottish melodies," and knew that it was much better to retain the well-known burden of "My Nannie, O," whatever might be the name of the goddess at whose shrine he was offering up the incense of his poetic idolatry. Burns himself says (in his "Commonplace Book," begun in 1783, wherein this song was inscribed,—see "Cromek's Reliques," p. 326): "Whether the following song will stand the test (*of criticism*) I will not pretend to say, because it is my own; only I can say it was, at the time,

genuine from the heart." Here Burns confesses that this song was written in a fit of "real passion," such as that which he felt for Peggy Thomson. But who, until some fifty years after the poet's death, ever heard of his making love to Agnes Fleming, either in prose or verse? Then was "Nannie" disentombed, that she might, like an Egyptian mummy, be embalmed in the poet's verses, merely because she had the good luck to be *kirsened* (christened) "Nannie" or Agnes."

The Lugar is a river in Ayrshire, which takes its rise in the Cumnock Lakes, and discharges itself into the river Ayr at Barskimming. The air is very old, and is considered one of the best of our Scottish melodies.

MY NATIVE HIGHLAND HOME (*page 32*).—As the talented composer of this and many more fine airs which appear in our pages is not so well known as his great merits deserve, we venture to give a slight sketch of his biography, which may not be uninteresting to our readers. Henry Rowley Bishop was born in London on the 18th of November 1786, or, according to others, in 1782. His first instructor in music was Francesco Bianchi, a good musician and amiable man, who enjoyed considerable reputation as a teacher. Bishop's first essay in composition was a ballet, 'Tamerlan è Bajazet,' produced at the King's Theatre in 1806. This was followed by two or three more somewhat juvenile pieces, after which he surprised and electrified the critics by the brilliant and powerful display of talent contained in his 'Circassian Bride,' which was brought out at Drury Lane on the 23d February 1809. Most unfortunately, the theatre took fire the night following, and the score of the new opera perished in the flames. The proprietors of Covent Garden Theatre, appreciating his great merits, entered into an engagement with him for three years to compose and direct the music for their theatre. From this engagement we may say a new era dawned upon the young composer. Here, in wonderfully quick succession, appeared many of those operas, etc., which are still considered to be his best, viz. 'The Maniac,' 'The Knight of Snowdoun,' and 'The Virgin of the Sun' (all before the end of 1812); and subsequently, 'The Miller and his Men,' 'The Gnome King,' 'Henri Quatre,' 'The Law of Java,' 'Maid Marian,' 'Clari,' 'Native Land,' 'The Fall of Algiers,' 'Aladdin,' and a multitude of smaller pieces, besides operas written along with other composers—such as Davy, Reeve, Whittaker, and others—and adaptations from several of the best Continental composers. He also produced many songs, duets, glees, etc.; and in 1833 wrote his sacred cantata, 'The Seventh Day,' for the Philharmonic Society. In 1839 he received the degree of Mus. Bac. at Oxford; was elected Musical Professor at Edinburgh in November 1841, on the death of Mr. John Thomson; in December 1843 resigned, on the plea of ill-health, never having delivered a lecture or fulfilled any function devolving on him in connection with his appointment, beyond a periodical residence in the city and the receipt of his salary. After having officiated for three years (1840 to 1843) on Mr. W. Knyvett's retirement as conductor of the Ancient Concerts, he was, in the latter year, appointed *permanently*, and held that office until their discontinuance in 1848. In 1842 he was knighted; in 1848, on the death of Dr. Crotch, appointed Professor of Music to the University of Oxford; and in 1853, when he composed an ode for the installation of the Earl of Derby, the degree of Mus. Doc. was conferred upon him. He died April 30th, 1855, and was interred in the cemetery at Finchley, where a monument

has since been erected by subscription to his memory. The late George Hogarth truly says of him: 'The name of Bishop will always hold a high place in the history of English music; but his permanent fame will rest on his earlier works—on "The Maniac," "The Knight of Snowdoun," "The Virgin of the Sun," "The Miller and his Men," and "The Slave." In these admirable operas we find pure, expressive, and forcible English melody, combined with the depth and solidity of the German school. They contain many scenes and concerted movements worthy of Mozart; and their rich and varied, yet chaste and unobtrusive, orchestral accompaniments are in the style of that master.'

MY WIFE'S A WINSOME WEE THING (*page 184*).—One of the few *bona-fide* Scottish songs composed by the glorious Beethoven—that musical colossus—and not a mere 'adaptation.' Ludwig von Beethoven was born at Bonn, 17th December 1770, and died at Vienna, 26th March 1827. In everything he is great, and in the noblest themes he most excels. He was simple and unpretending in his tastes, and thoroughly devoted to his art. He suffered much through the misconduct of some of his relatives; this, added to an unfortunate dulness of hearing, which culminated in total deafness in his later years, had the effect of rendering him, at times, unsociable, and even misanthropical. That his true character, however, was more genial we have good reason to know, as in the anecdote related of his making acquaintance with the Danish composer Kuhlau, who had long desired an introduction. One day, Beethoven going to his window observed Kuhlau standing outside, and waved him angrily away. Kuhlau, with an imploring gesture, fell upon his knees and looked so piteously that Beethoven fairly cried out, 'Very well, come in, then, since you will have it so.' Kuhlau needed no second bidding, and Beethoven was so much gratified with his enthusiasm and intelligence, that, after discussing a bottle of wine together, Kuhlau extemporized a canon, with which Beethoven was so pleased that he declared he would keep it, and on the spot wrote another and gave it to Kuhlau in exchange. Next day, fearing this canon might be unworthy of him, he wrote another, which he wished to substitute for it, but Kuhlau seized both, and Beethoven on looking at the first pronounced *it* the best, and said that in future when he wished to write well he thought the best thing to do was to get 'half seas over.'

NEAR THE LAKE (*page 11*).—An adaptation made by Charles Edward Horn, born 1786 in London, one of the most gifted melodists of his time. His 'Cherry ripe' (see page 28) was made famous, we believe, by the singing of Mad. Vestris, while his 'Banks of Allan Water' (see page 31) has touched many hearts. He also wrote many fine cavatinas, among which we may mention, 'Through the Wood' (page 254), 'I've been roaming' (page 286), and 'The deep, deep Sea' (page 262). He died at New York, 26th October 1849.

NORAH, THE PRIDE OF KILDARE (*page 25*).—The composer of this fine song—John Parry, a native of Denbigh—was born in 1776, and died at London, April 1851. His compositions were chiefly vocal—songs, duets, and glees—and not a few of them still retain their popularity. Our readers will also find his 'Jenny Jones' (to the words of 'The Rose of Glamorgan'), page 108, and 'Smile again, my Bonnie Lassie' (page 265), in which he tries to imitate the Scotch style.

OF A' THE AIRTS THE WIND CAN BLAW (*page 22*).—It is generally believed that Burns wrote only the first sixteen lines of this song. The remaining verses are supposed to have been written by William Reid, musicseller, Glasgow. The air is generally attributed to William Marshall, who was house-steward to the Duke of Gordon. He wrote a number of Scottish melodies, as well as reel and strathspey tunes. Marshall was a self-taught musician, and besides being a successful composer, he was an eminent performer of Scottish music on the violin. His style of playing the dance music of Scotland was unsurpassable, and the feeling manner in which he played the slow and plaintive airs is said to have been touching in the extreme. For about thirty years he had the management of the household affairs of the Duke of Gordon. He died in 1833, aged eighty-five.

OFT IN THE STILLY NIGHT (*page 16*).—This beautiful melody, so replete with calm, dreamy sweetness, is arranged by Sir John Andrew Stevenson, a native of Dublin, born 1761, died 1833. Stevenson had a fine taste for melody, but as a harmonist he is occasionally careless, and even crude. In conjunction with the poet Moore, he published a large collection of the 'Irish Melodies,' and the union so formed has in many cases wedded the words and music inseparably together. At page 47 there will also be found another of Stevenson's arrangements, to a Portuguese air, 'Flow on, thou Shining River.'

OH, NANNY, WILT THOU GANG WI' ME? (*page 216*).—While this song is found in almost all collections of Scottish songs, in fairness it must be admitted that it properly belongs to England. The words were written by Thomas Percy, Bishop of Dromore, and set to music by Thomas Carter, an Irish musician, born 1768, died 1804. Mr. Stenhouse says, 'It must be admitted that the Bishop's verses, adapted to Carter's beautiful air, form one of the most successful imitations of the Scottish pastoral ballad which has yet appeared on the south side of the Tweed.'

OH, SAY NOT WOMAN'S HEART (*page 228*).—Composed by John Whittaker, born 1776, and died in Dec. 1847. He wrote a number of fine songs and other vocal pieces. 'Oh, rest thee, Babe' (*page 17*), another of his songs, attained much popularity.

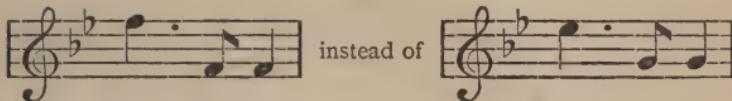
OH, TWINE THE WREATH (*page 124*).—Originally set to the words beginning 'My Pretty Jane,' and rendered additionally popular by the fine vocalization of Mr. Sims Reeves.

OH, WHISTLE AN' I'LL COME TO YE (*page 181*).—This very spirited and favourite air is claimed by some as an Irish melody; but we incline to believe it was the composition of one John Bruce, a violin-player in Dumfries, who always asserted it to be his, and whom Burns pronounced to be 'an honest man, though a *red wud* Highlander'; and that 'all the old musical people in the locality of Dumfries believed Bruce to be the composer of it.' Bruce, we may add, was 'out' in 1745 with Prince Charles. Burns wrote the first two stanzas in 1787, and in 1793 he added two more.

PRETTY FAIRY (*page 200*).—This sweet cavatina is the composition of Miss Mary Linwood, a tasteful amateur composer, born at Leicester in 1755, died

1845. She composed an oratorio, 'David's First Victory,' besides many smaller pieces.

ROBIN ADAIR (*page 7*).—This fine melody is claimed by both Scotch and Irish musicians. So far as the *words* are concerned, it must be admitted that the 'Robin Adair' referred to was certainly an Irishman by birth. In the fifth line it is sometimes spoiled (at the words 'joy and mirth,' in verse first, etc.) by being written thus:—



which is more plaintive and expressive.

ROMAN GIRL'S SONG (*page 127*).—The words of this song are by one of our most justly esteemed poetesses. For beauty of diction, tenderness, and pathos, Mrs. Hemans (*née* Felicia Dorothea Browne) has been seldom equalled. In 1811 she married Captain Hemans, but the union was not a happy one, and in 1817 a separation took place. Many of her finest poems were published after this event. Mrs. Hemans died at Dublin in 1835, aged forty-two. Mrs. W. H. Owens, her sister, composed the music, as also several others of Mrs. Hemans' songs.

ROSLIN CASTLE (*page 214*).—Of the writer of this charming song (Richard Hewitt) little is known. He died in 1764. When a boy, he was engaged to lead blind Dr. Blacklock, who, pleased with his intelligence, educated and employed him as his amanuensis. The melody has been ascribed to James Oswald, but the presumption is that it is considerably older than his time; and, moreover, Oswald never laid any claim to it.

RULE BRITANNIA (*page 62*).—Dr. Thomas Augustine Arne, its highly-gifted composer, was born in London in 1710, and died in 1778. For smoothness, elegance, and originality of melody, Arne far excelled all his native contemporaries. Only his great predecessor, Henry Purcell (who died in 1695, fifteen years before Arne was born), and his German contemporary, Handel, could properly be pitted against him with advantage. It is difficult to imagine anything more beautiful than the sportive grace of Ariel's song, 'Where the Bee sucks' (*page 144*), the combined pathos and vigour of 'Blow, blow, thou Winter Wind' (*page 271*), or the genial sweetness of 'Under the Greenwood Tree' (*page 334*). Arne also wrote several operas, and many smaller pieces.

SAFELY FOLLOW HIM (*page 340*).—Composed by Thomas Simpson Cooke, born at Dublin in 1781, and died in London 1848. He was a tenor singer and glee composer, and in the latter capacity carried off several prizes. He also wrote a few operas, and on a certain occasion took one of the most arduous singing parts himself, and sustained it with good effect.

SALLY IN OUR ALLEY (*page 53*).—Henry Carey, the writer of a considerable number of songs, both words and music, was born in 1685, and, in a fit of despondency, committed suicide in 1743. He has frequently, but as we think erroneously, been credited with the composition of 'God save the Queen.'

SCOTS, WHA HA'E WI' WALLACE BLED (*page 147*).—The following account of the origin of this song is given by Mr. Syme, an intimate friend of Burns. It appears that on the 30th July 1793, Burns and Mr. Syme were journeying on horseback between the house of Mr. Gordon of Kenmure and the village of Gatehouse, in Kirkcudbrightshire. 'I took him,' says Mr. Syme, 'by the moor road, where savage and desolate regions extended wide round. The sky was sympathetic with the wretchedness of the soil; it became lowering and dark, the hollow winds sighed, the lightnings gleamed, the thunder rolled. The poet enjoyed the awful scene; he spoke not a word, but seemed wrapped in meditation. What do you think he was about? He was charging the English army along with Bruce at Bannockburn. He was engaged in the same manner on our ride home from St. Mary's Isle, and I did not disturb him. Next day, August 2d, he produced me the following address of Bruce to his troops, and gave me a copy of it for Dalzell.'

With reference to the air, 'Hey, tuttie tattie,' to which the words are sung, Burns says: 'There is a tradition which I have met with in many places of Scotland, that the air "Hey, tuttie tattie" was Robert Bruce's march at the battle of Bannockburn. This thought, *in my yesternight's evening walk*, warmed me to a pitch of enthusiasm on the theme of liberty and independence, which I threw into a kind of Scottish ode, that one might suppose to be the royal Scot's address to his heroic followers on that eventful morning.'

THE BAILIFF'S DAUGHTER OF ISLINGTON (*page 161*).—This song is found in the Roxburghe Collection of Ballads, and is given in 'Percy's Reliques of Ancient English Poetry.' In the black-letter copies it is entitled, 'True Love Requited; or, the Bailiff's Daughter of Islington,' and is directed to be sung 'to a north-country tune,' or, 'I have a good old Mother at Home.' The tune now set to the words was jotted down by the late Dr. Rimbault in 1836, from the singing of an old Derbyshire peasant.

THE BAY OF BISCAY (*page 81*).—John Davy was born near Crediton in 1765, and died at London 22d February 1824. His compositions are chiefly vocal—a few operas, songs, glees, etc. 'The Bay of Biscay' is one of his best known songs.

THE BLUE BELLS O' SCOTLAND (*page 166*).—As the old words of this song, beginning, 'Oh where and oh where does your Highland laddie dwell?' are very silly, new words, written by James Smith, Edinburgh, are inserted. The author of the melody is unknown, but Dr. Hullah seems disposed to ascribe it to the celebrated actress, Mrs. Jordan, whose singing first brought it into notice.

THE BOATIE ROWS (*page 213*) was written by Mr. Ewen of Aberdeen. Regarding this song Burns says: 'It is a charming display of womanly affection mingling with the concerns and occupations of life.' It is nearly equal to 'There's nae Luck aboot the House.' Three different airs have been set to the words, but the melody now universally adopted is the original. Mr. Ewen died at Aberdeen in 1821, in the 80th year of his age.

THE BONNIE BRIER BUSH (*page 191*).—Several sets of words by different writers have been adapted to this air. We have set to the music in this work, verses recently written by Mr. James Smith, Edinburgh. We, however, here subjoin a version which is frequently sung at the popular concerts:—

There grows a bonnie brier bush in our kail-yard,
 An' sweet are the blossoms o't in our kail-yard,
 And behind that brier bush there's a bonnie lad an' lass,
 An' they're busy, busy courting in our kail-yard.

In days o' mair simplicity sic things were often dar'd,
 An' mony a maid's been woo'd an' won in our kail-yard ;
 But now they're sae fastidious, sae easily they're scar'd,
 An' ladies screw their face at love in our kail-yard.

Whae'er may think wi' pen and ink that love can be declar'd,
 Will find that passion in a pen maist waefully impair'd ;
 For me I dinna like the love that's written on a card,
 I'd rather ha'e 't by word o' mou' in our kail-yard.

When Adam, in a single state o' happiness despair'd,
 His courtin' was begun, I trow, in his kail-yard ;
 We'll follow thee, thou first o' men, nor be by custom scar'd,
 As he began, we'll end the plan, in our kail-yard.

THE BONNIE HOUSE O' AIRLIE (*page* 196), or Airlie Castle, was a large strong fortress in Forfarshire. During the civil war of the seventeenth century, the house of Ogilvie adhered firmly to the royal cause ; and in July 1640 the castle of the Earl of Airlie was plundered and burned by the Covenanting party (then dominant), while the Earl himself was absent in England. Montrose, who did not desert the party of the Covenanters till 1641, was first sent to attack the Castle of Airlie ; 'but the assailants,' says Spalding, 'finding the place unwinnable, by nature of great strength, without great skaith, left the place without meikle loss on either side.' Afterwards Argyle was sent, with strict orders first 'to go to Airly and Furtour, two of the Earl of Airly's principal houses, and to take in and destroy the same ; and next to go upon their lymners, and punish them : likens conform to his order he raises an army of about five thousand men, and marches toward Airly ; but the Lord Ogilvie (the Earl's eldest son), hearing of his coming with such irresistible force, resolves to flee, and leave the house manless, and so for their own safety they wisely fled. But Argyle most cruelly and inhumanely enters the house of Airly, and beats the same to the ground, and right sae he does to Furtour ; syne spoiled all within both houses, and such as could not be carried they masterfully brake down and destroyed.'

THE BRITISH GRENADIERS (*page* 145).—When this air was written is uncertain, as it is found in varied forms at different periods. It much resembles a tune entitled 'Sir Edward Noel's Delight,' which is found in a Dutch book called 'Friesche Lust-Hop, 1634.' As the Grenadier Company was first formed in 1678, the words cannot be older than that date.

THE CARRIER-DOVE (*page* 194).—Thomas Haynes Bayly, the writer of many favourite lyrics—chiefly of a pensive nature—was born in 1797, and died in 1838. We may refer our readers to 'Oh, where do Fairies' (*page* 146), and 'Teach me to forget' (*page* 227).

THE DEATH OF NELSON (*page* 88).—The composer of this song, John Braham, was one of the most celebrated tenor singers of his time. He was born in London in 1772 or 1774, and at an early age made his appearance as a vocalist. From that period, until nearly *sixty years* afterwards, Braham held a

prominent position before the public as a leading tenor, interrupted but slightly by his rivalries with Incledon and Sinclair. His compass was extensive, his power very great, and he possessed much dramatic fire and energy. A story is told which confirms the accounts related by his contemporaries regarding his power to move the feelings. In 1810, after the disastrous fire at Drury Lane, Braham was engaged at the 'Lyceum,' and nightly sang the 'Death of Nelson.' At a party at which Charles Mathews, the actor, was present, the celebrated Lady Hamilton (a great admirer of Nelson) talked of going to hear Braham sing this song. Mathews endeavoured to dissuade her, affirming it would prove too much for her. She went, however, and as soon as Mathews perceived her he knew what would be the inevitable consequence. Addressing Mr. Spring, the box-keeper, he said, 'Now, mark me, Mr. Spring, about *twenty minutes past nine* a lady in the boxes will suddenly be taken ill, so you had better be prepared.' Spring smiled, but seeing Mathews quite grave, the smile faded gradually into a more serious expression. The eventful time arrived. Braham eclipsed himself; the house rang with acclamations, when suddenly a piercing shriek was heard. In another minute, Spring, pale as death, rushed into the green-room. 'Oh, sir,' said he, addressing Mathews, '*you are a conjuror, the lady is in strong convulsions.*' Braham wrote a few operas, mostly in conjunction with other composers. Many of his songs, etc. are still popular. His 'Anchor's weigh'd' (page 92) is a favourable specimen of his abilities in the *cantabile* style. He died in London on 17th February 1856.

THE FLOWERS OF THE FOREST (page 38) was written by Mrs. Cockburn of Ormiston, daughter of Mr. Rutherford of Fernilee, in Selkirkshire. The insolvency of no fewer than seven landed proprietors in Selkirkshire, on account of imprudent speculations, is said to have been the occasion of the song. Sir Walter Scott gives the following anecdote of Mrs. Cockburn:—'Mrs. Cockburn was a keen Whig. I remember having heard repeated a parody on Prince Charles' proclamation, in burlesque verse, to the tune of "Clout the Caldron." In the midst of the siege or blockade of the Castle of Edinburgh, the carriage in which Mrs. Cockburn was returning from a visit to Ravelstone was stopped by the Highland guard at the West Port; and as she had a copy of the parody about her person, she was not a little alarmed at the consequences, especially as the officer talked of searching the carriage for letters and correspondence with the Whigs in the city. Fortunately the arms on the coach were recognised as belonging to a gentleman favourable to the cause of the adventurer; so that Mrs. Cockburn escaped, with the caution not to carry political squibs about her person in future.'

Mrs. Cockburn died at Edinburgh in 1794, aged eighty-two years.

The melody is modern, but its authorship is not known.

THE HUNDRED PIPERS (page 296).—'Prince Charles Edward entered Carlisle preceded by a hundred pipers. Two thousand Highlanders crossed the Esk at Longtown. The tide being swollen, nothing was seen of them but their heads and shoulders; they stemmed the force of the stream, and lost not a man in the passage. When landed, the pipers struck up, and they danced reels until they were dry again' ('Authentic Account of the Occupation of Carlisle.' By George S. Murray).

It is thought probable that the father of the poetess (Lady Nairne) witnessed the scene.

THE LAIRD O' COCKPEN (*page 243*).—Written by Lady Nairne, with the exception of the two last stanzas, which were written, we believe, by Miss Susan Ferrier, the clever authoress of 'Marriage,' and other popular novels. Cockpen is said to have been the companion-in-arms of Charles II. After the defeat of Worcester, he accompanied Charles to Holland, where his humour, added to his musical abilities, often served to amuse his royal master. In playing the tune 'Brose and Butter,' he particularly excelled, and frequently played it to the King, sometimes lulling him to rest with it, or awakening him in the morning to its enlivening strains. At the Restoration, Cockpen found himself nearly in a destitute condition. His estate had been confiscated for his attachment to the royal cause, and the monarch for whom he had suffered so much proved cold and ungrateful, and made no response to his many entreaties for the restoration of his possessions. He was even denied an audience when he went to London, but still entertained the hope that if he could only obtain a personal interview with the King, he might yet attain his object. To accomplish this design, he ingratiated himself with the organist of the Chapel-Royal, and obtained permission to officiate for him one day when the King came to service. He went through the regular service with perfect propriety till the close, when, instead of a solemn voluntary, he struck up 'Brose and Butter.' His scheme succeeded. As he expected, the King hurried to the organ gallery, and looking for Cockpen, greeted him warmly, declaring that he had 'almost made him dance.' 'I could dance too,' said Cockpen, 'if I had my lands again.' The request, to which every entreaty hitherto had failed to obtain a response, was yielded to the power of music, and the 'Laird' was made happy.

THE LAND O' THE LEAL (*page 39*).—For many years Burns was credited with the authorship of this song. It was written, however, by Lady Nairne. The song is intended to express the supposed dying thoughts of Burns when bidding a last farewell to his 'Bonnie Jean.' The air is adapted from 'Hey, tuttie tattie.'

THE MEETING OF THE WATERS (*page 13*).—Thomas Moore, who wrote the poetry to a very great number of the finest Irish melodies, was born at Dublin, 28th May 1779, and died at Sloperton Cottage, in Wilts, 26th February 1852. In 1799 he went to London, where he settled for a considerable time. Many of his fine songs were inspired by his love for Miss Bessy Dykes, whom he married in 1811, not a few of which displayed much taste and feeling, and were highly creditable to him as an amateur. While comparatively a young man (in 1806) he had a quarrel with Mr. (afterwards Lord) Jeffrey, in consequence of a criticism which appeared in the 'Edinburgh Review' (on his 'Odes and Epistles'); a duel was arranged and shots exchanged, but fortunately with no disastrous result,—a circumstance which Lord Byron seized upon to satirize both the combatants in the following couplet (from his 'English Bards and Scotch Reviewers,' published in 1807):—

'When Little's leadless pistol met his eye,
And Bow Street myrmidons stood laughing by.'

We may explain that the term 'Little' applied to Moore was not meant as a sneer at his stature (which was certainly rather diminutive), but referred to a publication of Moore's in 1802, entitled, 'Poems by Thomas Little.' Moore, naturally, was highly offended at this satire, and demanded satisfaction. Byron

at first treated him superciliously, but after some correspondence and a personal interview they became warm friends, and eventually Moore proved to be one of Byron's biographers.

THE OLD SEXTON (*page* 93).—Henry Russell, composer and baritone vocalist, was born at Sheerness in 1814. He has composed hundreds of songs—chiefly to the poetry of Eliza Cook and Dr. Charles Mackay—and for many years travelled about the country giving entertainments, consisting for the most part of his own songs, sung by himself. The 'Ivy Green' (*page* 258), 'Woodman, spare that Tree' (*page* 257), and 'A Life on the Ocean Wave' (*page* 276), were, and still remain, among his best-known songs.

THE OUTLAW (*page* 332).—Edward James Loder, born at Bath in 1813, died in London, 5th April 1865, was a talented composer of vocal music, operatic and ballad. His operas of 'Nourjahad' and the 'Night-Dancers' were received most favourably. Many of his songs are still popular. He wrote also a masque, 'The Island of Calypso.'

THE PIPER O' DUNDEE (*page* 306).—'The hero of this song is supposed to have been Carnegie of Phinhaven, celebrated as the best flier from Sheriffmuir, namely:—

'The laird of Phinhaven, who swore to be even
Wi' ony general or peer o' them a' man.'

'He was a very active partisan of the Stuart party for a while, but afterwards became notorious for deserting the cause, and of course incurred all the odium usually attached to the character of a turncoat. The song evidently refers to some meeting held at Amulree, a village in Perthshire, no doubt with a view to ascertain the feelings of individuals towards the cause, and fix their intentions.'—Note, 'Jacobite Minstrelsy.'

THE ROAST BEEF OF OLD ENGLAND (*page* 149).—On this subject there are two old songs—one by Henry Fielding, in his comedy of 'Don Quixote in England'; the other by Richard Leveridge, the composer of the tune—the one given in this work. Fielding's song consists of but two verses, and the comedy in which it is contained was published in 1733.

THE SOLDIER'S TEAR (*page* 15).—George Alexander Lee, the composer of this and many beautiful songs, was born, we believe, about the end of last century. He had a singularly happy vein of pure, flowing melody, and his style was chaste and elegant, resembling very much that of his talented contemporary, Charles Horn. 'Away, away to the Mountain's Brow' (*page* 278), 'I have plucked the Fairest Flower' (*page* 192), and 'Meet me in the Willow Glen' (*page* 222), are all good specimens of his abilities, while his Scottish song of 'The Macgregor's Gathering' (p. 97) ought to preserve his memory, in Scotland at least. He died in October 1851, about six months after the death of his wife, whom he tenderly loved, and who, as Mrs. Waylett, had sung many of his songs into popularity.

THE THORN (*page* 26).—One of the most admired compositions now known of one of our most thoroughly national composers, William Shield, a man of whose musical abilities England may be proud. He was born at Smallwell, in the county of Durham, in 1749. Having acquired some knowledge of music,

and being able to play the violin, he worked his way up in the profession until he attained considerable eminence. His compositions include operas, farces, a work on harmony, etc. His songs have much of the fine flow of Arne and Bishop, with a strong dash of the hearty, manly style of Dibdin. Although scarcely rising to the level of either Arne or Bishop in refinement, Shield must yet be assigned a very high place amongst our native writers. Besides 'The Thorn,' we may mention 'Old Towler' (page 326), 'On by the Spur of Valour' (page 323), 'Tell her I'll love her' (page 266), and 'The Wolf' (page 342), not to speak of other gems, which at one time were as familiar as household words. Shield died in London on the 25th January 1829.

THE TIGHT LITTLE ISLAND (page 78).—This song is stated to be 'composed by *T.* Dibdin,' but we apprehend it is likely to be meant *C.* Dibdin. Charles Dibdin, a man of great natural talent, though rude and uncultured, was born at Southampton in 1745, and died at London in 1814. He wrote an immense quantity of songs, mostly of a naval or patriotic cast. In most cases he was his own poet, and although, owing to his want of refinement, his songs rank far below what their merits might seem to entitle them, they possess much vigour, originality, and even pathos. Their tone is generally healthy, so much so that, during the great European wars which then prevailed, Dibdin was pensioned by the Government as a reward for the service he had rendered to the country through his songs. 'Tom Bowling' (page 87), 'Trim-built Wherry' (page 91), and 'Sailor's Journal' (page 118), have always retained their popularity.

THE VICAR OF BRAY (page 330).—From 1540 to 1588 Simon Alleyn, Canon of Windsor, was Vicar of Bray, in Berkshire. It is related that 'he was a Papist under the reign of Henry VIII., and a Protestant under Edward VI. He was a Papist again under Mary, and once more became a Protestant in the reign of Elizabeth. When this scandal to the gown was reproached for his versatility of religious creeds, and taxed for being a turncoat and inconstant changeling, he replied, "Not so neither; for if I changed my religion, I am sure I kept true to my principle, which is, to live and die the Vicar of Bray." While Simon Alleyn has long been credited as being the proverbial Vicar of Bray, it is evident from various authorities that the story cannot apply to any vicar of that time. In "Select Poems" by Nicholls, it is said that the "Vicar of Bray" was written by a soldier in Colonel Fuller's troop of dragoons, in the reign of George I.' The tune is very old.

THE WEE, WEE GERMAN LAIRDIE (page 311).—The air is an adaptation of 'Andro an' his cutty gun.' This humorous song was probably written about the time that George I. ascended the English throne, in 1714.

THE WOODPECKER (page 220).—Michael Kelly, tenor singer and composer, was born at Dublin in 1762, and died at Margate in 1826. He had an ear finely attuned to melody, though far from being profoundly versed in harmony. Towards the end of last century, he became agent for a wine-merchant, on which occasion his friend Tom Carter (the composer of 'O Nanny, wilt thou gang') remarked that, instead of calling himself 'Importer of wines and composer of music,' it ought to be rendered, 'Composer of wines and importer of music.' (Kelly was a *bon vivant*, and had grown very stout.) His song of 'Rest, Warrior, rest' (page 294), was at one time highly popular.

THERE IS NO HOME LIKE MY OWN (*page 106*).—One of the few mementos bequeathed to us by the gifted but unfortunate composer, Madame Malibran de Beriot. Maria Felicitas Garcia, daughter of the celebrated teacher, Manuel Garcia, was born at Paris in 1808. She possessed a truly wonderful compass of voice, combining both soprano and contralto, and sang with great power and fervour. She was twice married, her first husband being M. Malibran, and her second the celebrated Belgian violinist, Charles de Beriot. She died suddenly at Manchester on the 23d of September 1836, deeply regretted by all who knew her.

THOU BONNIE WOOD O' CRAIGIE-LEA (*page 72*) was written by Robert Tannahill, and the popular air to which it is set was composed by James Barr, a teacher of music, who resided for some years at Kilbarchan, near Paisley. In 1810 he left for Glasgow, where he followed the profession of pianoforte-tuner. In 1834 he went to America, and commenced farming. In a song entitled 'The Five Friends,' Tannahill thus commemorates the musician :—

‘There is blythe Jamie Barr from St. Barchan’s toun,
When wit gets a kingdom he’s sure o’ a croun.’

The scenery so finely described lies to the north-west of Paisley. Since Tannahill’s time, its beauty has been sadly impaired by the erection of a most un-poetical object—the gas-work.

‘TWAS WITHIN A MILE (*page 113*).—James Hook was one of the most prolific vocal composers of his time. Besides several operas, he wrote an immense number of songs, estimated by some at the almost incredible number of 2000. He was father of the celebrated novelist, Theodore E. Hook, and also of the Rev. Dr. Hook, author of 'Pen Owen,' and other works. He possessed a fine flow of rich and varied melody, of which both the above song and 'The Model' (*page 298*) furnish favourable specimens. That he had a good opinion of his own abilities is evident from the circumstance, that when Haydn brought out his oratorio of 'The Creation,' Hook grumbled that the great composer had taken part of his ideas (in the chorus 'The Heavens are telling') from one of his songs, 'The Lass of Richmond Hill.' Hook was born at Norwich in 1746, and died at Boulogne in 1827.

WAE’S ME FOR PRINCE CHARLIE (*page 119*).—When all hope of gaining the victory at the battle of Culloden had died, Prince Charles was led from the field, and commenced those weary wanderings the particulars of which have so frequently been given to the public. Robert Chambers, in his 'History of the Rebellion of 1745-6,' says : 'For upwards of six months he had skulked as a proscribed fugitive through the mountains and seas of the West Highlands, often in the most imminent danger of being taken, and generally exposed to severe personal hardships. The narrowness of his own escapes is shown strikingly in the circumstance of so many persons being taken immediately after having contributed to his safety. The reader must have already accorded all due praise to the people who, by their kindness and fidelity, had been the chief means of working out his deliverance. Scarcely any of the gentlemen to whom he applied for protection, or for aid in effecting his movements, refused to peril their own safety on his account ; hundreds, many of whom were in the humblest walk of life, had been entrusted with the secret ; yet, if we overlook the beggar

boy at South Uist, and the dubious case of Barrisdale, none had attempted to give him up to his enemies. Thirty thousand pounds had been offered in vain for the life of one human being, in a country where the sum would have purchased a princely estate.'

In Blackie's 'Book of Scottish Songs' there is a note on this song from which we make the following extract:—'During the first visit of Her Majesty the Queen to the North, this song received a mark of royal favour which would have sweetened, had he been alive, poor Glen's bitter cup of life. While at Taymouth Castle, the Marquis of Breadalbane had engaged Mr. Wilson, the celebrated vocalist, to sing before Her Majesty. A list of the songs Mr. Wilson was in the habit of singing was submitted to the Queen, that she might signify her pleasure as to those which she would wish to hear, when Her Majesty immediately fixed upon the following:—"Lochaber no more," "The Flowers of the Forest," "The Lass o' Gowrie," "John Anderson my jo," "Cam ye by Athol?" and "The Laird o' Cockpen." The present song was not in Mr. Wilson's list, but Her Majesty herself asked if he could sing "Wae's me for Prince Charlie," which fortunately he was able to do. The selection of songs which the Queen made displays eminently her sound taste and good feeling. A better, or one more varied, both as regards music and words, taking the number of pieces into account, could not easily be found.'

The verses of 'Wae's me for Prince Charlie' were written by William Glen, a native of Glasgow, who died there in 1826 in a state of poverty.

The composer of the melody is not known.

WHEN THE KYE COMES HAME (*page 65*).—James Hogg, the writer of this song, gives the following note, which we quote from 'Songs by the Ettrick Shepherd':—'In the title and chorus of this favourite pastoral song, I choose rather to violate a rule in grammar than a Scottish phrase so common, that, when it is altered into the proper way, every shepherd and shepherd's sweetheart account it nonsense. I was once singing it at a wedding with great glee the latter way ("When the Kye come Hame"), when a tailor, scratching his head, said, "It was a terrible affectit way that!" I stood corrected, and have never sung it so again.'

WHY DON'T THE MEN PROPOSE? (*page 302*).—Jonathan Blewitt was born in London in 1782. He composed a number of popular songs, etc., chiefly humorous; also some very excellent pieces of a sentimental and patriotic description, several of which obtained prizes from the 'Melodists' Club,' and other societies. He was a good organist, and sang his own humorous songs with much acceptance. A rather amusing anecdote is told in connection with a visit to Edinburgh, on the occasion of the opening of the organ in the Music Hall. Blewitt was the organist. A gentleman present, anxious to know the name of the organist, lingered behind. Just then the organ-blower passed, and the gentleman asked him who was the organist. 'J. Blewitt (*I blew it!*)' was the reply. 'Yes,' said the gentleman, hastily, 'I know that, my friend; but I wish to know who *played* the organ.' 'Sir,' replied the organ-blower, grinning, 'I have told you already, and I shan't tell you again!' Annoyed at such a churlish answer, the gentleman turned away and addressed the door-keeper to the same effect. 'Mr. J. Blewitt,' was the reply. The *Mr.* solved the mystery. Blewitt died at London in September 1853.

YE BANKS AND BRAES O' BONNIE DOON (*page* 112).—Burns, in a letter to Mr. Thomson, November 1794, says: 'There is an air, "The Caledonian Hunt's Delight," to which I wrote a song that you will find in Johnson—"Ye Banks and Braes o' Bonnie Doon." This air, I think, might find a place among your hundred, as Lear says of his knights. Do you know the history of the air? It is curious enough. A good many years ago, Mr. James Miller, writer in your good town, a gentleman whom possibly you know, was in company with our friend Clarke; and talking of Scottish music, Miller expressed an ardent ambition to be able to compose a Scots air. Mr. Clarke, partly by way of joke, told him to keep to the black keys of the harpsichord, and preserve some kind of rhythm, and he would infallibly compose a Scots air. Certain it is, that in a few days Mr. Miller produced the rudiments of an air, which Mr. Clarke, with some touches and corrections, fashioned into the tune in question. Ritson, you know, has the same story of the black keys; but this account which I have just given you, Mr. Clarke informed me of several years ago. Now, to show you how difficult it is to trace the origin of our airs, I have heard it repeatedly asserted that this was an Irish air—nay, I met with an Irish gentleman who affirmed he had heard it in Ireland among the old women; while, on the other hand, a countess informed me that the first person who introduced the air into this country was a baronet's lady of her acquaintance, who took down the notes from an itinerant piper in the Isle of Man. How difficult, then, to ascertain the truth respecting our poesy and music! I myself have lately seen a couple of ballads sung through the streets of Dumfries, with my name at the head of them as the author, though it was the first time I had ever seen them.'

THE END.

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